

# Promised Land

Ani DiFranco

You're taking up lots of space  
Your shit is everywhere  
Your breath is all up in my face  
Your hands are swarming in the air  
You're the first one out the car and then  
You're the loudest one in the bar  
Tell me, is there something wrong, girlfriend?  
What's with this new version of who you are?  
So she lifts her chin and squints at me  
To assess what I think I know  
She says, my heart has some dangerous neighborhoods  
So beware where you try to go  
They say that the truth will set you free  
But then so will a lie  
It depends if you're trying to get to the promised land  
Or you're just trying to get by  
What is a camera but a box of light?  
What is a guitar but a box of sound?  
You think I don't understand  
But I think I might  
What it is to harness the emptiness  
And just ride it around  
And maybe your chest is an empty shell  
With ribs of spiraling coral  
Where a perfect pearl of sadness resides  
But if you ever need an ear  
I could just come and press it there  
Listen to the sound of the ocean inside

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