

Ani DiFranco, Both Hands (Live In Austin, Texas)

I am walking out in the rain
And I am listening to the low moan of the dial tone again
And I am getting nowhere with you
And I can't let it go and I can't get through
And the old woman behind the pink curtains
And the closed door on the first floor
She's listening through the air shaft
To see how long our swan song can last
And both hands, now use both hands
Oh, no don't close your eyes
I am writing graffiti on your body
I am drawing the story of how hard we tried, how hard we tried
And I am watching your chest
I am watching your chest rise and fall
Like the tides of my life and the rest of it all
And your bones have been my bed frame
And your flesh has been my pillow
I've waiting for sleep to offer up the deep
With both hands, with both hands
In each other's shadows we grew less and less tall
And eventually our theories couldn't explain it all
And I'm recording our history now on the bedroom wall
And when we leave the landlord will come and paint over it all
And I am walking out in the rain
And I am listening to the low moan of the dial tone again
And I am getting nowhere with you
And I can't let it go and I can't get though
Both hands, now use both hands
Oh, no don't close your eyes
I am writing graffiti on your body
I am drawing the story of how hard we tried
How hard we tried, how hard we tried