

Ani DiFranco, North Main Street

The warmth of north main street
Shows me how I took myself through
Illogical landscapes with you
Scribbling on napkins in foreign ports
All sorts of sidewalks I don't traverse anymore
All kinds of people I don't write into the score
Well I see you drive your car past my house
You're so far from admitting I've emerged
From under your deep weather
You may never hear the future I have heard
Oh the sound rebounds off the highest plateau
Of the people I will love
And the things I will know
If I go
The utility of lipstick
Escapes to a styrofoam cup
The coffee gone, the conversation strong
Oh though leaving's never easy
Sentiments like shadows grow long
Your tears collect outside my bedroom window
Like the winter's last little snow
And I am still the worst company that I have ever kept
I just didn't want you to witness my weakness as I wept
And I still define myself by the places that I've been
I just didn't want you to see me traveling inbetween
It seems to me I'm not doing anything new
I'm just not doing what I used to
The warmth of north main street
Shows me how I took myself through
Illogical landscapes with you
Scribbling on napkins in foreign ports
All sorts of sidewalks I don't traverse anymore
All kinds of people I know right into the score
Well I see you drive your car past my house
You're so far from admitting I've emerged
From under your deep weather
You may never hear the future I have heard
Oh the sound rebounds off the highest plateau
Of the people I will love
And the things I will know
If I go