

# 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