

# Slide

## Ani Difranto

She was hungry, so hungry  
She was trying to think clear  
She kept opening the fridge door  
Staring at the mustard and the beer Then finally she went out into the rain  
Carrying her bicycle chain  
And her feet were the pedals  
While her appetite steered And after that she just followed her nose  
And fate is not just  
Whose cooking smells good  
But which way the wind blows She lay down in her party dress and never got up  
Needless to say, she missed the party  
She just got sad then she got stuck She was bending like something brittle  
Trying hard to bend, she was numb  
With the terror of losing her best friend  
We never see things changing, we only see them ending And some vicious whispering voice kept saying  
You have no choice, you have 'Cause when I look at you I squint, you are that beautiful  
And my pussy is a tractor and this is a tractor pull  
And I am haunted by my illicit exquisite dream  
But I can't really wake up so I just drift in between Thinking the glass is half-empty  
And thinking it's not quite full  
The pouring rain is no place for a bicycle ride  
Try to hit the brakes and you slide Slide  
Slide  
Slide The pouring rain is no place for a bicycle ride  
Try to hit the brakes and you Slide  
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