

# 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  
i'm always starving for words when you're around  
nothing on my tongue so much in my ground  
half the time i got my gaze trained on your motel door  
fourth door from the end  
rest of the time my gaze lays like a stain on the carpeted floor  
if it weren't for my brain i'd go over and make friends  
too bad about my brain 'cause i'd like to make friends.  
see the little song bird unable to make a sound  
even though she follows her words from town to town  
we both have gardens of songs and maybe its okay  
that i am speechless because i picked you this bouquet.