

# Ani DiFranco, Everest

from the depth of the pacific  
to the height of everest  
and still the world is smoother  
than a shiny ball-bearing  
so i take a few steps back  
and put on a wider lens  
and it changes your skin,  
your sex, and what your wearing  
distance shows your silloutte  
to be a lot like mine  
like a sphere is a sphere  
and all of us here  
have been here all the time  
you brought me to church,  
cinder blocks, flourescent light  
you brought me to church  
at 7o'clock on a sunday night  
and the band was rocking  
and the floors were scrubbed clean  
and everybody had a tambourine  
so i took a deep breath and became  
the white girl with the hair  
and you sat right beside me  
while everybody stared  
and through the open window  
i think the singing went outside  
and floated up to tell  
all the stars not to hide  
cuz by the time church let out  
the sky was much clearer  
and the moon was so beautiful,  
that the ocean held up a mirror  
as we walked home we spoke slowly  
we spoke slow,  
and we spoke lowly  
like it was taking more time  
than usual to choose  
the words to go  
with your squeaky sandle shoes  
like time is not a thing  
that's ours to lose  
from the height of the pacific  
to the depths of everest