

# Itch

Ani DiFranco

I am evening the score  
I am cutting the umbilical cord  
Curled with my teeth against my knees  
I am scratching at my consciousness  
Like a bitch with fleas  
I think you'll be greatly pleased  
To learn that Yours was the hardest  
Itch to relieve This is me  
Without my hair  
Welcome to my open stare  
I got nothing to hide no more  
Why disguise what isn't there  
I am an eyesore  
I am a detour  
You can find me crying on  
The shoulder of the road  
And I will tell you  
What you want to hear  
Before you go  
And that is that Yours was the hardest itch to relieve  
Yours was the hardest itch to relieve

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