

Ani DiFranco**"Like I Said Complete Album"**

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Anticipate

you are subtle as a window pane

standing in my view

but i will wait for it to rain

so that i can see you

you call me up at night

when there's no light passing through

and you think that i don't understand

but i do

we don't say everything that we could

so that we can say later

oh, you misunderstood

i hold my cards up

close to my chest

i say what i have to

and i hold back the rest

'cause someone you don't know

is someone you don't know

get a firm grip, girl

before you let go

for every hand extended

another lies in wait
keep your eye on that one
anticipate
dress down get out there
pick a fight with the police
we will get it all on film
for the new release
seems like everyone's an actor
or they're an actor's best friend
i wonder what was wrong to begin with
that they should all have to pretend
we lost sight of everything
when we have to keep checking our backs
i think we should all just smile
come clean
and relax
if there's anything i've learned
all these years on my own
it's how to find my own way there
and how to find my own way back home
Rockabye
tending the garden of noise
when i grow the traffic
and the church bells
and the neighborhood boys

singing to myself
as the solitude sets in
in tune with the symphony
of south brooklyn
i sing
rockabye, rockabye baby
rockabye, the baby that is me
rockabye, rockabye baby
rockabye till i'm fast asleep
the tunnel is train torn
the tracks are worn and sore
i can feel the rattle
riding up through the floor
she jumped the turnstile
he paid for his ride
i am the echo in the station
where their footfalls collide
i left her at the epicenter
we were trembling dutifully
i left him too
i left parts of me
singing rockabye...
i said today i am leaving
in every sense of the word
but i'm in love with your memory already
everything i've seen and heard

and i will go singing

as the solitude sets in

in time with the rhythm

of everywhere i have been

it sounds like rockabye...

Not So Soft

in a forest of stone

underneath the corporate canopy

where the sun

rarely

filters

down

the ground

is not so soft

not so soft

they build buildings to house people

making money

or they build buildings to make money

off of housing people

it's true

like a lot of things are true

i am foraging for a phone booth on the forest floor

that is not so soft

i look up

it looks like the buildings are burning

but it's just the sun setting
the solar system calling an end
to another business day
eternally circling signally
the rhythmic clicking on and off
of computers
the pulse
of the american machine
the pulse
that draws death dancing
out of anonymous side streets
you know
the ones that always get dumped on
and never get plowed
it draws death dancing
out of little countries
with funny languages
where the ground is getting harder
and it was
not
that
soft
before
those who call the shots
are never in the line of fire
why

where there's life for hire
out there
if a flag of truth were raised
we could watch every liar
rise to wave it
here
we learn america like a script
playwright
birthright
same thing
we bring
ourselves to the role
we're all rehearsing for the presidency
i always wanted to be
commander in chief
of my one woman army
but i can envision the mediocrity
of my finest hour
it's the failed america in me
it's the fear that lives
in a forest of stone
underneath the corporate canopy
where the sun
rarely
filters

down

and the ground

is not so soft

Roll With It

she says my ass hurts

when i sit down

she says my feet hurt

from just standing around

i think my body

is as restless as my mind

and i don't know if i can roll with it

this time

packed his uniforms

and drove him to the base

she was crying all the way

the world looked her in the face

and said

roll with it, baby

make it your career

keep the home fires burning

till america is in the clear

the mainstream is so polluted with lies

once you get wet, it's so hard to get dry

we're all taught how to justify

history

as it passes by

and it's your world
that comes crashing down
when the big boys decide
to throw their weight around
but just roll with it baby
make it your career
keep the home fires burning
till america is in the clear
what if the enemy
isn't in a distant land
what if the enemy lies behind
the voice of command
the sound of war
is a child's cry
behind tinted windows,
they just drive by
all i know is that those
who are going to be killed
aren't those who preside
on capitol hill
i told him,
don't fill the front lines
of their war
those assholes aren't worth dying for
but he said

roll with it, baby
make it your career
keep the home fires burning
till america is in the clear
she says my ass hurts
when i sit down
she says my feet hurt
from just standing around
i think my body is as restless as my mind
and i'm not gonna roll with it this time
no, i'm not gonna roll with it this time

Work Your Way Out

lying on the floor
four stories high
in the corridor
between the asphalt and the sky
i am caught like bottled water
the light daughter
i wonder what you look like
under your t-shirt
i wonder what you sound like
when you're not wearing words
i wonder what we have
when we're not pretending
it's never-ending, haven't you heard?
i don't need to tell you

what this is about
you just start on the inside
and work your way out
we are all polylingual
but some of us pretend
there's virtue in relying
on not trying to understand
we're all citizens of the womb
before we subdivide
into sexes and shades
this side
that side
and i don't need to tell you
what this is about
you just start on the inside
and work your way out
undressing for the fan
like it was a man
wondering about all the things
that i'll never understand
there are some things that you can't know
unless you've been there
but oh how far we could go
if we started to share
i don't need to tell you

what it is about

you just start on the inside

you just start on the inside

and work your way out

Fire Door

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 gray 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

Gratitude

thank you

for letting me stay here

thank you for taking me in

thank you

for the beer and the food

thank you

for loaning me bus fare

thank you for showing me around

that was a very kind thing to do
thank you
for the use of the clean towel
thank you for half of your bed
we can sleep here like brother and sister,
you said
but you changed the rules
in an hour or two
and i don't know what you
and your sisters do
but please don't
please stop
this is not my obligation
what does my body have to do
with my gratitude?
look at you
little white lying
for the purpose of justifying
what you're trying to do
i know that you feel my resistance
i know that you heard what i said
otherwise you wouldn't need the excuse
thank you
for letting me stay here
thank you for taking me in
i don't know where else

i would have turned
but i don't come and go
like a pop song
that you can play incessantly
and then forget when it's gone
you can't write me off
and you don't turn me on
so don't change the rules
in an hour or two
i don't know what you and your
sisters do
but please don't
please stop
this is not my obligation
what does my body have to do
with my gratitude?

The Whole Night

we can touch
touch our girl cheeks
and we can hold hands
like paper dolls
we can try
try each other on
in the privacy
within new york city's walls

we can kiss

kiss goodnight

and we can go home wondering

what would it be like if

if i did not have a boyfriend

we could spend

the whole night

i am waking up

in her bed

i sing 1st avenue

the open window said

always late to sleep

late to rise

lying here watching the day go by

in the living room

there are people on the carpet

having stupid conversations

just to hear themselves talk

and i am drifting through

i am heading for the kitchen

i am thinking of her fingers as i walk...

Both Hands

i am walking

out in the rain

and i am listening to the low moan

of the dial tone again

and i am getting
nowhere with you
and i can't let it go
and i can't get through...
the old woman behind the pink curtains
and the closed door
on the first floor
she's listening through the air shaft
to see how long our swan song can last
and both hands
now use both hands
oh, no don't close your eyes
i am writing
graffiti on your body
i am drawing the story of
how hard we tried
i am watching your chest rise and fall
like the tides of my life,
and the rest of it all
and your bones have been my bedframe
and your flesh has been my pillow
i am waiting for sleep
to offer up the deep
with both hands
in each other's shadows we grew less and less tall

and eventually our theories couldn't explain it all
and i'm recording our history now on the bedroom wall
and eventually the landlord will come
and paint over it all
and i am walking
out in the rain
and i am listening to the low moan of the dial tone
again
and i am getting nowhere with you
and i can't let it go
and i can't get through
so now use both hands
please use both hands
oh, no don't close your eyes
i am writing graffiti on your body
i am drawing the story of how hard we tried
hard we tried
how hard we tried
She Says
she says forget what you have to do
pretend there is nothing
outside this room
and like an idea she came to me
but she came too late
or maybe too soon
i said please try not to love me

close your eyes, i'm turning on the light
you know i have no vacancy
and it's awfully cold outside tonight
the rain stains the brick a darker red
slowly i'm rolling out of her bed
the rain stains the streets a darker black
i dress my face in stone
because i can't go back
i feel her eyes watching me
from behind the curtain of her hair
and she says i'm sorry
i didn't mean to stare
i say i think i really have to go now
but oh baby, maybe someday
maybe somehow.

Rush Hour

rush hour
and the day's dawning
the rain came
and pushed me under the awning
the puddles grew and threw themselves at me
with every passing car
i'm shielding my guitar
and there were some things that i
did not tell him
there were certain things

he did not need to know
and there were some days
when i did not love him
he didn't understand me
and i don't know why
i didn't go
he said change the channel
i've got problems of my own
i'm so sick of hearing about drugs
and aids
and people without homes
and i said, well,
i'd like to sympathize with that
but if you don't understand
then how can you act
i expected summer to be there in the morning
i woke to the alarm
but she was out of arms reach
sneaking out
on silent thighs
that were spent and sore
from the hot nights that came before
he said i looked for you
i don't know why
i said i was wearing black so you could

see me against the sky
take your big leather boots
and your buckles and your chains
put them on a downtown train
i expected he would be there in the morning
i awoke to the alarm
he was still in arm's reach
but his body was just a disguise
his mind had wandered off long ago
you see in his eyes
love isn't over when the sheets are stained
in my head there remains
so much left to be said
make me laugh, make me cry, enrage me
but just don't try to disengage me

Out Of Habit

the butter melts out of habit
the toast isn't even warm
the waitress and the man in the plaid shirt
play out a scene they've played
so many times before
i am watching the sun stumble home in the morning
from a bar on the east side of town
and the coffee is just water dressed in brown
beautiful but boring
he visited me yesterday

he noticed my fingers
and asked me if i would play
i didn't really care a lot
but i couldn't think of a reason why not
i said if you don't come any closer i don't mind if you
stay
my thighs have been involved in many accidents
and now i can't get insured
and i don't need to be lured by you
my cunt is built like a wound that won't heal
and now you don't have to ask
because you know how i feel
you know how i feel
art is why i get up in the morning
but my definition ends there
and it doesn't seem fair
that i'm living for something i can't even define
there you are right there
in the meantime
i don't want to play for you anymore
show me what you can do
tell me what are you here for
i want my old friends
i want my old face
i want my old mind
fuck this time and place

the butter melts out of habit

Lost Woman Song

i opened a bank account

when i was nine years old

i closed it when i was eighteen

i gave them every penny that i'd saved

and they gave my blood

and my urine

a number

now i'm sitting in this waiting room

playing with the toys

and i am here to exercise

my freedom of choice

i passed their handheld signs

went through their picket lines

they gathered when they saw me coming

they shouted when they saw me cross

i said why don't you go home

just leave me alone

i'm just another woman lost

you are like fish in the water

who don't know that they are wet

as far as i can tell

the world isn't perfect yet

his bored eyes were obscene

on his denim thighs a magazine
i wish he'd never come here with me
in fact i wish he'd never come near me
i wish his shoulder
wasn't touching mine
i am growing older
waiting in this line
some of life's best lessons
are learned at the worst times
under the fierce fluorescent
she offered her hand for me to hold
she offered stability and calm
and i was crushing her palm
through the pinch pull wincing
my smile unconvincing
on that sterile battlefield that sees
only casualties
never heroes
my heart hit absolute zero
lucille, your voice still sounds in me
mine was a relatively easy tragedy
now the profile of our country
looks a little less hard nosed
but that picket line persisted
and that clinic's since been closed
they keep pounding their fists on reality

hoping it will break

but i don't think there's a one of us

leads a life free of mistakes

Talk To Me Now

he said ani, you've gotten tough

'cause my tone was curt

yeah, and when i'm approached in a dark alley

i don't lift my skirt

in this city

self-preservation

is a full time occupation

i'm determined

to survive on these shores

i don't avert my eyes anymore

in a man's world

i am a woman by birth

and after nineteen times around i have found

they will stop at nothing once they know what you are
worth

talk to me now

i played the powerless

in too many dark scenes

and i was blessed with a birth and a death

and i guess i just want some say in between

don't you understand

in the day to day

in the face to face

i have to act

just as strong as i can

just to preserve a place

where i can be who i am

so if you still know how

talk to me now

The Slant

the slant

a building settling around me

my figure female framed crookedly

in the threshold

of the room

door scraping floorboards

with every opening

carving a rough history

of bedroom scenes

the plot hard to follow

the text obscured

in the folds of sheets

slowly gathering the stains

of seasons spent lying there

red and brown

like leaves fallen

the colors of an eternal cycle

fading with the
wash cycle
and the rinse cycle
again an unfamiliar smell
like my name misspelled
or misspoken
a cycle broken
the sound of them strong
stalking talking about their prey
like the way hammer meets nail
pounding, they say
pounding out the rhythms of attraction
like a woman was a drum like a body was a weapon
like there was something more they wanted
than the journey
like it was owed to them
steel toed they walk
and i'm wondering why this fear of men
maybe it's because i'm hungry
and like a baby i'm dependent on them
to feed me
i am a work in progress
dressed in the fabric of a world unfolding
offering me intricate patterns of questions
rhythms that never come clean
and strengths that you still haven't seen

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