

# Tis of Thee

Ani DiFranco

They caught the last poor man on a poor man's vacation  
The cuffed him and they confiscated his stuff  
They dragged his black ass down to the station  
And said, okay, the streets are safe now  
All your pretty white children can come out and see spot run  
And they came out of their houses  
And they looked around but they didn't see no one  
My country 'tis of thee  
To take swings at each other on the talk show TV  
Why don't you just go ahead and turn off the sun  
'Cuz we'll never live long enough  
To undo everything they've done to you  
Undo everything they've done to you  
Above 96th street  
They're handin' out smallpox blankets so people don't freeze.  
The old dogs have got a new trick  
It's called criminalize the symptoms while you spread the disease  
And I hold on hard to something  
Between my teeth when I'm sleeping  
I was up and my jaw aches  
And the earth is full of earthquakes  
My country 'tis of thee  
To take shots at each other on prime time TV  
Why don't you just go ahead and turn off the sun  
'Cuz we'll never live long enough  
To undo everything they've done to you  
Undo everything they've done to you  
And I'm trying to see through the glare  
Yes, I'm struggling just to see what is there  
The one person who really knows me best, says I'm like a cat  
The kind of cat that you can't pick up and throw into your lap  
No, the kind that doesn't mind being held only when it's her idea  
Yeah, the kind that feels what she decides to  
feel  
When she's good and ready to feel it  
Now I am prowling through the backyard  
And I am hiding under the car  
I have gotten out of everything, I've gotten into so far  
I eat when I am hungry and I travel alone  
And just outside the glow of the house  
Is where I feel most at home  
But in the window you sometimes appear  
And your music is faint in my ears

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