

# Ani DiFranco, Studying Stones

I am out here studying stones  
Trying to learn to be less alive  
Using all of my will  
To keep very still  
Still even on the inside  
I've cut all of the pertinent wires  
So my eyes can't make that connection  
I am holding my breath  
I am feigning my death  
When I'm looking in your direction  
'Course numb is an old hat  
Old as my oldest memories  
See that one's my mother  
And that one's my father  
And that one in the hat, that's me  
It's a skill I'd hoped to abandon  
When I got out on the open road  
But any more pent up emotion  
And I think I'm gonna explode  
There's never been an endeavor so strange  
As trying to slow the blood in my veins  
To keep my face blank  
As a stone that just sank  
Until not a ripple remains  
I am high above the tree line  
Sitting cross legged on the ground  
When all of the forbidden fruit has fallen and rotted  
That's when I'm gonna come down  
'Course numb is an old hat  
Old as my oldest memories  
See that one's my mother  
And that one's my father  
And that one in the hat, that's me  
It's a skill I'd hoped to abandon  
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But any more pent up emotion  
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