

## Up Up Up Up Up Up

Ani DiFranco

Up up up up up up points the  
Spire of the steeple  
But god's work isn't done by god  
It's done by people

Up up up up up up points the  
Fingers of the trees  
The lumberjacks with their bloody axes  
Are on their knees

And just when you think that you've got enough  
Enough grows  
And everywhere that you go in life  
Enough knows

Up up up up up up dances  
The steam from the sewer  
As she rounds the corner  
The brutal wind blows right through her

Up up up up up up raises  
The stakes of the game  
Each day sinks its footprint into her clay  
And she's not the same

And just when you think that you've got enough  
Enough grows  
And everywhere that you go in life  
Enough knows

Half of learning how to play  
Is learning what not to play  
And she's learning the spaces she leaves  
Have their own things to say  
Then she's trying to sing just enough  
So that the air around her moves  
And make music like mercy  
That gives what it is  
And has nothing to prove

She crawls out on a limb  
And begins to build her home  
And it's enough just to look around  
To know she's not alone

Up up up up up up points  
The spire of the steeple  
But god's work isn't done by god  
It's done by people