

# Shy

Ani DiFranco

The heat is so great  
It plays tricks with the eye  
It turns the road to water  
And then from water to sky  
And there's a crack in the concrete floor  
And it starts at the sink  
There's a bathroom in a gas station  
And I've locked myself in it to think

And back in the city  
The sun bakes the trash on the curb  
The men are pissing in doorways  
And the rats are running in herds  
I got a dream with your face in it  
That scares me awake  
I put too much on the table  
Now I got too much at stake

And I might let you off easy  
Yeah I might lead you on  
I might wait for you to look for me  
And then I might be gone  
There's where I come from and  
Where I'm going  
And I am lost in between  
I might go up to that phone booth  
And leave a veiled invitation  
On your machine

And you'll stop me, won't you  
If you've heard this one before  
The one where I surprise you  
By showing up at your front door  
Saying let's not ask what's next,  
Or how, or why  
I am leaving in the morning  
So let's not be shy

The door opens  
The room winces  
The housekeeper comes in  
Without a warning  
I squint at the muscular motel light  
And say, hey, good morning  
As she jumps her keys jingle  
And she leaves as quickly  
As she came in  
And I roll over and taste the pillow with my grin

Well, the sheets are twisted and damp  
The heat is so great  
And I swear I can feel the mattress  
Sinking underneath your weight  
Oh sleep is like a fever  
And I'm glad when it ends  
And the road flows like a river  
And pulls me around every bend

And you'll stop me, won't you...