

The Story

Ani DiFranco

I would have returned your greeting
If it weren't for the way you were looking at me
This street is not a market
And I am not a commodity Don't you find it sad that we can't even say hello
'Cause you're a man and I'm a woman
And the sun is getting low
There are some places that I can't go As a woman I can't go there
And as a person I don't care
I don't go for the 'Hey baby, what's your name?'
And I'd alone thank you just the same I am up again against the skin of my guitar
In the window of my life looking out through the bars
I am sounding out the silence avoiding all the words
I'm afraid I've said too much, I'm afraid of who has heard me My father, he told me the story and it was true for
his time
But now the story's different, maybe I should tell him mine
All the girls line up here, all the boys on the other side
I see your ranks are advancing, I see mine are left behind I am up again against the skin of my guitar
In the window of my life looking out through the bars
I am sounding out the silence avoiding all the words
I'm afraid I can never say enough, I'm afraid no one has heard me And despite all the balls that I've been thrown
And forced to drop on the social totem pole
I'm preciously close to the top
They put you in your place and they tell you to behave
But no one can be free until we're all on even grade And I would have returned your greeting
If it weren't for the way you were looking at me

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