

Ani DiFranco, Subdivision

white people are so scared of black people. they bulldoze out to the country, and put up houses on little loop-d-loop streets. and while america gets its heart cut right out of its chest, the berlin wall still runs down main street separating east side from west. and nothing is stirring, not even a mouse, in the boarded up stores and the broken down houses, so they hang colorful banners off all the street lamps just to prove they got no manners, no mercy, and no sense. and i wonder then what it will take for my city to rise. first we admit our mistakes and then we open our eyes. the ghost of old buildings are haunting parking lots in the city of good neighbors that history forgot. i remember the first time i saw someone lying on the cold street, i thought, "i can't just walk past you, this can't just be true." but i learned by example to just keep moving my feet. it's amazing the things that we all learn to do. so we're led by denial like lambs to the slaughter, serving empires of style and carbonated sugar water and the old farmroad's a four-lane that leads to the mall and my dreams are all guillotines waiting to fall, and i wonder then what it will take for my country to rise. first we admit our mistakes and then we open our eyes. 'til nation's last taker succumbs to one last dumb decision and america the beautiful is just one big subdivision.