

Ani DiFranco, Fire Door

I opened the fire door to four lips
None of which were mine, kissing
Tightened my belt around my hips
Where your hands were missing
And stepped out into the cold, collar high
Under the slate gray sky, the air was smoking
And the streets were dry and I wasn't joking
When I said, goodbye
Magazine quality men talking on the corner
French, no less much less of them than us
So why do I feel like something's been rearranged?
You know, taken out of context I must seem so strange
Killed a cockroach so big, it left a puddle
Of pus on the wall, when you and I are lying in bed
You don't seem so tall, I'm singing now
Because my tear ducts are too tired
And my brain is disconnected but my heart is wired
I make such a good statistic someone should study me now
Somebody's got to be interested in how I feel
Just 'cause I'm here and I'm real, oh, how I miss
Substituting the conclusion to confrontation with a kiss
And oh, how I miss walking up to the edge
And jumping in like I could feel the future on your skin
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