

Ani DiFranco "2nd Intermission"

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Second intermission
Anticipation
You know the third act
Small talk drops out of the play

You're standing in the lobby
Tightening your tourniquet
Waiting for it

And then the bell sounds
And the lights flash
And there's all these questions milling around
And there's no time to ask

No bliss for little Miss, leading
'Cuz she's learning about bleeding
But what is love if not exquisite
Our only saving grace or is it?

And somewhere inside your iris
Blooms the reflection of my surprise
As you stroll past every last do not enter
And touch me at my epicenter

And the bell sounds
And the lights flash
And there's all these questions milling around
And there's no time to ask

I'm always trying to get there
I never really get there
To that quiet place where
I accept myself

Instead, I'm deep inside some high school
Locker room no clothing
Popping the zits of my self loathing
Under fluorescent lights

And the bell sounds
And the lights flash
And there's all these questions milling around

And you're too ashamed to ask

Second intermission

Anticipation

You know the third act

Small talk drops out of the play

And you're standing in the lobby

Tightening your tourniquet

Waiting for it

Waiting for it

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