

Adam and Eve

Ani DiFranco

Tonight you stoop to my level.
I'm your mangy little whore.
Now you're trying to find your underwear,
And your socks, And then the door.
And you're trying to find a reason
Why you have to leave.
I know it's 'cause you think you're Adam And you think I'm Eve.
And you rhapsodize about beauty
And my eyes glaze.
Everything I love is ugly, I mean really
You would be amazed.
And just do me a favor,
It's the least that you can do. Just um
Don't treat me like I am
Something that happened to you.
I am, I am, I am Truly sorry,
Sorry about all this.
And you plot a tiny pin prick
In my big red balloon. As I slowly start to exhale,
It's when you leave the room.
And I did not design this game.
I did not name the stakes. I just happen to like apples,
And I am not afraid of snakes.
I am, I am, I am
Truly sorry about all this. I hear you and your anger hurts
I hear that it's with, with
With
So I let go the ratio
Things set, things hurt. As I leave you to your garden,
And the beauty you prefer.
I wonder whether this will have meaning
For you, when you've left it all behind. I think I'll even wonder
If you meant it at the time.

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