

Ani DiFranco, Shroud

I had to leave the house of fashion
And go forth naked from its doors
'cause women should be allies
And not competitors
I had to leave the house of god
Because the cross replaced the wheel
And the goddesses were all out in the garden
With the plants that nurture and heal
I had to leave the house of privilege
Spend Christmas homeless and feeling bad
To learn privilege is a headache
That you don't know that you don't have
I had to leave the house of television
To start noticing the clouds
It's amazing the stuff you see when
You finally shed that shroud
I had leave the house of conformity
In order to make art
I had to be more and less true
To learn to tell the two apart
I had to leave the house of fear
Just about as soon as I could crawl
Ignore my face on a wanted poster
Stuck to the post office wall
I had leave the house of self-importance
To doodle my first tattoo
To realize a tattoo is no more permanent
Than I am, and who
Ever said that life is suffering
I think they had their finger on the pulse of joy
Ain't the power of transcendence
the greatest one we can employ