

# Ani DiFranco, Shy

the heat is so great  
it plays tricks with the eye  
it turns the road to water  
and then from water to sky  
and there's a crack in the concrete floor  
and it starts at the sink  
there's a bathroom in a gas station  
and i've locked myself in it to think  
and back in the city  
the sun bakes the trash on the curb  
the men are pissing in doorways  
and the rats run in herds  
i've got a dream of your face  
that scares me awake  
i put too much on my table  
and now i got too much a stake  
and i might let you off easy  
yeah i might lead you on  
i might wait for you to look for me  
and then i might be gone  
where i come from and where i'm going  
and i'm lost in between  
i might go up to that phone booth  
and leave a veiled invitation on you machine  
and you'll stop me, won't you  
if you've heard this one before  
the one where i surprise you  
by showing up at your front door  
saying 'let's not ask what's next,  
or how, or why'  
i am leaving in the morning  
so let's not be shy  
the door opens, the room winces  
the housekeeper comes in without a warning  
and i squint at the muscular motel lady  
says 'hey good morning'  
and she jumps, her keys jingle  
and she leaves as quick as she came in  
and i roll over and taste the pillow with my grin  
well, the sheets are twisted and tangled  
and the heat is so great  
and i swear i can feel the mattress  
sinking underneath your weight  
oh sleep is like a fever  
and i'm glad when it ends  
and the road flows like a river  
and pulls me around every bend  
and you'll stop me, won't you...  
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