

# Ani DiFranco, Angel Food

if the mattress was a table top  
and the bed sheet was a page  
we'd be written out  
like a couple of question marks  
my convex to your concave  
and we'd be lying here  
at the end of a sentence  
and asks, are you ready now?  
are you gonna glow in the dark?  
are you gonna show me how?  
do you like to watch when water misbehaves?  
do you like waves?  
as the wind shifts  
and shifts again  
the sail smiles  
and gently slaps around the mast  
ballast  
ballast  
ballast  
when you come to me  
come to me with cake  
in your pocket  
come to me nicely  
with that soft kinda cake  
that's mostly icing  
come to me ready and rude  
bring me angel food  
angel food