Both Hands (Remastered)

Ani DiFranco

I am walking
out in the rain
and I am listening to the low moan
of the dial tone again
and I am getting
nowhere with you
and I can't let it go
and I can't get through...The old woman behind the pink curtains
and the closed door
on the first floor
she's listening through the air shaft
to see how long our swan song can last
And both hands
now use both hands
oh, no don't close your eyes
I am writing
graffitti on your body
I am drawing the story of
how hard we triedI am watching your chest rise and fall
like the tides of my life,
and the rest of it all
and your bones have been my bedframe
and your flesh has been my pillow
I am waiting for sleep
to offer up the deep
with both hands
Oh! both hands
And in each other's shadows we grew less and less tall
and eventually our theories couldn't explain it all
and I'm recording our history now on the bedroom wall
and when we leave the landlord will come
and paint over it allAnd I am walking
out in the rain
and I am listening to the low moan of the dial tone again
and I am getting nowhere with you
and I can't let it go
and I can't get though
So now use both hands
please use both hands

oh, no don't close your eyes
I am writing graffitti on your body
I am drawing the story of how hard we tried
hard we tried
how hard we tried

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