Difranco Ani "Garden Of Simple"

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some crazy fucker carved a sculpture out of butter and propped it up in the middle of the bonanza breakfast bar and i am stuffing toast and sausage into my pockets under a sign that says grand opening while my dog is waiting in the car

i wake up, i check out i fill the tank and wash the windshield clean then i'm back out on the highway and BANG that's when i remember my dream:

we were standing in a garden and i had a machine that made silence it just sucked up the whole opinionated din and there were no people on the payroll and there were no monkeys on our backs and i said, show me what you look like without skin

science chases money
and money chases its tail
and the best minds of my generation
can't make bail
but the bacteria are coming to take us down
that's my prediction
it's the answer to this culture
of the quick fix prescription

but in the garden of simple where all of us are nameless you were never anything but beautiful to me and, you know, they never really owned you you just carried them around and then one day you put 'em down and found your hands were free

so now it's early in the morning at the longitude of memphis and the sun is setting sweetly on hong kong and the big plan is just to keep spinning cuz the big bang is only just beginning and sometimes it's all that we can do just to hang on

and what i meant to say is xxoo which means i'm thinking of ya which means i've been thinking of you all along

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