

Ani DiFranco, Rockabye

tending the garden of noise
when I grow the traffic
and the churchbells
and the neighborhood boys
singing to myself
as the solitude sets in
in tune with the symphony
of south brooklyn
I sing
rockabye, rockabye baby
rockabye, the baby that is me
rockabye, rockabye baby
rockabye til I'm fast asleep
the tunnel is train torn
the tracks are worn and sore
I can feel the rattle
riding up through the floor
she jumped the turnstyle
he paid for his ride
I am the echo in the station
where their footfalls collide
I left her at the epicenter
we were trembling dutifully
I left him too
I left parts of me
singing rockabye...
I said today I am leaving
in every sense of the word
but I'm in love with your memory already
everything I've seen and heard
and I will go singing
as the solitude sets in
in time with the rythm
of everywhere I have been
it sounds like rockabye...