

Letter to a John

Ani DiFranco

Don't ask me why I'm crying, I'm not gonna tell you what's wrong
I'm just gonna sit on your lap for five dollars a song
I want you to pay me for my beauty, I think it's only right
'Cause I have been waiting for it all of my life I wanna take the money I make
Yeah, I'm just gonna take the money I make
Now I'm just gonna take the money I make
And I'm gonna go away We barely have time to react in this world, let alone rehearse
And I don't think that I'm better than you, but I don't think that I'm worse
So women learn to be women and men learn to be men
And I don't blame it all on you, but I don't want to be your friend I'm just gonna take the money I make
I'm just gonna take the money I make
Yeah, I'm just gonna take the money I make
And I'm gonna go away I was eleven years old, he was as old as my dad
And he took something from me I didn't even know that I had
So don't tell me 'bout decency, don't tell me about pride
Just give me something for my trouble, 'cause this time it's not a free ride I just gonna take the money I make
I'm just gonna take, yeah
I'm just gonna take the money I make
I'm gonna, gonna go away
I'm just gonna go so far away Don't even ask me why I'm crying, I'm not gonna tell you what's wrong
I'm just gonna sit on your lap for ten dollars a song
I want you to pay me for my beauty I think it's only right
I have been waiting for it all of my life And I just wanna take, I just wanna take
I'm just gonna take, and I'm gonna go away

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