

Tiptoe

Ani DiFranco

Tiptoeing through the used condoms
Strewn on the piers off the west side highway
Sunset behind the skyline of Jersey
Walking towards the water
With a fetus holding court in my gut
My body hijacked, my tits swollen
I'm soreThe river has more colors at sunset
Than my sock drawer ever dreamed of
I could wake up screaming sometimes
But I don'tI could step off the end of this pier but I've got shit to do
And I've an appointment on Tuesday
To shed uninvited blood and tissue
I'll miss you I say to the water, to the son or
Daughter I thought better of
I could fall in love with Jersey at sunset
But I leave the view to the rats and tiptoe back

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