Ani DiFranco, Deep Dish

cold and drizzly night in chicago's deep dish
fluorescent light of the bathroom
shows my hands as they are
see an eyelash on my cheek
pick it off and make a wish
and walk back out into the bar
wind at the windows
neon lights the patterned pane
the waitress wields the weight
of her tray around her palm
the doorman cups his hand
and lights his cigarette again
and the rain marches on
this is only a possibility in a world of possibilities
there are obviously there are many possibilities
ranging from small to large
before long there will be short
before short there was nothing
when there was nothing
tehere was always the possibility
of something becoming what it is
don't even bother trying
to say something clever
clever is as clever does
no matter what it says
i'm looking for a sign
says you're for real this time
but i don't trust what's in your head
i walk up to the bar
and point to the top shelf
and then i throw my head back
and laugh at myself
i raise a toast to all our saviors
each so badly behaved
it's too bad that tehir world
is the one that they saved
there's a spider spinning cobwebs
from your elbow to the table
while my eyes ride the crowd
in a secret rodeo
i smile with my mouth
lift my watch up to the light
say oh, look, i have to go
now you got to dance with me, now is when
it's gotta be
cuz i can't wait for the dance floor to fill in
if you want to dance with me, i'll show you
how it's gonna be
cuz i can't wait for the bad to begin