

Ani DiFranco, Every Angle

I'm imagining your frame
every angle
and every plane
I'm imagining your smell
the one that mingled with mine
once upon a time
thoughts of you
are picketing my brain
they refuse
to work such long hours without rest
in unstable conditions at best
they're out there every day
holding up there signs
and thoughts of no other man but you
could possibly get through
the picket lines
to enter into my mind
I'm imagining your laugh again
the one you save for your family
and your very
close
friends
I'm imagining the way you say my name
I don't know when
I'm going to hear it again
my friends can't tell
my laughter from my cries
someone tell this photograph of you
to let go of my eyes
I'm imagining your frame
I'm imagining your smell
I'm imagining your laugh again
and the way you say my name