

Tony Hightower

"Not About Ani Difranco"

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She looked at me once, and I felt like I'd been
feathered and tarred
She shaved her head after the fashion of the avant-
garde
Her voice wasn't great, but I'd pay just to hear her
guitar
So anyway, so anyway
We hit it off
I became her willing audience, her couch was softer
than my bed
I wrote letters of intent that went straight into her
garbage unread
She tickled till it itched and then I scratched that itch
so hard that it
bled
So anyway, so anyway
We hit it off
I painted 100 portraits of her in pastels and oil
She lied to the cops for me
I believe that I'm spoiled
Up cripple creek she sends me
While I wrap her head in gum & tinfoil
I don't love her in a love way
That's not where I'm coming from at all
We get along just fine, thanks
You Puritans would be far from appalled
Some people move so fast they run for miles before
they learn how to crawl
So anyway, so anyway
We hit it off
I don't believe in destiny
Stars are just these holes in the sky
But that first time we met, she was wearing my favorite
tie
I'll love her till the world ends
Well, okay, that's a lie
So anyway, so anyway
So anyway, so anyway
So anyway, so anyway
We hit it off

