

Ani DiFranco, Emancipated Minor

Emancipated minor
Well directed, brilliantly casted
Riding a Greyhound down to the city
With her fake I.D. and a hell of a little hand basket
Little game of seesaw, then he came to claim her
And then a sordid line formed behind him
Reproductive system newly activated
She participated in nature's plan, she participated
And I can't say I envy her, I don't think I miss it
Wrought iron cobwebbing over thin windowpanes
The city seducing you on tiptoe to kiss it
Don't think twice, just roll the dice, roll the dice
So she attended the dance classes and she learned the little dance
And she tried the high heels but she couldn't bring herself to prance
All the while a faint ticking in the silence between the songs
Just south of her gut two tiny time bombs
And love comes in many forms and for each she would yearn
Hungry as a student, hunger to learn
Every flavor of person, every species of intent
With the body pulsing at the center detent
But all the good graffiti got painted over in time
She watched the last faceless chain replace the last five and dime
And she wondered if the only noble thing
Ain't to just to get a big garden and plant it in the spring
Kiss the city goodbye in some big graceful gesture
And focus on the moon's groove, groove with the moon
Focus on the moon's groove and groove with the moon
Focus on the moon's groove, groove with the moon
And I can't say I envy her, I don't think I miss it
Wrought iron cobwebbing over thin windowpanes
The city seducing you on tiptoe to kiss it
Don't think twice, just roll the dice, roll the dice
Roll the dice, roll the dice