

Ani DiFranco, Rock Paper Scissors

it's rock paper scissors as to whether
i will get over you at all
it's hand against hand and both hands are mine
it's standing in a circular line
which is not to say that i'm not also happy
a happy meal with a surprise
inside surprise surprise is another bright light in my eyes
exposing all the stuff i'm not calculating enough to hide
this melancholy that i carry makes me feel so grown up
at the kitchen table doing shots of resignation
i never thought i'd see the day when i would i say i give up
and break the stallions of my wildest expectations
but i do not want to know you this way
surrounded by so much pain
but how am i supposed to let go of you this way
like a bird into the sky of my brain?
i think i could accept all these dark colors
as just part of some bigger color scheme
if it wasn't for that drippy string quartet of sadness
underscoring each smiling scene
desire drags me right out of myself
like a gas-soaked rope tied to a piece of coal
and i'm getting pretty good at looking at the bright side
while the flames ripple on the sand and swallow me whole
but this melancholy that i carry makes me feel so grown up
at my kitchen table doing shots of resignation
i never thought i'd see the day when i would say i give up
and break the stallions of my wildest expectations
but i do not want to know you this way
surrounded by so much pain
but how am i supposed to let go of you this way
like a bird into the sky of my brain