

Tiptoe

Ani DiFranco

Tiptoeing through the used condoms
Strewn on the piers of the westside highway
Sunset behind the skyline of Jersey
Walking toward the water With a fetus holding court in my gut
My body hijacked
My tits swollen and sore
The river has more colors at sunset Than my sock drawer ever dreamed of
I could wake up screaming sometimes
But I don't
I could step off the end of this pier But I got shit to do
And an appointment on Tuesday
To shed uninvited blood and tissue
I'll miss you I say to the water, to the son or daughter
I thought better of
I could fall in love with Jersey at sunset
But I leave the view to the rats And tiptoe
Back.

Songwriters

ANI DIFRANCO Published by

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