

Ani DiFranco, 2nd Intermission

Second intermission, anticipation;
you know the third act-
Small talk drops out of the play.
You're standing in the lobby,
tightening your tourniquet,
waiting for it
waiting for it.
And the bell sounds,
and the lights flash.
There's all these questions millin' around,
there's no time to ask.
No bliss for little 'Miss Leading'
she's learning about bleeding-
but what is love if not exquisite?
Our only saving grace; or is it?
And somewhere in your iris
the reflection of my surprise is
stroll past every last 'do not enter'
and touch me in my epicenter.
The bell sounds,
and the lights flash.
There's all these questions millin' around,
there's no time to ask.
I'm always trying to get there;
I never really get there
(to that quiet place where I accept myself).
Instead, I'm deep inside some high school-
locker room, no clothing-
popping zits of my self-loathing
under flourescent lights.
And the bell sounds,
and the lights flash.
And there's all these questions millin' around,
they're too ashamed to ask.
Second intermission, anticipation-
you know the third act,
small talk drops out of the play.
You're standing in the lobby,
tightening your tourniquet,
waiting for it.
Waiting for it.