

Ani DiFranco, Two Little Girls

you were fresh off the boat from virginia
i had a year in new york city under my belt
we met in a dream
we were both 19
i remember where we were standing
i remember how it felt
2 little girls growing out of their training bras
this little girl breaks furniture, this little girl breaks laws
2 girls together
just a little less alone
this little girl cries wee wee
all the way home
you were always half crazy, now look at you baby
make about as much sense as a nursery rhyme
love is a piano dropped out a four story window
and you were in the wrong place at the wrong time
i don't like your girlfriend, yeah i don't like her
never seen one of your lovers do you so much harm
i loved you first and you know i would prefer
if she didn't empty her syringes into your arm
here comes little naked me padding up to the bathroom door
to find little naked you slumped on the bathroom floor
so i guess i'll just stand here with my back against the wall
while you distilled your whole life down to a 911 call
[chorus]
so now you bring me your bruises
so i can oh and ah at the display
maybe i'm supposed to make one of my famous jokes that makes everything ok
maybe i'm supposed to be the handsome prince who rides up and unties your hands
or maybe i'm supposed to be the furrow-browed friend who thinks she understands
here comes little naked me.....[etc]