

Ani DiFranco, Work Your Way Out

lying on the floor
four stories high
in the corridor
between the asphalt and the sky
I am caught like bottled water
the light daughter
I wonder what you look like
under your t-shirt
I wonder what you sound like
when you're not wearing words
I wonder what we have
when we're not pretending
it's never-ending, haven't you heard?
I don't need to tell you
what this is about
you just start on the inside
and work your way out
we are all polylingual
but some of us pretend
there's virtue in relying
on not trying to understand
we're all citizens of the womb
before we subdivide
into sexes and shades
this side
that side
and I don't need to tell you
what this is about
you just start on the inside
and work your way out
undressing for the fan
like it was a man
wondering about all the things
that I'll never understand
there are some things that you can't know
unless you've been there
but oh how far we could go
if we started to share
I don't need to tell you
what it is about
you just start on the inside
you just start on the inside
and work your way out