

# 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