Way Tight

Ani Difranco

I'll tell you what there is plenty wrong with me
But I fixed up a few old buildings and I planted a few trees
And children seem to like me and animals too
Like the birds and the bees
And eating a sandwich standing over the kitchen counter
With only the sound of chewing in the room
I can see you as a challenge that I will eagerly meet
'Cause you are way, way, way, way sweet
And it's just that kind of evening that cracks open like a half shaken beer
Cool and refreshing and running down your arm
And baby there's really no other place I'd rather be than here
Pardon my periodic alarm

You are ever true, ever new in love
And I mean that in the best and worst way
And I don't really know what I was so mad about
But the full moon is about a week away
And I'll tell you what there is plenty wrong with you
Stuff you'd sooner fight for than cop to
But I think it's just more reason why we are meant to be
People say that I look like you and you look like me
We get this crazy combination of everything and nothing right
But we are way, way, way, way, way, way, way, way, way tight
Yeah, we are way, way, way, way, way, way, way, way, way tight
Yeah, we are way, way, way, way, way, way, way tight

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