

# Ani DiFranco, School Night

she went over to his apartment  
clutching her decision  
and he said, did you come here to tell me goodbye?  
so she built a skyscraper of procrastination  
and then she leaned out the twenty-fifth floor window  
of her reply  
and she felt like an actress  
just reading her lines  
when she finally said  
yes. it's really goodbye this time  
and far below was the blacktop  
and the tiny toy cars  
and it all fell so fast  
and it all fell so far  
and she said:  
you are a miracle but that is not all  
you are also a stiff drink and i am on call  
you are a party and i am a school night  
and i'm lookin' for my door key  
but you are my porch light  
and you'll never know, dear  
just how much i loved you  
you'll probably think this was  
just my big excuse  
but i stand committed  
to a love that came before you  
and the fact that i adore you  
is but one of my truths  
what of the mother  
whose house is in flames  
and both of her children  
are in their beds crying  
and she loves them both  
with the whole of her heart  
but she knows she can only  
carry one at a time?  
she's choking on the smoke  
of unthinkable choices  
she is haunted by the voices  
of so many desires  
she's bent over from the business  
of begging forgiveness  
while frantically running around  
putting out fires  
but then what kind of scale  
compares the weight of two beauties  
the gravity of duties  
or the ground speed of joy?  
tell me what kind of gauge  
can quantify elation?  
what kind of equation  
could i possibly employ?  
and you'll never know, dear  
just how much i loved you  
you probably think this was  
just my big excuse  
but i stand committed  
to a love that came before you  
and the fact that i adore you  
is just one of my truths  
so i  
i'm goin' home  
to please the one i so love pleasing  
and i don't expect

he'll have much sympathy for my grieving  
but i guess that this is the price  
that we pay for the privilege  
of living for even a day  
in a world with so many things  
worth believing  
in