

Ani DiFranco, Pixie

I'm a pixie
I'm a paperdoll
I'm a cartoon
I'm a chipper cheerful free for all
And I light up a room
I'm the color me happy girl
Miss live and let live
And when they're out for blood
I always give
The man behind the counter looks like he's got
A half a dozen places he'd rather be
And furthermore it looks like he's prepared
To take it all out on me
Buddy, I don't really care what your problem is
Just don't make it mine
Come on kids, let's all hold hands
And pretend we're having a good time
Maybe you don't like your job
Maybe you didn't get enough sleep
Well, nobody likes their job
Nobody got enough sleep
Maybe you just had
The worst day of your life
But, you know, there's no escape
And there's no excuse
So just suck up and be nice
All the privileged white kids on TV
Playing at death
Brandishing their cold cuts
With their ghostly make-up
And their heroin breath
And all the little fishes are flapping wildly
On their hooks
While all the top critics find great meaning
In the telephone book
The little emperor he has no clothes
So he can't come out to play
And besides which life is suffering
And he likes it that way
And the little guy is not so friendly
But you know life has been cruel
So wipe that smile off your face baby
And try to be cool
Maybe you don't like your job
Maybe you didn't get enough sleep
Well, nobody likes their job
Nobody got enough sleep
Maybe you just had
The worst day of your life
But, you know, there's no escape
And there's no excuse
So just suck up and be nice
Yeah, I would like to perfect the art
Of being studiously aloof
Like life is just a boring chore
And I am living proof
I could join forces with an army
Of ornery hipsters
But then I guess I'd be out of a job
So I guess that's out of the picture
Cause I'm a pixie
I'm a paperdoll
I'm a cartoon
I'm a chipper cheerful free for all

And I light up a room
I'm the color me happy girl
Miss live and let live
And when they're out for blood
I always give