

In Or Out

Britta Persson

I guess there's something wrong with me, guess I don't fit in
No one wants to touch it, no one knows where to begin
I've got more than one membership to more than one club
And I owe my life to the people that I love
He looks me up and down like he knows what time it is
Like he's got my number like he thinks it's his
He says, "Call me, Ms. DiFranco if there's anything I can do"
I say, "It's Mr. DiFranco to you"
Somedays the line I walk turns out to be straight
Other days the line tends to deviate
I've got no criteria for sex or race
I just want to hear your voice, I just want to see your face
She looks me up and down like she thinks that I'll mature
Like she's got my number like it belongs to her
She says, "Call me, Ms. DiFranco if there's anything I can do"
I say, "You know I've got spots, mind if I've got stripes?"
And their eyes are all asking 'Are you in, or are you out?'
And I think, 'Hmm, what is this about?'
I mean tonight you can't put me up on any shelf
'Cause I came here alone, I'm gonna leave by myself
I just want to show you the way that I feel
And when I get tired you take the wheel to me
To me what's more important is the person that I bring
Not just getting the same restaurant, eating the same thing
Guess there's something wrong with me, guess I don't fit in
No one wants to touch it, no one knows where to begin
I just want more than one membership to more than one club
'Cause I owe my life to the people that I love

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