

Present/Infant

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Lately I've been glaring into mirrors picking myself apart
You'd think at my age I'd thought of something better to do
Than making insecurity into a full time job
Making insecurity into an art

And I fear my life will be over
And I will have never lived in unfettered
Always glaring into mirrors
Mad, I don't look better

But now here is this tiny baby
And they say she looks just like me
And she is smiling at me with that present infant glee
Yes, and I would defend to the ends of the earth
Her perfect right to be, be, be, be

So I'm beginning to see some problems
With the ongoing work of my mind
And I've got myself a new mantra
It says don't forget to have a good time
Don't let the sellers of stuff power enough to rob you of your
grace

Love is all over the place
There's nothing wrong with your face
Love is all over the place
There's nothing wrong with your face