

Ani DiFranco, Waiting for Susan

Susan is a connotation
At less than arms length
She has the strength of an opinion
Her promises are like the night overcast
Like the stars she doesn't show
And when she does, she doesn't last
You can see her goodness
Like her breath on a window pane
And then she turns her head
And it is gone again
And while I'm left waiting
She'll wax and she'll wane
And maybe she'll come here again
And susan was at the other end of the line
And she received me just in time
And I lean to her like a preference of mine
Like a reference to friendship
She defined my time
Now I'm waiting for susan
I don't know where I am in line
I'm waiting for susan
I wonder where I am in line