

Ani DiFranco, This Bouquet

Got a garden of songs where I grow all my thoughts
Wish I could harvest one or two for some small talk
Seems like I'm starving for words whenever you're around
Nothing on my tongue so much in the ground
Nothing on my tongue so much in the ground, ground
Half the time, I got my gaze trained on your motel door
Fourth door from the end
Rest of my gaze lays like a stain on the carpeted floor
If it weren't for my brain I'd just go over and make friends
Too bad about my brain 'cause I'd like to make friends, friends
See the little song bird unable to make a sound
You never know, she follows her words from town to town
We both got gardens of songs and maybe its okay
That I am speechless 'cause I picked you this bouquet
Yup, I am speechless that I picked you this bouquet