

# Ani DiFranco, Handsome Musician

He was a handsome musician  
But he had an ugly scar  
You could not see it on him  
But you could hear it when he played guitar  
Naked and nervous silence  
Therefore conversation to abuse  
Stood between us like a parent  
Like a game we had to lose  
He kept an eye on the door  
And his back to the wall  
His walk told of the time it takes for a man to fall  
And I welcomed him into my closet  
To meet the skeletons living there  
In my twilight vacancy  
I didn't care  
We knew each other namelessly  
As the rhythm came of age  
He knew me like a blue note  
And the lights went down on stage  
He was a handsome musician  
But he had an ugly scar  
You could not see it on him  
But you could hear it when he played guitar  
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To meet the skeletons living there  
In my twilight vacancy  
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