

# Ani DiFranco, Going Once

Going once, going twice  
Sold to the girl  
Who ignored all the advice  
Of all the people who knew better  
She just stood there  
On the front porch  
Waiting for her will  
To come and get her  
She was packed  
She had a suitcase  
Full of noble intentions  
She had a map  
And a straight face  
Hell bent on reinvention  
And she was ready  
For the lonely  
She was in it for  
It only  
Going once, going twice  
Down the road less taken  
With her diary and her WD40  
And her Swiss army knife  
And her beer  
And there was always  
Someone there to say  
Why don't you just stay  
And hang your hat here  
But she was packed  
She had a suitcase  
Full of bumbles and near misses  
And she was swinging  
Through a jungle  
Of last calls and first kisses  
And she was learning  
About please  
About huge humiliations  
Then one day she looked around her  
And everything up til then was showing  
And she wondered: how did i get here  
Without even knowing where i was going?  
Now there's no getting out of this  
And there is no going back  
And it all seems so odd sometimes  
And the odds all seem stacked  
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