

## **Difranco Ani**

### **"Rock Paper Scissors"**

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it's rock paper scissors as to whether i will get over you  
at all. it's  
hand against hand and both hands are mine. it's  
standing in a circular line,  
which is not to say that i'm not also happy. a happy  
meal with a surprise  
inside. surprise, surprise is another bright light in my  
eyes, exposing all  
the stuff i'm not calculating enough to hide. this  
melancholy that i carry  
makes me feel so grown up at the kitchen table doing  
shots of resignation. i  
never thought i'd see the day when i would i say i give  
up and tame the  
stallions of my wildest expectations. but i do not want  
to know you this way,  
surrounded by so much pain. but how am i supposed to  
let go of you this way,  
like a bird into the sky of my brain? i think i could  
accept all these dark  
colors as just part of some bigger color scheme if it  
wasn't for that drippy  
string quartet of sadness underscoring each smiling  
scene. yeah desire drags  
me right out of myself like a gas soaked rope tied to a  
piece of coal. and i'm  
getting pretty good at looking at the bright side while  
the flames ripple on  
the sand and swallow me whole. but this melancholy  
that i carry makes me feel  
so grown up at my kitchen table doing shots of  
resignation. i never thought  
i'd see the day when i would say i give up and break  
the stallions of my  
wildest expectations. but i do not want to know you this  
way surrounded by so  
much pain/ but how am i supposed to let go of you this  
way like a bird into  
the sky of my brain.

