

Ani DiFranco, Done Wrong

the wind is ruthless
the trees shake angry fingers at the sky
the people hunch their shoulders
hold their collars over their ears and run by
it's a cold rain
it's a hard rain
like the kind that you find in songs
i guess that makes me jerk with the heartache
here to sing you about how i've been done wrong
and i am sitting, watching
out the window of the coffee shop
and i am waiting, waiting
waiting for it to let up
i am rocking like a cradle
warming my hands with the cup in between
i am leaning over the table
holding my face over the steam
and before it gets so cold
that the rain turns to snow
there's just a couple things
i'd like to know
like how could you do nothing
and say, i'm doing my best
how could you take almost everything
and then come back for the rest
how could you beg me to stay,
reach out your hands and plead
and then pack up your eyes and run away
as soon as i agreed
it just all slips
away so slowly
you don't even notice till you've lost a lot
i've been like one of those zombies
in vegas
pouring quarters into a slot
and now i'm tired
and i am broke
and i feel stupid and i feel used
and i'm at the end of my little rope
and i am swinging back and forth
about you
before it gets so cold
that the rain turns to snow
there's just a couple things
i'd like to know
like how could you do nothing
and say, i'm doing my best
how could you take almost everything
and then come back for the rest
how could you beg me to stay,
reach out your hands and plead
and then pack up your eyes and run away
as soon as i agreed