Ani DiFranco, Fixing Her Hair

she's looking in the mirror
she's fixing her hair
and I touch my head to feel
what isn't there
she's humming a melody
we learned in grade school
she's so happy
and I think
this is not cool
'cause I know the guy
she's been talking about
I have met him before
and I think
what is this beautiful beautiful woman
settling for?
she bends her breath
when she talks to him
I can see her features begin to blur
as she pours herself
into the mold he made for her
and for everything he does
she has a way to rationalize
she says he don't mean what he do
she tells me he called
to apologize
he says he loves her
he says he's changing
and he can keep her warm
and so she sits there like america
suffering through slow reform
but she'll never get back the time
and the years sneak by
one by one
she is still playing the martyr
I am still praying for revloution
and she still doesn't have what she deserves
but she wakes up smiling every day
she never really expected more
that's just not the way we are raised
and I say to her,
you know,
there's plenty of really great men out there
but she doesn't hear me
she's looking in the mirror
she's fixing her hair