

Difranco Ani

"Two Little Girls"

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you were fresh off the boat
from virginia
i had a year of new york city
under my belt
we met in a dream
we were both nineteen
i remember where we were standing
i remember how it felt
two little girls
growing out of their training bras
this little girl breaks furniture
this little girl breaks laws
two girls together
just a little less alone
this little girl cried wee wee wee
all the way home
you were always half crazy
now look at your baby
you make as much sense
as a nursery rhyme
love is a piano
dropped from a fourth story window
and you were in the wrong place
at the wrong time
and i don't like your girlfriend
i blame her
i never seen one of your lovers
do you so much harm
i loved you first
and you know i would prefer
if she didn't empty her syringes
into your arm
here comes little naked me
padding up to the bathroom door
to find little naked you
slumped on the bathroom floor
with my back against the wall
while you distill your whole life
down to a 911 call
now you bring me your bruises
so i can 'ooh' and 'aah' at the display

maybe i'm supposed to make one of my famous jokes
that makes everything okay
or maybe i'm supposed to be the handsome prince
who rides up and unties your hands
or maybe i'm the furrow-browed friend
who thinks she understands
here comes little naked me
padding up to the bathroom door
to find little naked you
slumped on the bathroom floor
so i guess i'll just stand here
with my back against the wall
while you distill your whole life
down to a 911 call

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