

Ani DiFranco, Little Plastic Castle

In a coffee shop in a city
Which is every coffee shop in every city
On a day which is every day
I picked up a magazine
Which is every magazine
Read a story, and then forgot it right away
They say goldfish have no memory
I guess their lives are much like mine
And the little plastic castle
Is a surprise every time
And it's hard to say if they're happy
But they don't seem much to mind
From the shape of your shaved head
I recognized your silhouette
As you walked out of the sun and sat down
And the sight of your sleepy smile
Eclipsed all the other people
As they paused to sneer at the two girls
From out of town
I said, look at you this morning
You are, by far, the cutest
But be careful getting coffee
I think these people want to shoot us
Or maybe there's some kind of local competition here
To see who can be the rudest
People talk
About my image
Like I come in two dimensions
Like lipstick is a sign of my declining mind
Like what I happen to be wearing
The day that someone takes a picture
Is my new statement for all of womankind
I wish they could see us now
In leather bras and rubber shorts
Like some ridiculous team uniform
For some ridiculous new sport
Quick someone call the girl police
And file a report
In a coffee shop in a city
Which is every coffee shop in every city
On a day which is every day