

# Ani DiFranco, Swing (Radio Set)

She came to and her whole life was how she remembered it  
She had a mouth full of fur and she was laughing  
She parked her hearse across three spaces posted for motorcycles only  
And jumped out shouting, "What the cus could make a nice girl  
Like us feel so lonely?"  
Are you weary as water in a faucet left dripping  
With an incessant sadness like a sad record skipping  
And an ugly and ornery and shadowy dread  
Lurking like a troll under the bridge between your heart and your head  
Please dumb blind kind sir  
Lend little Miss Listless a bit of Christmas  
She's been a real good girl  
But now she's stuck here

The world is so little and still  
Mysterious and ominous as ever before  
Like an unmarked bottle full of pills  
On the shelf right next to the thing you were reaching for  
Swing the groove 'round here where I can reach it  
When I get my ass back on track, I'm gonna need it  
Swing shift 'til I get the money  
To buy me and my baby a moon full of honey  
Then, I'm gonna turn the nagging voices inside my head  
That follow me to bed and say, "You suck, blah, blah, blah"