Garden Of Simple

Ani Difranco

Some crazy fucker carved
A sculpture out of butter
And propped it up in the middle of
The Bonanza breakfast bar
And I am stuffing toast and sausage
Into my pockets
Under a sign that says grand opening
While my dog is waiting in the car
I wake up, I check out
I fill the tank and wash the windshield clean
Then I'm back out on the highway
And bang that's when I remember my dream
We were standing in a garden
And I had a machine that made silence
It just sucked up
The whole opinionated din
And there were no people on the payroll
And there were no monkeys on our backs
I said, please show me what you look
Like without skin
Science chases money
And money chases its tail
And the best minds of my generation
Can't make bail

But the bacteria are coming
To take us down that's my prediction
It's the answer to this culture
Of the quick fix prescription
But in the garden of simple
Where all of us are nameless
You were never anything
But beautiful to me
And, you know, they never really owned you
You just carried them around
And then one day you put 'em down
And found your hands were free
So now it's early in the morning
At the longitude of Memphis

And the sun is setting
Sweetly on Hong Kong
The big plan is just to keep spinning
'Cause the big bang is only just beginning
And sometimes it's all
That we can do just to hang on
And what I meant to say is [Incomprehensible]
Which means I'm thinking of ya
Which means I've been thinking of you
All along

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