

Both Hands

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 And the old woman
Behind the pink curtains
And the closed door
On the first floor
She is listening to the air shaft
To see how long our swan song will last And both hands
Now use both hands
Oh no, don't close your eyes
I am writing
Graffiti all over your body
I am drawing the story of
How hard we tried
How hard we tried And I 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 bed frame
And your flesh has been my pillow
And I've been waiting for sleep
To offer up the deep
With both hands
Oh, with both hands And in each other's shadow
We've grown less and less tall
And eventually our theories
Didn't explain it all
And now I'm writing our history
Up on the bedroom wall
And when we leave the landlord will come
And paint over it all And I'm 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 And both hands
Yes use both hands
Oh no don't close your eyes
I am writing
Graffiti on your body
I am drawing the story of
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How hard we tried
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