

# Ani DiFranco, Manhole

I'm holding here a book  
Notable, but not the greatest  
Stolen for me by the latest  
In a long line of thieves  
And I'm just about to drop it  
Down that manhole of memories  
When I realize it doesn't bother me  
Like love's mementos usually do  
And I look up to see who's different here  
The latest me or the latest you  
Course, you're the kind of guy who doesn't lie  
He just doctors everything  
Chooses some unassuming finger  
And quietly moves his wedding ring  
Who rewrites his autobiography  
For any pretty girl who'll sing  
But you can't fool the queen, baby  
Cuz I married the king  
And maybe it was I who betrayed his majesty  
With no opposite reality  
Like a puddle with no reflection  
Of the sky or the trees  
But after my dreaded beheading  
I tied that sucker back on with a string  
And I guess I'm pretty different now  
Considering  
I kissed you on the street that night  
On the far side of four  
But I didn't like the taste  
In my mouth or yours  
And ignoring the persona you wore for my benefit  
For once I had the balls to call it  
Just call it  
But a lesson must be lived  
In order to be learned  
And the clarity to see and stop this now  
That is what I've earned  
And maybe it was I who betrayed his majesty  
With no opposite reality  
Like a puddle with no reflection  
Of the sky or the trees  
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When I realize it doesn't bother me  
And heartache not so dire  
Cuz I looked up to see integrity  
Finally won over desire