

Second Intermission

Ani DiFranco

Second intermission
Anticipation
You know the third act
Small talk drops out of the play You're standing in the lobby
Tightening your tourniquet
Waiting for it And then the bell sounds
And the lights flash
And there's all these questions milling around
And there's no time to ask No bliss for little Miss, leading
'Cuz she's learning about bleeding
But what is love if not exquisite
Our only saving grace or is it? And somewhere inside your iris
Blooms the reflection of my surprise
As you stroll past every last do not enter
And touch me at my epicenter And the bell sounds
And the lights flash
And there's all these questions milling around
And there's no time to ask I'm always trying to get there
I never really get there
To that quiet place where
I accept myself Instead, I'm deep inside some high school
Locker room no clothing
Popping the zits of my self loathing
Under fluorescent lights And the bell sounds
And the lights flash
And there's all these questions milling around
And you're too ashamed to ask Second intermission
Anticipation
You know the third act
Small talk drops out of the play And you're standing in the lobby
Tightening your tourniquet
Waiting for it
Waiting for it

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