

Difranco Ani "Done Wrong"

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The wind is ruthless,

the trees shake angry fingers at the sky,

the people hunch their shoulders,

hold their collars over their ears and run by.

Its a cold rain.

Its a hard rain,

Like the kind that you find in songs.

I guess that makes me the jerk with the heartache

here to sing to you about how I've been done wrong.

I am sitting, watching

out the window of the coffee shop.

And I am waiting, waiting,

waiting for it to let up.

And I am rocking like a cradle,

warming my hands with the cup in between.

And I am leaning over the table,

holding my face over the steam.

And before it gets so cold,

that the rain turns to snow.

There's just s couple things I'd like to know

Like...

How could you do nothing,

and say I'm doing my best?

And how could you take almost everything,

and then come back for the rest?

And how could you beg me to stay,

reach out your hands and plead,

and then pack up your eyes,

and run away as soon as i agreed?

It just all slips away so slowly

you don't even notice that you've lost alot.

Been like one of those zombies in vegas

pouring quarters into a slot.

And now I'm tired

and I'm broke.

and I feel stupid and i feel used.

And I'm at the end of my little rope

and I am swinging back and forth about you.

And before it gets so cold

that the rain turns to snow.

There's just a couple things I'd like to know

like..

How could you do nothing,
and say I'm doing my best?
and how could you take almost everything,
and then come back for the rest?
how could you beg me to stay?
reach out your hands and plead,
and then pack up your eyes and run away

as soon as i agreed

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