

# Ani DiFranco, Jukebox

in the jukebox of her memory  
the list of names flips by and stops  
she closes her eyes  
and smiles as the record drops  
then she drinks herself up and out  
of her kitchen chair  
and she dances out of time  
as slow as she can sway  
for as long as she can say  
this dance is mine  
this dance is mine  
her hair bears silent witness  
to the passing of time  
tattoos like mile markers  
map the distance she has gone  
winning some, losing some  
she says my sister still calls every sunday night  
after the rates go down  
and i can never manage to say anything right  
my whole life blew up  
and now its all coming down  
and she says leave me alone  
tonight i just wanna stay home  
she fills the pot with water  
she drops in the bone  
she says, i've got a darkness that i have to feed  
i've got a sadness  
that grows up around me like a weed  
and i'm not hurting anyone  
i'm just spiraling in  
as she closes her eyes  
and hears the song begin again  
she appreciates the phone calls  
the consoling cards and such  
she appreciates all the people  
who come by and try to pull her back in touch  
they try to hold the lid down tightly  
and they try to shake well  
but the oil and water  
just want to separate themselves  
she drinks herself up and out of her kitchen chair  
and she dances out of time  
as slow as she can sway  
for as long as she can say  
this dance is mine  
this dance is mine  
this dance is mine