

Ani DiFranco, Letting The Telephone Ring

I am letting the telephone ring
cause I don't want to know why
I don't want to hear you explain
I don't want to hear you cry
I have written so much about you
so much I thought I knew
words like water used to flow
now what could I possibly have to say?
she is someone I don't even know
and all the things that you've given to me
I see now were simply reparations
they were gifts of your guilt
they were my preparation
I know I should be mature
keep my feet on the floor
but for some reason,
I just don't want them anymore
I know this shouldn't be important
compared to you and I
but I can still hear my questions
and I can still hear you
I can still hear you
lie
now vicariously I have her in me
I want to peel off my skin
let the water wash in
you always said that I was hiding
that I was hiding from you
but you are capable of things I could not do
you are capable of things I could not do
I remember how you pretended
how you pretended to touch me
I remember how I couldn't bring myself to believe
I remember wondering,
what was wrong
what was wrong
how could I be so naive
how could I be so naive?