

# Garden of Simple

Ani DiFranco

Some crazy fucker carved  
A sculpture out of butter  
And propped it up in the middle of  
The Bonanza breakfast bar And I am stuffing toast and sausage  
Into my pockets  
Under a sign that says grand opening  
While my dog is waiting in the car I wake up, I check out  
I fill the tank and wash the windshield clean  
Then I'm back out on the highway  
And bang that's when I remember my dream We were standing in a garden  
And I had a machine that made silence  
It just sucked up  
The whole opinionated din And there were no people on the payroll  
And there were no monkeys on our backs  
I said, please show me what you look  
Like without skin Science chases money  
And money chases its tail  
And the best minds of my generation  
Can't make bail But the bacteria are coming  
To take us down that's my prediction  
It's the answer to this culture  
Of the quick fix prescription But in the garden of simple  
Where all of us are nameless  
You were never anything  
But beautiful to me And, you know, they never really owned you  
You just carried them around  
And then one day you put 'em down  
And found your hands were free So now it's early in the morning  
At the longitude of Memphis  
And the sun is setting  
Sweetly on Hong Kong The big plan is just to keep spinning  
'Cause the big bang is only just beginning  
And sometimes it's all  
That we can do just to hang on And what I meant to say is [Incomprehensible]  
Which means I'm thinking of ya  
Which means I've been thinking of you  
All along

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