

Ani DiFranco, Up Up Up Up Up Up

up up up up up up points the
spire of the steeple
but god's work isn't done by god
it's done by people
up up up up up up points the
fingers of the trees
the lumberjacks with their bloody axes
are on their knees
and just when you think that you've got enough
enough grows
and everywhere that you go in life
enough knows
up up up up up up dances
the steam from the sewer
as she rounds the corner
the brutal wind blows right through her
up up up up up up raises
the stakes of the game
each day sinks its footprint into her clay
and she's not the same
and just when you think that you've got enough
enough grows
and everywhere that you go in life
enough knows
half of learning how to play
is learning what not to play
and she's learning the spaces she leaves
have their own things to say
then she's trying to sing just enough
so that the air around her moves
and make music like mercy
that gives what it is
and has nothing to prove
she crawls out on a limb
and begins to build her home
and it's enough just to look around
to know she's not alone
up up up up up up points
the spire of the steeple
but god's work isn't done by god
it's done by people