

Slide

Ani DiFranco

She was hungry
so hungry
she was trying to think clear
she kept opening the fridge door
staring at the mustard and the beer

Then finally she went out into the rain
carrying her bicycle chain
and her feet were the pedals
while her appetite steered
and after that she just followed her nose
and fate is not just
whose cooking smells good
but which way the wind blows

She lay down in her party dress
and never got up
needless to say
she missed the party
she just got sad
then she got stuck

She was bending
like something brittle
trying hard to bend
she was numb
with the terror
of losing her best friend
we never see things changing
we only see them ending

And some vicious whispering voice kept saying
you have no choice
you have....

'Cause when I look at you I squint
you are that beautiful
and my pussy is a tractor
and this is a tractor pull
and I am haunted
by my illicit exquisite dream
but I can't really wake up
so I just drift in between
thinking the glass is half-empty
and thinking it's not quite full
the pouring rain is no place for a bicycle ride
try to hit the brakes and you slide
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