Fire Door (Remastered)

Ani DiFranco

I opened the fire door
to four lips
none of which were mine
kissing
tightened my belt around my hips
where your hands were missing
and stepped out into the cold
collar high
under the slate grey sky
the air was smoking and the streets were dry
and I wasn't joking when I said
Good Bye
magazine quality men talking on the corner
French, no less much less of them then us
so why do I feel like something's been rearranged?
you know, taken out of context I must seem so strange
killed a cockroach so big
it left a puddle of pus on the wall
when you and I are lying in bed
you don't seem so tall
I'm singing now because my tear ducts are too tired
and my mind is disconnected but my heart is wired
I make such a good statistic
someone should study me now
somebody's got to be interested in how I feel
just 'cause I'm here
and I'm real
oh, how I miss
substituting the conclusion to confrontation with a kiss
and oh, how I miss
walking up to the edge and jumping in
like I could feel the future on your skin
I opened the fire door
to four lips
none of which were mine
kissing
I opened the fire door x 9

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