Recoil

Ani Difranco

Come home and my guitar has nothin' to say to me
I recoil from all my friends and then I'm in misery
Been so long since I've been held really since I was his
Probably just need to be held that's probably all it is
Course, then I think of my dad who time travels mostly now
Back to when he was free and holding out hope somehow
Who sits all day in a line of wheelchairs against a wall
Inventing ways to play out time like us all, like us all
To all the people out there tonight who are comforting themselves
If you should happen to see my light, you can stop and ring my bell
I'm just sittin' here in this sty, strewn with half written songs
Taking one breath at a time nothin' much going on, nothin' much going on
Little flashing zero on my answering machine
Rats scratching at my brain, brain shuffling its feet
Yes, I have my father's heart it may or may not keep on trying
Can't really tell you what it is keeps me this side of that dark line
But I'm not there to take care of him and I'm not here to take care of me
I'm going outside to watch the house burn down across the street
I'm going outside to watch the house burn down across the street
To all the people out there tonight who are comforting themselves
If you should happen to see my light, you can stop and ring my bell
I'm just sittin' here in this sty, strewn with half written songs
Taking one breath at a time nothin' much going on, nothin' much going on

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