

# Ani DiFranco, Promised Land

you're taking up lots of space  
your shit is everywhere  
your breath is all up in my face  
your hands are swarming in the air  
you're the first one out the car  
and then the loudest one in the bar  
tell me is there something wrong  
girlfriend, what's with this new version of who you are  
so she lifts her chin and  
squints at me  
to assess what I think I know  
she says my heart has some dangerous neighborhoods  
so beware where you try to go  
and they say that the truth will set you free  
but then again, so will a lie  
it depends if you're trying to get to the promised land  
or if you're just trying to get by  
what is a camera but a box of light  
what is a guitar but a box of sound  
you think I don't understand  
I think I might  
what it is to  
to harvest the emptiness  
and just ride it around  
and maybe your chest is an empty shell  
with ribs of spiraling coral  
where a perfect pearl of sadness resides  
but if you ever need it here  
I could come and press it there  
and I could listen to the sound of the ocean inside