

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.
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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...