

# Ani DiFranco, Slide

she was hungry  
so hungry  
she was trying to think clear  
she kept opening the fridge door  
staring at the mustard and the beer  
then finally she went out into the rain  
carrying her bicycle chain  
and her feet were the pedals  
while her appetite steered  
and after that she just followed her nose  
and fate is not just  
whose cooking smells good  
but which way the wind blows  
she lay down in her party dress  
and never got up  
needless to say  
she missed the party  
she just got sad  
then she got stuck  
she was bending  
like something brittle  
trying hard to bend  
she was numb  
with the terror  
of losing her best friend  
we never see things changing  
we only see them ending  
and some vicious whispering voice kept saying  
you have no choice  
you have....  
'cause when I look at you I squint  
you are that beautiful  
and my pussy is a tractor  
and this is a tractor pull  
and I am haunted  
by my illicit exquisite dream  
but I can't really wake up  
so I just drift in between  
thinking the glass is half-empty  
and thinking it's not quite full  
the pouring rain is no place for a bicycle ride  
try to hit the brakes and you slide  
slide  
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slide  
the pouring rain is no place for a bicycle ride  
try to hit the brakes and you  
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slide  
slide