Ani Difranco "Coming Up"

Visit "Coming Up" on MotoLyrics.com

our father who art in a penthouse sits in his 37th floor suite and swivels to gaze down at the city he made me in he allows me to stand and sollicit graffiti until he needs the land I stand on I in my darkened threshold am pawing through my pockets the receipts, the bus schedules the matchbook phone numbers the urgent napkin poems all of which laundering has rendered pulpy and strange loose change and a key ask me go ahead, ask me if I care I got the answer here I wrote it down somewhere I just gotta find it I just gotta find it

somebody and their spraypaint got too close somebody came on too heavy now look at me made ugly by the drooling letters I was better off alone ain't that the way it is they don't know the first thing but you don't know that until they take the first swing my fingers are red and swollen from the cold I'm getting bold in my old age

so go ahead, try the door
it doesn't matter anymore
I know the weakhearted are strongwilled
and we are being kept alive
until we're killed
he's up there the ice
is clinking in his glass
I don't ask

I just empty my pockets and wait it's not fate it's just circumstance I don't fool myself with romance I just live phone number to phone number dusting them against my thighs in the warmth of my pockets which whisper history incessantly asking me where were you

I lower my eyes
wishing I could cry more
and care less,
yes it's true,
I was trying to love someone again,
I was caught caring,
bearing weight

but I love this city, this state this country is too large and whoever's in charge up there had better take the elevator down and put more than change in our cup or else we are coming up

Visit Ani Difranco page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.