

# Recoil

Ani DiFranco

Come home and my guitar  
Has nothin to say to me  
I recoil from all my friends  
And then I'm in misery  
Been so long since I've been held  
Really since I was his  
Probably just need to be held  
That's probably all it is

Course, then I think of my dad  
Who time travels mostly now  
Back to when he was free  
And holding out hope somehow  
Who sits all day in a line  
Of wheelchairs against a wall  
Inventing ways to play out time  
Like us all  
Like us all

To all the people out there tonight  
Who are comforting themselves  
If you should happen to see my light  
You can stop and ring my bell  
I'm just sittin here in this sty  
Strewn with half written songs  
Taking one breath at a time  
Nothin much going on  
Nothin much going on

Little flashing zero  
On my answering machine  
Rats scratching at my brain  
Brain shuffling its feet  
Yes I have my father's heart  
It may or may not keep on trying  
Can't really tell you what it is  
Keeps me this side of that dark line

But I'm not there to take care of him  
And I'm not here to take care of me  
I'm going outside to watch the house burn down  
Across the street  
I'm going outside to watch the house burn down  
Across the street

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Who are comforting themselves  
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You can stop and ring my bell  
I'm just sitting here in this sty  
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