

Ani DiFranco, Out Of Habit

the butter melts out of habit
the toast isn't even warm
the waitress and the man in the plaid shirt
play out a scene they've played
so many times before
I am watching the sun stumble home in the morning
from a bar on the east side of town
and the coffee is just water dressed in brown
beautiful but boring
he visited me yesterday
he noticed my fingers
and asked me if I would play
I didn't really care a lot
but I couldn't think of a reason why not
I said if you don't come any closer I don't mind if you stay
my thighs have been involved in many accidents
and now I can't get insured
and I don't need to be lured by you
my cunt is built like a wound that won't heal
and now you don't have to ask
because you know how I feel
you know how I feel
art is why I get up in the morning
but my definition ends there
and it doesn't seem fair
that I'm living for something I can't even define
there you are right there
in the meantime
I don't want to play for you anymore
show me what you can do
tell me what are you here for
I want my old friends
I want my old face
I want my old mind
fuck this time and place
the butter melts out of habit
you know, the toast isn't even warm