

# Ani DiFranco, Reprieve

Manhattan is an island  
Like the women who are  
Surrounded by children in the car  
Surrounded by cars  
Or manhattan was a project  
That projected the worst of mankind  
First one and then the other  
Has made its mark on my mind  
It's sixty years later near the hypo-center of the a-bomb  
I'm standing in the middle of hiroshima  
Watching a twisted old eucalyptus tree wave  
One of the very few lives that survived and lives on  
Remembering the day it was suddenly thousands of degrees  
In the shade  
And what all of nature gave birth to  
Terror took in a blinding raid  
With the kind of pain  
It would take cancer so many years just to say  
Oh to grow up gagged and blindfolded  
A great big mans world in your little girls head  
The voice of the great mother drowned out  
In the constant honking haunting the accident scene up ahead  
Oh to grow up hypnotized and then try to shake yourself awake  
Cause you can sense what has been lost  
Cause you can sense what is at stake  
Yeah it took me a few years to catch on that those days I catch everyone's eye  
Correspond with those nights of the month when the moon gleams like an egg in the sky  
And men are using a sense they don't even know they have just to watch me walk by  
And me, I'm supposed to be sensible, leave my animal outside to cry  
But when all of nature conspires to make me her glorious whore  
It's cause in my body I hold the secret recipe of precisely what life is for  
And the patriarchy that looks to shame me for it is the same one making war  
And I've said too much already but I'll tell you something more  
To split yourself in two is just the most radical thing you can do  
So girl if that shit ain't up to you, then you simply are not free  
Cause from the sunlight on my hair to which eggs I grow to term  
To the expression that I wear, all I really own is me  
I mean to split yourself in two is just the most radical thing you can do  
Goddess forbid that little adam should grow so jealous of eve  
And in the face of the great farce of the nuclear age  
Feminism ain't about equality, it's about reprieve