

# Pale Purple

Ani Difranco

Pale purple nipples, goose pimpled  
She shivers shifts from a walk to a trot  
Alone in the city infested with faces  
Immune to new friendships  
Interested in places she's never seen  
She says everything is gray here  
And nothing is green  
The girls from down the street  
Sixteen, seventeen years old  
You can smell them getting pregnant  
You can hear their rock and roll  
That's America you have to be tough  
Like a glad trash bag the government's an old nag  
With a good pedigree but pedigree's don't help you and me  
I see the precedent is gray here and nothing is green  
Unless something unforeseen happens  
I'm surrounded by the haves  
They say I can have some too  
Just because of what I do  
Do they think a lot about those who have not  
Or does it just distract them from what they do  
Most of us have gray  
Except for those who can pay for green  
I'm torn, I'm torn, rejecting outfits offered me  
Regretting things I've worn  
When I was still playing roles to fill holes  
In my conception of who I am  
You know, now I understand  
It's not important to be defined  
It's only important to use your time well  
Well, time is something nobody can buy  
And nobody can sell you  
So don't let anybody tell you they have the advantage  
Because all the gray people can say every day  
Doesn't mean anything if your mind is green  
Pale purple nipples, goose pimpled  
She shivers shifts from a walk to a trot  
Alone in the city infested with faces  
Immune to new friendships

Interested in places she's never seen  
She says everything is gray here  
Otherwise I'd stay here  
But I'm looking for green

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