

Ani DiFranco, Rush Hour

rush hour
and the day's dawning
the rain came
and pushed me under the awning
the puddles grew and threw themselves at me
with every passing car
I'm shielding my guitar
and there were some things that I
did not tell him
there were certain things
he did not need to know
and there were some days
when I did not love him
he didn't understand me
and I don't know why
I didn't go
he said change the channel
I've got problems of my own
I'm so sick of hearing about drugs
and aids
and people without homes
and I said, well,
I'd like to sympathize with that
but if you don't understand
then how can you act
I expected summer to be there in the morning
I woke to the alarm
but she was out of arms reach
sneaking out
on silent thighs
that were spent and sore
from the hot nights that came before
he said I looked for you
I don't know why
I said I was wearing black so you could
see me against the sky
take your big leather boots
and your buckles and your chains
put them on a downtown train
I expected he would be there in the morning
I awoke to the alarm
he was still in arm's reach
but his body was just a disguise
his mind had wandered off long ago
you see in his eyes
love isn't over when the sheets are stained
in my head there remains
so much left to be said
make me laugh, make me cry, enrage me
but just don't try to disengage me