

Slide

Ani DiFranco

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
The pouring rain is no place for a bicycle ride
Try to hit the brakes and you
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