

# Coming Up

Ani DiFranco

Our father who art in a penthouse  
Sits in his 37th floor suite  
And swivels to gaze down  
At the city he made me in  
He allows me to stand and  
Solicit graffiti until  
He needs the land I stand on  
In my darkened threshold  
Am pawing through my pockets  
The receipts, the bus schedules  
The matchbook phone numbers  
The urgent napkin poems  
All of which laundering has rendered  
Pulpy and strange  
Loose change and a key  
Ask me  
Go ahead, ask me if I care  
I got the answer here  
I wrote it down somewhere  
I just gotta find it  
I just gotta find it Somebody and their spray paint got too close  
Somebody came on too heavy  
Now look at me made ugly  
By the drooling letters  
I was better off alone  
Ain't that the way it is  
They don't know the first thing  
But you don't know that  
Until they take the first swing  
My fingers are red and swollen from the cold  
I'm getting bold in my old age  
So go ahead, try the door  
It doesn't matter anymore  
I know the weak hearted are strong willed  
And we are being kept alive  
Until we're killed  
He's up there the ice  
Is clinking in his glass  
He sends me little pieces of paper

I don't ask  
I just empty my pockets and wait  
It's not fate  
It's just circumstance  
I don't fool myself with romance  
I just live  
Phone number to phone number  
Dusting them against my thighs  
In the warmth of my pockets  
Which whisper history incessantly  
Asking me  
Where were you I lower my eyes  
Wishing I could cry more  
And care less,  
Yes it's true,  
I was trying to love someone again,  
I was caught caring,  
Bearing weight But I love this city, this state  
This country is too large  
And whoever's in charge up there  
Had better take the elevator down  
And put more than change in our cup  
Or else we  
Are coming  
Up

Songwriters

Paul McCartney, Linda McCartney Published by

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