

Ani DiFranco, Garden Of Simple

some crazy fucker carved a sculpture out of butter
and propped it up in the middle of the bonanza breakfast bar
and i am stuffing toast and sausage into my pockets
under a sign that says grand opening
while my dog is waiting in the car
i wake up, i check out
i fill the tank and wash the windshield clean
then i'm back out on the highway
and BANG that's when i remember my dream:
we were standing in a garden
and i had a machine that made silence
it just sucked up the whole opinionated din
and there were no people on the payroll
and there were no monkeys on our backs
and i said, show me what you look like
without skin
science chases money
and money chases its tail
and the best minds of my generation
can't make bail
but the bacteria are coming to take us down
that's my prediction
it's the answer to this culture
of the quick fix prescription
but in the garden of simple
where all of us are nameless
you were never anything but beautiful to me
and, you know, they never really owned you
you just carried them around
and then one day you put 'em down
and found your hands were free
so now it's early in the morning
at the longitude of memphis
and the sun is setting sweetly on hong kong
and the big plan is just to keep spinning
cuz the big bang is only just beginning
and sometimes it's all that we can do just to hang on
and what i meant to say is xxoo which means i'm thinking of ya
which means i've been thinking of you
all along