

# Ani DiFranco, Aids

Everywhere she looks  
She looks through the corner of her eye  
Everytime she left  
She never turned to say goodbye  
Swaying in the corner of the ballroom  
Alone by the music  
She looked like a spiderweb  
Fresh from the war  
He complements her bedroom decor  
She crawled in there like water  
She drowned in there on the floor  
She left him gasping for air  
And crying for more.  
And the morning sun was embarrassed to find them  
Lying together  
Neither could remember the other's name  
He stepped out of her mind  
And into the hall  
And they never saw each other again.  
Whoaa...  
And someone gave her a manual of  
love in the world today  
And that page is not pulpy because  
there is no proper way  
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It's so easy for those with the unclenching eye  
To find some unfulfilled human being to fry  
She is looking for the kisses  
that she never got at home  
Her lips are puckered and she is walking alone  
And if she ends up with some dirty hot disease  
It's a small price she pays for  
the need to be pleased.  
And there are too few who open both eyes  
We sit back in our easy chairs and try to sympathize  
But whether from the point of a needle  
Or the edge of her bed  
Our heroine like too many others now is dead  
And Lisa is lucky, she ended up with a baby boy  
She's 16 years old, doesn't  
know her body's not a toy  
Joel is hungry, he is doing the town  
Andrea is on the rebound.  
Walk to the corner and run from what you find  
We have to abort our cannibalistic state of mind.  
Everywhere she looked  
She looked through the corner of her eye  
and everytime she left she never  
turned to say goodbye  
Swaying in the corner of the ballroom  
Alone by the music  
She looked like a spiderweb.  
Fresh from the war  
He complements her bedroom decor  
She didn't know this time she was the victim  
He had nothing to lose anymore...