

# Second Intermission

Ani DiFranco

Second intermission  
Anticipation  
You know the third act  
Small talk drops out of the play You're standing in the lobby  
Tightening your tourniquet  
Waiting for it And then the bell sounds  
And the lights flash  
And there's all these questions milling around  
And there's no time to ask No bliss for little Miss, leading  
'Cuz she's learning about bleeding  
But what is love if not exquisite  
Our only saving grace or is it? And somewhere inside your iris  
Blooms the reflection of my surprise  
As you stroll past every last do not enter  
And touch me at my epicenter And the bell sounds  
And the lights flash  
And there's all these questions milling around  
And there's no time to ask I'm always trying to get there  
I never really get there  
To that quiet place where  
I accept myself Instead, I'm deep inside some high school  
Locker room no clothing  
Popping the zits of my self loathing  
Under fluorescent lights And the bell sounds  
And the lights flash  
And there's all these questions milling around  
And you're too ashamed to ask Second intermission  
Anticipation  
You know the third act  
Small talk drops out of the play And you're standing in the lobby  
Tightening your tourniquet  
Waiting for it  
Waiting for it

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