

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.