

# Brief Bus Stop

Ani DiFranco

She sat there like a photograph  
Of someone much further away  
We shared a brief bus stop  
On one of those in between days She gave me her smile  
And I looked underneath  
At the lipstick on her teeth She asked me for a light  
And if I thought her hair looked okay  
We grew out of the small talk  
Into stuff strangers just don't say We discovered we are both  
Pleasantly furious half of the time  
When we're not just toeing the line We sat underneath the shelter  
As the rain came down outside  
The bench was cold  
Against the underside of our thighs I said, I think we need new responses  
Each question's a revolving door  
And she said, "Yeah  
My life may not be something special  
But it's never been lived before" We decided our urgency will wane  
When we grow old  
And there will be a new generation of anger  
New stories to be told But I said, "I don't know if I can wait  
For that peace to be mine"  
And she said, "Well, you know  
We've been waiting for this bus  
For an awfully long time"

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