

Anais Mitchell

"Tailor"

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When he said, when he said that he liked my cut of hair
I became a barber
When he said, when he said that my scent was eau de
fleur
I became a perfumer
When he said, when he said that he liked the clothes I
wore
I became a tailor

And I sewed a party dress
In and out and in and out
With a needle and a thread
In and out and in and out
In my head the thought of him
In and out, in and out and in

When he said, when he said he was leaving
I took up the violin
When he said, when he said that my body he'd not
miss
I became a sculptress
When he said, when he said that my face he'd soon
forget
I became a poet

And the fiddle and the bow
In and out and in and out
And the chiseling stone
In and out and in and out
And the fountain pen
In and out, in and out and in

Now that he's gone away
There isn't anyone to say if I'm a lady gay or a crazy
woman
Now that he's gone away
There isn't anyone to say if I'm a diamond or a dime a
dozen

Didn't I gleam in my father's eye?
Who am I, who am I?

Didn't I split my mother's side?
Who am I, who am I?
Didn't I drink her nipple dry?
Who am I?
And no one taught me how to cry
Who am I?
How to cry for what I wanted in the night
Who am I, who am I?
And didn't I cry and cry?
Who am I, who am I?

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