

## **Ani DiFranco**

### **"Marrow"**

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The answer came like a shot in the back  
While you were running from your lesson  
Which might explain why years later all you could  
remember  
Was the terror of the question, plus, you weren't  
listening

You were stockpiling canned goods  
Making a bomb shelter of our basement  
And I can't believe you let the moral go by  
While you were soaking in the product placement

Where was your conscience?  
Where was your consciousness?  
And where did you put all those letters  
That you wrote to yourself but could not address?

I'm a good kisser and you're a fast learner  
And that kinda thing could float us for a pretty long  
time  
Then one day you'd realize you've memorized my  
phone number  
And you'll call it and find it's a disconnected line

'Cause I got tossed out the window of love's El Camino  
And I shattered into a shower of sparks on the curb  
You were smoking me weren't you? Between your  
yellow fingers  
You just inhaled and exhaled without saying a word

Where was your conscience?  
Where was your consciousness?  
And where did you put all those letters  
That you wrote to yourself but could not address?

There's a smorgasbord of unspoken poisons  
A whole childhood of potions that are all bottled up  
And so one by one I am dusting off labels  
I am uncorking bottles and filling up cups

So go ahead and have a taste of your own medicine  
And I'll have a taste of mine but first let's toast to the

lists  
That we hold in our fists  
Of the things that we promise to do differently next  
time

'Cause the answer came like a shot in the back  
While you were running from your lesson  
Which might explain why years later all you could  
remember  
Was the terror of the question, plus I'm not listening to  
you anymore

My head is too sore and my heart's perforated  
And I'm mired in the marrow of my  
(Well ain't that)  
Funny bone learning how to be alone and devastated

Where was my conscience?  
Where was my consciousness?  
And what do I do with all these letters  
That I wrote to myself but cannot address?

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