

## Ani DiFranco "Fire Door"

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I opened the fire door  
to four lips  
none of which were mine  
kissing  
tightened my belt around my hips  
where your hands were missing  
and stepped out into the cold  
collar high  
under the slate grey sky  
the air was smoking and the streets were dry  
and I wasn't joking when I said  
Good Bye  
magazine quality men talking on the corner  
French, no less much less of them than us  
so why do I feel like something's been rearranged?  
you know, taken out of context I must seem so strange  
killed a cockroach so big  
it left a puddle of pus on the wall  
when you and I are lying in bed

you don't seem so tall  
I'm singing now because my tear ducts are too tired  
and my brain is disconnected but my heart is wired  
I make such a good statistic  
someone should study me now  
somebody's got to be interested in how I feel  
just 'cause I'm here  
and I'm real  
oh, how I miss  
substituting the conclusion to confrontation with a kiss  
and oh, how I miss  
walking up to the edge and jumping in  
like I could feel the future on your skin  
I opened the fire door  
to four lips  
none of which were mine  
kissing

I opened the fire door [x 9]

