

# Ani DiFranco, The Story

I would have returned your greeting  
if it weren't for the way you were looking at me  
this street is not a market  
and I am not a commodity  
don't you find it sad that we can't even say hello  
'cause you're a man  
and I'm a woman  
and the sun is getting low  
there are some places that I can't go  
as a woman I can't go there  
and as a person I don't care  
I don't go for the hey baby what's your name  
and I'd alone thank you  
just the same  
I am up again against  
the skin of my guitar  
in the window of my life  
looking out through the bars  
I am sounding out the silence  
avoiding all the words  
I'm afraid I've said too much  
I'm afraid of who has heard me  
my father, he told me the story  
and it was true  
for his time  
but now the story's different  
maybe I should tell him mine  
all the girls line up here  
all the boys on the other side  
I see your ranks are advancing  
I see mine are left behind  
I am up again against  
the skin of my guitar  
in the window of my life  
looking out through the bars  
I am sounding out the silence  
avoiding all the words  
I'm afraid I can never say enough  
I'm afraid no one has heard me  
and despite all the balls that I've been thrown  
and forced to drop  
on the social totem pole  
I'm preciously close to the top  
they put you in your place  
and they tell you to behave  
but no one can be free  
until we're all on even grade  
and I would have returned your greeting  
if it weren't for the way you were looking at me