

Ani DiFranco, Way Tight

i'll tell you what

there is plenty wrong with me, but i fixed up a few old buildings and i planted a few trees children see

i'm eating a sandwich, standing over the kitchen counter with only the sound of chewing in the room

it's just that kind of evening

that cracks open like a half shaken beer,

cool and refreshing, running down your arm

baby, there's no other place i'd rather be than here

so pardon my periodic alarm.

you are ever true, ever new in love

and i mean that in the best and worst way

and i don't really know what i was so mad about

but the full moon is about a week away

and i tell you what

there is plenty wrong with you,

stuff you'd sooner fight for than cop to

but i think it's just more reason why we are meant to be

people say i look like you and you look like me

we get this crazy combination of everything and nothing right

we are way way way way way way way way way tight,

yes, we are way way way way way way way way way tight,

we are way way way way way way way way way tight.