

# Swing

Ani DiFranco

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

She came to and her  
Whole life was how she remembered it  
She had a mouth full of fur  
And she was laughing She parked her hearse  
Across three spaces posted for motorcycles only  
And jumped out, shouting  
"What the cus could make a nice girl  
Like us feel so lonely?" Are you weary as water  
In a faucet left dripping  
With an incessant sadness  
Like a sad record skipping And an ugly and ornery  
And shadowy dread  
Lurking like a troll under the bridge  
Between your heart and your head Please dumb blind kind sir  
Lend little miss listless a bit of Christmas  
She's been a real good girl  
But now she's stuck here The world is so little and still  
Mysterious and ominous as ever before  
Like an unmarked bottle full of pills  
On the shelf right next to the ting  
You were reaching for Swing the groove 'round here  
Where I can reach it  
When I get my ass back on track  
I'm gonna need it Swing shift 'til I get the money  
To buy me and my baby a moon full of honey  
Then I'm gonna turn the nagging voices  
Inside my head That follow me to bed and say  
You suck, blah, blah, blah

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