

# Ani DiFranco, How Long Can It Last

two years ago  
before we felt so familiar  
and before I could remember your last name  
I remember now  
how our bright spring green deepened  
with the heat as the seasons changed  
we were lush as the underside of august.  
the streets looked like water.  
they swelled and they shimmered  
and they stretched like the sea.  
and dressed in my best shining skin  
and my squinty eyes,  
I put the miles behind me.  
it took us so long to get here.  
you gotta write between lines.  
you gotta read between the years.  
and fleetingly we see ourselves pass  
driving a good thing and wondering,  
how long can it last?  
and there was much to forgive  
and there was much to forget.  
it seems we both stood by while the record was set.  
and now when I look at you and when you look at me  
it's a much different view  
we are both decked out in our history.  
it took us so long to get here.  
you gotta write between lines.  
you gotta read between the years.  
And fleetingly we see ourselves pass  
driving a good thing and wondering,  
how long can it last?