

Promised Land

Ani Difranc

You're taking up lots of space
Your shit is everywhere
Your breath is all up in my face
Your hands are swarming in the air
You're the first one out the car and then
You're the loudest one in the bar
Tell me, is there something wrong, girlfriend?
What's with this new version of who you are?
So she lifts her chin and squints at me
To assess what I think I know
She says, my heart has some dangerous neighborhoods
So beware where you try to go
They say that the truth will set you free
But then so will a lie
It depends if you're trying to get to the promised land
Or you're just trying to get by
What is a camera but a box of light?
What is a guitar but a box of sound?
You think I don't understand
But I think I might
What it is to harness the emptiness
And just ride it around
And maybe your chest is an empty shell
With ribs of spiraling coral
Where a perfect pearl of sadness resides
But if you ever need an ear
I could just come and press it there
Listen to the sound of the ocean inside

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