

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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