

## Ani DiFranco

### "Non Album Tracks"

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Aids

everywhere she looks

she looks through the corner of her eye

every time she left

she never turned to say goodbye

swaying in the corner of the ballroom

alone by the music

she looked like a spiderweb

fresh from the war

he complements her bedroom decor

she crawled in there like water

she drowned in there on the floor

she left him gasping for air

and crying for more.

and the morning sun was embarrassed to find them

lying together

neither could remember the other's name

he stepped out of her mind

and into the hall

and they never saw each other again.

whoa...

and someone gave her a manual of love in the world  
today

and that page is not pulpy because there is no proper  
way

it's so easy for those with the unclenching eye

to find some unfulfilled human being to fry

she is looking for the kisses that she never got at home

her lips are puckered and she is walking alone

and if she ends up with some dirty hot disease

its a small price she pays for the need to be pleased.

and there are too few who open both eyes

we sit back in our easy chairs and try to sympathize

but whether from the point of a needle

or the edge of her bed

our heroine like too many others now is dead

and lisa is lucky, she ended up with a baby boy

she's 16 years old, doesn't know her body's not a toy

joel is hungry, he is doing the town

andrea is on the rebound.

walk to the corner and run from what you find

we have to abort our cannibalistic state of mind.

everywhere she looked

she looked through the corner of her eye

and every time she left she never turned to say  
goodbye

swaying in the corner of the ballroom

alone by the music

she looked like a spiderweb.

fresh from the war

he complements her bedroom decor

she didn't know this time she was the victim

he had nothing to lose anymore...

Asked You First

things can't get much weirder

this can't get much worse

don't know why you wouldn't kiss me

but it's a good thing i asked you first.

you were a big strapping boy with a boner.

and i felt it in your goodbye

you gave me an evening i'll never forget

no matter how hard i try.

yeah you were just mister flirtatious

all night just workin' that ass

well you know it's uncool to bring it to school

if you don't want to share with the class

i am just mrs. embarrassed

i feel like a dirty old man

i've got my eye on a guy

that just moved out of mom's house

with his pretty head stuck in the sand

you've earned yourself a place in my memory

by being the one who said no

where are my fucking car keys  
i think i'll just go  
surprise surprise now you miss me  
now that i'm not in your face  
surprise surprise now you're calling me  
now that you feel safe  
do you think that i could be your prom date  
you could do us a stiff little dance  
except that this isn't high school, baby  
and you had your chance  
you had your chance  
you've earned yourself a place in my memory  
by being the one who said no  
now where are my fucking car keys i think i should go  
hey look! car keys... bye!]  
things can't get much weirder  
this can't get much worse  
don't know why you wouldn't kiss me  
but it's a good thing i asked you first.  
you were a big strapping boy with a boner.  
and i felt it in your goodbye  
you're leaving i'll never forget  
no matter how hard i try  
no matter how hard i try  
Boys In Blue  
i shut my mouth

cause they are the law  
and i am alone  
ohhh, the boys in blue  
have decided i need a good talking to  
though i've done nothing wrong  
he is less than polite  
i guess i'm not his type  
and while he has his fun  
the whole time he has his hand on his gun  
my friends, they say  
you'll have to grow your hair  
and watch what you wear  
if you want them, to go away  
otherwise, stay out of sight  
and be thankful that you are white  
i shut my mouth  
cause they are the law  
and i am alone  
ohhhh, the boys in blue  
have decided i need a good talking to  
Cold And Mean  
you are listening to the phone ring,  
like a church bell sounding out the hour  
and the ringing  
cuts the silence like a knife

leaving little pieces left of your life  
you are watching  
the night shadows grow tall  
swallowing you in terror  
like the phone on the wall  
shake me now to the sorrels(soils) of a dream  
take me whole and take me clean  
take me from this reality cold and mean,  
cold and mean  
but i can't answer  
i can't speak to anyone  
not until i witness the next rising of the sun  
its this darkness  
like a leadweight in my shoe  
i couldn't rise to answer  
even if i wanted to  
shake me down to the soils of a dream  
take me whole and take me clean  
take me from this reality cold and mean  
Find A Fire  
i am wading through the waters wanting you  
i don't dare look cuz i'll see right through  
i tried to warn myself to sleep,  
but now i'm waiting, wading deep  
i can't scream my sirens any higher,  
cuz i'm bound to find a fire

i can smell your closeness though you hide in your tower,

the peasant boy plagued by the princess of power

and out of the struggle of your isolation,

comes a redemption of innocence by association

i can't scream my sirens any higher,

cuz i'm bound to find a fire

so i will play your game,

cuz it's my game too

a stranger's arithmetic where one and one don't make two

i can sense a softness there, can you imagine the lifenessness that we could

share,

i can't scream my sirens any higher, cuz i'm bound to find a fire..

Garden

some crazy fucker carved a sculpture out of butter and

propped it up in the middle of the bonanza breakfast bar. and

i am stuffing toast and sausage into my pockets under a sign

that says "grand opening" while my dog is waiting in the car.

i check out, wake up, yeah. i fill the tank and wash the

windshield clean and then i'm back out on the highway. and

bang, that's when i remember my dream. we were standing in

the garden and i had a machine that played silence.

just

sucked up the whole opinionated din. and there were  
no people

on the payroll and there were no monkeys on our  
backs. and i

said, "baby, show me what you look like without skin."

science chases money, and money chases its tail, and  
the best

minds of my generation can't make bail. but the  
bacteria are

coming to take us down, that's my prediction. it's the  
answer

to this culture of the quick fix prescription. but in the

garden of simple, where all of us are nameless, you  
were

never anything but beautiful to me. and you know they  
never

really owned you, you just carried them around. and  
then one

day you put 'em down and found your hands were free.  
so now

it's early in the morning at the longitude of memphis  
and the

sun is setting sweetly on hong kong. and the big  
planets just

keep spinning, 'cos the big bang is just beginning and

sometimes it's all that we can do just to hang on. and  
what i

meant to say is "mwah!", which means I'm thinking of  
you...

which means I've been thinking of you all along.

Handsome Musician



he was a handsome musician  
but he had an ugly scar  
you could not see it on him  
but you could hear it when he played guitar  
naked and nervous silence  
therefore conversation to abuse  
stood between us like a parent  
like a game we had to lose  
he kept an eye on the door  
and his back to the wall  
his walk told of the time it takes for a man to fall  
and i welcomed him into my closet  
to meet the skeletons living there  
in my twilight vacancy  
i didn't care  
we knew each other namelessly  
as the rhythm came of age  
he knew me like a blue note  
and the lights went down on stage  
he was a handsome musician  
but he had an ugly scar  
you could not see it on him  
but you could hear it when he played guitar  
i welcomed him into my closet  
to meet the skeletons living there  
in my twilight vacancy

i didn't care

he was a handsome musician

but he had an ugly scar

you could not see it on him

but you could hear it when he played guitar

Heart Break Even

it's a heart break-even situation, nothing lost and  
nothing

gained. so i'm 10 years old again, standing in the  
backyard

waving at a train. and i feel you make love to me  
slightly

every time you let a little laugh slip too soon. and the

moment passes over us all lightly that feels like sand

blowing over a dune. and i try not to let my emotion  
show,

but it ain't a balloon that i can just let go. it's an ice

cream cone dripping in the sun. sticky hands, sticky  
arms,

sticky situation. it's a heart break-even situation. one  
part

powerful elation, one part petal falling free. so i'm  
trying

to feel my way around a book, of promises written in  
braille.

there's pressure from within. there's pressure from  
above.

there is pressure on my tenuous strain. you were slowly  
a wet

wall of blankets. one, two, three piled onto my chest till  
i

just can't breathe. and i try not to let my emotion show  
but

it ain't a balloon that i can just let go. it's an ice cream

cone dripping in the sun sticky hands, sticky arms,  
sticky

situation.

How Long Can It Last

two years ago

before you felt so familiar

before i could remember

your last name

i remember now

how our bright spring green deepened

with the years the seasons changed

and we were lush as the underside of august

the streets looked like water

they swelled and they shimmered

and they stretch like the sea

and dressed in my best shining skin

and my squinty eyes

i put the miles behind me

and it took us so long to get here

you gotta write between lines

you gotta read between the years

and fleetingly we see ourselves pass

driving a good thing

and wondering how long can it last

how long can it last

how long can it last

how long can it last

and there was much to forgive

and there was much to forget

it seems we both stood by

while the record was set

and now when i look at you

and when you look at me

it's a much different view

we are both decked out in our history

and it took us so long to get here

you gotta write between the lines

and read between the years

and fleetingly we see ourselves pass

driving a good thing

and wondering, how long can it last

how long can it last etc.

I Loved You, So What?

who's gonna give a shit?

who's gonna take the call?

when you find out that the road is painted on the wall

and you turn up to top volume

you're just sitting there in pause

with your feral little secret scratching at you with its

claws

and you're trying hard to figure out just exactly how  
you feel

before you end up parked and sobbing

forehead on the steering wheel

and who are you now

and who were you then

that you thought somehow

you could just pretend

that you could figure it all out

the mathematics of regret

it takes two beers to remember now

and five to forget

that i loved you so

yeah i loved you so what

how many times undone

can one person be

as they're careening through the facade

of their favorite fantasy

you just close your eyes slowly

like you're waiting for a kiss

and hope some lowly little power will pull you out of this

but none comes at first

and little comes at all

and when inspiration finally hits you it barely even  
breaks your fall

and who are you now

and who are you now

that you can pretend

that it'll all work out

subtract out the impact

and the fall is all you get

so here's two beers to remember why

and three more to forget

that i loved you so

yeah i loved you so what

Imagine

imagine that i'm on stage under a watchtower of  
punishing

light. and in the haze is your face bathed in shadow  
and

what's beyond you is hidden from sight. and somebody  
right

now is yawning and watching me like a tv. and i've  
been

frantically piling up sandbags against the flood waters  
of

fatigue and insecurity. and that's when i hear my guitar

singing and so i just start singing along. and  
somewhere in

my chest all the noise just gets crushed by the song.  
imagine

that i'm at your mercy, imagine that you are at mine.  
just

pretend that i've been standing here, watching you  
watching

me all of this time. imagine that you are the weather in

the

tiny snow globe of this song. and i am a statue of  
liberty

one inch long. so here i am at my most hungry, and  
here i am

at my most full. and here i am waving a red cape,  
locking

eyes with a bull. imagine that i'm on stage under a

watchtower of punishing light. and in the haze is your  
face

bathed in shadow and what's beyond you is hidden  
from sight.

North Main Street

the warmth of north main street

shows me how i took myself through

illogical landscapes with you

scribbling on napkins in foreign ports

all sorts of sidewalks i don't traverse anymore

all kinds of people i don't write into the score

well i see you drive your car past my house

you're so far from admitting i've emerged

from under your deep weather

you may never hear the future i have heard

oh the sound rebounds off the highest plateau

of the people i will love

and the things i will know

if i go

the utility of lipstick

escapes to a styrofoam cup  
the coffee gone, the conversation strong  
oh though leaving's never easy  
sentiments like shadows grow long  
your tears collect outside my bedroom window  
like the winter's last little snow  
and i am still the worst company that i have ever kept  
i just didn't want you to witness my weakness as i wept  
and i still define myself by the places that i've been  
i just didn't want you to see me traveling in between  
it seems to me i'm not doing anything new  
i'm just not doing what i used to  
the warmth of north main street  
shows me how i took myself through  
illogical landscapes with you  
scribbling on napkins in foreign ports  
all sorts of sidewalks i don't traverse anymore  
all kinds of people i know right into the score  
well i see you drive your car past my house  
you're so far from admitting i've emerged  
from under your deep weather  
you may never hear the future i have heard  
oh the sound rebounds off the highest plateau  
of the people i will love  
and the things i will know  
if i go



## No Reason To Come Home

don't know what you are going to do with this time

on your own is the question on your mind

ain't it a funny thing

to accept

that you are the worst company

that you have ever kept.

what are you gonna do

you are living all alone

there's no place to go out

and no reason to come home.

then, oh its so ironic

here's this girl with all her friends

sitting in such solitude

trying desperately to mend

and suddenly the four walls

are closing in around

the daily defenses

are all falling down.

what are you gonna do

you are living all alone

there's no place to go out

and no reason to come home.

and you just can't seem too follow through with

anything that you start to do

you leave the television talking to

the empty air

you leave your plate half full

and you comb half your hair.

what are you gonna do

you are living all alone

there's no place to go out

and no reason to come home.

One More Night

i come to your town

like thirsty lips to a cup

i come to your town

and i wanna call you up

i don't know how you feel

but i hope you feel the same

i've broken every speed limit in your name

sometimes i just wanna bury my head in a hole

tell me do you have the kind of touch that can console

i wanna hold my hands over my eyes during the scary  
scenes

will you stay with me at night and stand guard over my  
dreams

will you stand guard over my dreams

you feel like you're out on a long limb

like you've risked it all

but i'll go out there with you

and when the bough breaks

the cradle will just fall  
i'd rather go down knowing what it was like  
than to keep myself company  
one more night  
one more night  
and i've got something new  
something i didn't have before  
you were a big dark room  
a room without a door  
if you will shelter me  
i will fill your vacancy  
we don't even need the walls, the ceiling, or the floor  
and i've got something for you too  
something you probably don't need  
you can buy it for the pictures, baby  
find out its a real good read  
i just hope you still want it  
cause i'm bringing it to you  
i'm gonna come to your town  
i'm gonna call you up  
then i don't know what i'm gonna do  
you feel like you're out on a long limb  
like you've risked it all  
and if the bough breaks  
the cradle will just fall

i'd rather go down knowing what it was like

than to keep myself company

one more night

one more night

i come to your town

like thirsty lips to a cup

i come to your town

and i'm gonna call you up

i don't know how you feel

but i hope you feel the same

i've broken every speed limit in your name

and sometimes i just wanna bury my head in a hole

tell me do you have the kind of touch that can console

i wanna hold my hands over my eyes during the scary  
scenes

tell me will you stay with me at night and stand guard  
over my dreams

will you stand guard over my dreams

will you stand guard over my dreams....

One Times One Times One

do you ever wonder

when the damage will be done?

do you ever feel

like one times one times one?

do your eyes scrape the pavement

as you shuffle from the sun?

does your breath walk behind you

when the dialogue is done?

are you somewhat uninhibited?

are you somehow unfree?

are you like me?

are you a pile of loose brown leaves

waiting to be blown,

ready to disown?

are you grounded by the comforts of home?

are you covered in a strangling snow?

are you somewhat uninhibited?

are you somehow unfree?

are you like me?

do you ever wonder when the damage will be done?

do you ever feel like one times one times one?

do your eyes scrape the pavement as you shuffle from  
the sun?

does your breath walk behind you when the dialogue is  
done?

are you somewhat uninhibited?

are you somehow unfree?

are you like me?

Subdivision

white people are so scared of black people

they bulldoze out to the country

and put up houses on little loop-di-loop streets

and America got its heart cut right out of its chest

and the Berlin wall still runs down main street  
separating east side from west  
and nothing is stirring, not even a mouse  
in the boarded up stores and the broken down houses  
and they hang colorful banners off all the street lamps  
just to prove they got no manners no mercy and no  
sense  
and I'm wondering what it will take for my city to rise  
first we admit our mistakes and then we open our eyes  
the ghosts of old buildings are haunting parking lots  
in the city of good neighbors that history forgot.  
I remember the first time I saw someone lying on the  
cold street  
I thought "I can't just walk past him; this can't just be  
true"  
but I learned by example to just keep moving my feet  
its amazing the things we all learn to do  
so we're led by denial like lambs to the slaughter  
serving empires of style and carbonated sugar water  
and the old farm road's a four lane that leads to the  
mall  
and my dreams are all guillotines waiting to fall  
and I'm wondering what it would take for my country to  
rise  
first we identify our mistakes then we open our eyes  
till nature succumbs to one last dumb decision  
Submerged  
well your arms hang parallel to the curtains

your gaze falls perpendicular to the floor

your resign yourself to the hurting

the lines in your brow are deeper than before

don't misunderstand

i just wanna be your friend

well a phone call is a phone call

is not a means to an end

your t-shirt's white across your chest

loose around your neck

your eyes come to rest on my face

indirect, there's been tears shopping here?

in the market for solutions, you know, its so hard to  
find clear answers

these days

i think that a thing of the past

they just don't make them to last anymore

and it seems to me i'll miss love in the effort it confers

and her legs are longer

but mine are stronger than hers

and i told you i wouldn't hold you down

i would only make you happy and i wouldn't let you  
drown

now you say you're submersed in me

well i'm out here writing dirges

can't you see i need to be free?

you laugh and you smile and you say you'll agree

but you continue with your kisses

oh you love those near-misses  
can't you see the only thing i ask  
the only slant  
is the only thing you won't grant me  
just turn out the light  
unlock the door  
tell me you feel alright, even better than before  
show me you can be strong  
its all i wanted all along

Subway

the subway car smells like an animal's cage  
and don't you feel like the captain riding in a rage  
oh the city's sweet as cider sours with age  
the toss between fear and freedom  
looking for a familiar sign  
and the man sitting next to you says "hey baby, can  
you spare a dime?"  
oh the city's sweet as cider... sours in time  
you turn to see his pants from 1965 with the holes in  
the pockets and the  
fly open wide  
and just when he starts to make you nervous, suddenly  
he starts to cry  
oh the city's sweet as cider passes some people by  
and on the other side of the darkness  
where the tunnel closes inside  
you can only come out even in this town



but girl, you have come out alright

oh the city's sweet as cider isn't sweet at night

no the city's sweet as cider isn't sweet at night

This Little War

you can doubt anything if you think about it long  
enough.

cause what happened always adjusts to fit what  
happened after that.

and it's hard to feel like you are free,

when all you seem to do is referee, baby.

i remember when it was just you and me

steppin' up to bat.

and win or lose,

just like you choose,

this little war is what kills you.

and either or

it's that this little war

is maybe also what thrills you.

we thought we left possession behind.

the truth is i was yours and you weren't mine and i am  
??.

i've replayed a thousand times exactly what was said.

cause nothing is as it appears.

and the fun house mirrors of your fears

on a roller coaster of all these years

with your hands above your head.

and win or lose,

just like you choose,  
this little war is what kills you.  
and either or  
it's that this little war  
is maybe also what thrills you.  
and you know i don't care how fast you run  
just tell me baby that when  
you're done with your little marathon  
that you still have cab fare home.  
cause the finish line is a shifty thing  
and what is life  
but reckoning?  
and baby you are still the song  
i sing to myself when i'm alone.  
and win or lose,  
just like we choose,  
this little war is what kills us.  
and either or,  
it's that this little war,  
is maybe also  
what thrills us.  
To Be Free  
on the underside of your salutation  
i can hear you turning inward  
hello is such a thin word

you're going to have to hide double-time from me  
cuz i read our poetry, and i can see when it doesn't  
rhyme  
you said you either wanted me home  
or you wanted to be alone[?]  
or you wanted to be alone  
and i felt you decide  
i have heard all the words you hold inside  
we were knitted like yarn  
in the morning you were the snooze button on my  
alarm  
and now goodnight is just the gesture of an arm  
well i think i understand  
but i don't think i agree  
sometimes i want to amend  
and sometimes i just want to be free  
if we can try forgiving  
if we can try to go on living  
like some kind of amateur team  
anyone can see that love  
is waiting us more than me  
that's for me  
please  
Waiting For Susan  
susan is a connotation  
at less than arms length  
she has the strength of an opinion

her promises are like the night overcast  
like the stars she doesn't show  
and when she does, she doesn't last  
you can see her goodness  
like her breath on a window pane  
and then she turns her head  
and it is gone again  
and while i'm left waiting  
she'll wax and she'll wane  
and maybe she'll come here again  
and susan was at the other end of the line  
and she received me just in time  
and i lean to her like a preference of mine  
like a reference to friendship  
she defined my time  
now i'm waiting for susan  
i don't know where i am in line  
i'm waiting for susan  
i wonder where i am in line  
Hurricane  
Pistol shots ring out in the barroom night  
Enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall.  
She sees the bartender in a pool of blood,  
Cries out, "My God, they killed them all!"  
Here comes the story of the Hurricane,

The man the authorities came to blame

For somethin' that he never done.

Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been

The champion of the world.

Three bodies lyin' there does Patty see

And another man named Bello, movin' around  
mysteriously.

"I didn't do it," he says, and he throws up his hands

"I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand.

I saw them leavin'," he says, and he stops

"One of us had better call up the cops."

And so Patty calls the cops

And they arrive on the scene with their red lights  
flashin'

In the hot New Jersey night.

Meanwhile, far away in another part of town

Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are drivin' around.

Number one contender for the middleweight crown

Had no idea what kinda shit was about to go down

When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road

Just like the time before and the time before that.

In Paterson that's just the way things go.

If you're black you might as well not show up on the  
street

'Less you wanna draw the heat.

Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the  
cops.

Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin'

around

He said, "I saw two men runnin' out, they looked like middleweights

They jumped into a white car with out-of-state plates."

And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head.

Cop said, "Wait a minute, boys, this one's not dead"

So they took him to the infirmary

And though this man could hardly see

They told him that he could identify the guilty men.

Four in the mornin' and they haul Rubin in,

Take him to the hospital and they bring him upstairs.

The wounded man looks up through his one dyin' eye

Says, "Wha'd you bring him in here for? He ain't the guy!"

Yes, here's the story of the Hurricane,

The man the authorities came to blame

For somethin' that he never done.

Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been

The champion of the world.

Four months later, the ghettos are in flame,

Rubin's in South America, fightin' for his name

While Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the robbery game

And the cops are puttin' the screws to him, lookin' for somebody to blame.

"Remember that murder that happened in a bar?"

"Remember you said you saw the getaway car?"

"You think you'd like to play ball with the law?"

"Think it might-a been that fighter that you saw runnin' that night?"

"Don't forget that you are white."

Arthur Dexter Bradley said, "I'm really not sure."

Cops said, "A poor boy like you could use a break

We got you for the motel job and we're talkin' to your friend Bello

Now you don't wanta have to go back to jail, be a nice fellow.

You'll be doin' society a favor.

That sonofabitch is brave and gettin' braver.

We want to put his ass in stir

We want to pin this triple murder on him

He ain't no Gentleman Jim."

Rubin could take a man out with just one punch

But he never did like to talk about it all that much.

It's my work, he'd say, and I do it for pay

And when it's over I'd just as soon go on my way

Up to some paradise

Where the trout streams flow and the air is nice

And ride a horse along a trail.

But then they took him to the jailhouse

Where they try to turn a man into a mouse.

All of Rubin's cards were marked in advance

The trial was a pig-circus, he never had a chance.

The judge made Rubin's witnesses drunkards from the slums

To the white folks who watched he was a revolutionary

bum

And to the black folks he was just a crazy nigger.

No one doubted that he pulled the trigger.

And though they could not produce the gun,

The D.A. said he was the one who did the deed

And the all-white jury agreed.

Rubin Carter was falsely tried.

The crime was murder "one," guess who testified?

Bello and Bradley and they both baldly lied

And the newspapers, they all went along for the ride.

How can the life of such a man

Be in the palm of some fool's hand?

To see him obviously framed

Couldn't help but make me feel ashamed to live in a  
land

Where justice is a game.

Now all the criminals in their coats and their ties

Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise

While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten-foot cell

An innocent man in a living hell.

That's the story of the Hurricane,

But it won't be over till they clear his name

And give him back the time he's done.

Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been

The champion of the world.

Do Re Mi



Lots of folks back East, they say, is leavin' home every day,

Beatin' the hot old dusty way to the California line.

'Cross the desert sands they roll, gettin' out of that old dust bowl,

They think they're goin' to a sugar bowl, but here's what they find --

Now, the police at the port of entry say,

"You're number fourteen thousand for today."

CHORUS:

Oh, if you ain't got the do re mi, folks, you ain't got the do re mi,

Why, you better go back to beautiful Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee.

California is a garden of Eden, a paradise to live in or see;

But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot

If you ain't got the do re mi.

You want to buy you a home or a farm, that can't deal nobody harm,

Or take your vacation by the mountains or sea.

Don't swap your old cow for a car, you better stay right where you are,

Better take this little tip from me.

'Cause I look through the want ads every day

But the headlines on the papers always say:

If you ain't got the do re mi, boys, you ain't got the do re mi,

Why, you better go back to beautiful Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee.

California is a garden of Eden, a paradise to live in or

see;

But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot

If you ain't got the do re mi.

Midnight Train To Georgia

L.A. proved too much for the man

(too much for the man, he couldn't make it)

So he's leaving a life he's come to know

(He said he's going)

He said he's going back to find

(Going back to find)

What's left of his world

The world he left behind not so very long ago

He's leaving on that midnight train to Georgia

(Leaving on that midnight train to Georgia)

Said he's going back to find

(Going back to find)

A simpler place and time

(Whenever he takes that ride, guess who's going to be right by his side?)

I'll be with him

(I know you will)

On that midnight train to Georgia

(Leaving on that midnight train to Georgia...whoo  
whoo)

I'd rather live in his world than live without him in mine

(one world, it's his, his and hers alone)

He kept dreaming

(Dreaming)

That one day he'd be a star

(A superstar, but he didn't get far)

But he sure found out the hard way

That dreams don't always come true

(Dreams don't always come true, uh-uh, no, uh-uh)

So he followed his hopes and he even sold his own car

For a one-way ticket back to the life that he once knew

Yes he did...he said he would

I know he's leaving

(Leaving)

On that midnight train to Georgia

(Leaving on the midnight train)

Said he's going back to find

(Going back to find)

A simpler place and time

(Whenever he takes that ride, guess who's going to be right by his side?)

I've got to be with him

(I know you will)

On that midnight train to Georgia

(Leaving on the midnight train to Georgia...whoo, whoo)

I'd rather live in his world

(Live in his world)

Than live without him in mine

(one world, it's his, his and hers alone)

He's leaving

(Leaving)

On the midnight train to Georgia

(Leaving on the midnight train)

He said he's going back to find

(He's going back to find)

A simpler place and time

(Whenever he takes that ride, guess who's going to be right by his side?)

I've got to be with him

(I know you will)

On that midnight train to Georgia

(Leaving on the midnight train to Georgia...whoo, whoo)

I'd rather live in his world

(Live in his world)

Than live without him in mine

(One world, it's his, his and hers alone)

All aboard, one world, her man, his girl

I've got to go, I've got to go, I've got to go...

All aboard, one world, her man, his girl

I've got to go, I've got to go, I've got to go...

Most Of The Time

most of the time

i'm clear focused all around,

most of the time

i can keep both feet on the ground,  
i can follow the path, i can read the signs,  
stay right with it, when the road unwinds,  
i can handle whatever i stumble upon,  
i don't even notice she's gone,  
most of the time.  
most of the time  
it's well understood,  
most of the time  
i wouldn't change it if i could,  
i can't make it all match up, i can hold my own,  
i can deal with the situation right down to the bone,  
i can survive, i can endure  
and i don't even think about her  
most of the time.  
most of the time  
my head is on straight,  
most of the time  
i'm strong enough not to hate.  
i don't build up illusion 'till it makes me sick,  
i ain't afraid of confusion no matter how thick  
i can smile in the face of mankind.  
don't even remember what her lips felt like on mine  
most of the time.  
most of the time

she ain't even in my mind,  
i wouldn't know her if i saw her  
she's that far behind.  
most of the time  
i can't even be sure  
if she was ever with me  
or if i was with her.  
most of the time  
i'm halfway content,  
most of the time  
i know exactly where i went,  
i don't cheat on myself, i don't run and hide,  
hide from the feelings, that are buried inside,  
i don't compromised and i don't pretend,  
i don't even care if i ever see her again  
most of the time.

Wishin' And Hopin'

ani covers dusty springfield on the soundtrack  
to my best friends wedding.

wishin', and hopin', and thinkin', and prayin',  
planning and dreamin' each night of his charms.

that won't get you into his arms!

so if your're looking for love you can share!

all you gotta to is hold him, and kiss him, and love him,  
and show him that you care.

show him that you care, just for him.

do the things that he likes to do.

wear your hair just for him, 'cause,

you won't get him, thinkin' and a prayin',

wishin' and a hopin'.

'cause wishin', and hopin', and thinkin', and prayin',

planning and dreamin' his kisses will start.

that won't get you into his heart!

so if you're thinking how great true love is!

all you gotta to is hold him, and kiss him, and squeeze  
him, and love him.

yeah, just do it!

and after you do, you will be his.

you gotta show him that you care just for him.

do the things that he likes to do.

wear your hair just for him, 'cause,

you won't get him, thinkin' and a prayin',

whishin' and a hopin'.

'cause wishin', and hopin', and thinkin', and prayin',

planning and dreamin' his kisses will start.

that won't get you into his heart!

so if you're thinking how great true love is!

all you gotta to is hold him, and kiss him, and squeeze  
him, and love him.

yeah, just do it!

and after you do, you will be his.

you will be his.

you will be his!

When Doves Cry

dig if you will the picture

of you and i engaged in a kiss

the sweat of your body covers me

can you my darling

can you picture this?

dream if you can a courtyard

an ocean of violets in bloom

animals strike curious poses

they feel the heat

the heat between me and you

how can you just leave me standing?

alone in a world that's so cold? (so cold)

maybe i'm just too demanding

maybe i'm just like my father too bold

maybe you're just like my mother

she's never satisfied (she's never satisfied)

why do we scream at each other

this is what it sounds like

when doves cry

touch if you will my stomach

feel how it trembles inside

you've got the butterflies all tied up

don't make me chase you

even doves have pride



how can you just leave me standing?

alone in a world so cold? (world so cold)

maybe i'm just too demanding

maybe i'm just like my father too bold

maybe you're just like my mother

she's never satisfied (she's never satisfied)

why do we scream at each other

this is what it sounds like

when doves cry

how can you just leave me standing?

alone in a world that's so cold? (a world that's so cold)

maybe i'm just too demanding (maybe, maybe i'm like  
my father)

maybe i'm just like my father too bold (ya know he's too  
bold)

maybe you're just like my mother (maybe you're just  
like my mother)

she's never satisfied (she's never, never satisfied)

why do we scream at each other (why do we scream,  
why)

this is what it sounds like

when doves cry

when doves cry (doves cry, doves cry)

when doves cry (doves cry, doves cry)

When You Were Mine

when you were mine

i gave you all of my money

time after time  
you done me wrong  
cause just like a train  
you let all my friends come over and eat  
and you were so strange  
you didn't have the decency  
to change the sheets  
oh girl, when you were mine  
i used to let you wear all my clothes  
you were so fine (so fine)  
maybe that's the reason  
that it hurt me so  
i know (i know)  
that you're going with another guy  
i don't care (don't care)  
'cuz i love u, baby, that's no lie  
i love you more than i did  
when you were mine  
when you were mine  
you were kinda sorta my best friend  
so i was blind (so blind)  
i let you fool around  
i never cared (didn't care)  
i never was the kind to make a fuss  
when he was there  
sleeping in between the two of us

i know (i know)

that you're going with another guy

i don't care (don't care)

cuz i love you, baby, that's no lie

i love you more than i did

when you were mine

when you were mine

u were all i ever wanted to do

now i spend my time

following him whenever he's with you

i know (i know)

that you're going with another guy

i don't care (don't care)

cuz i love you, baby, that's no lie

i love you more than i did

when you were mine

when you were mine, yeah, oh no

love you, baby

love you, baby

when you were mine

My Name Is Lisa Kavelage

my name is lisa kalvelage, i was born in nuremberg

and when the trials were held there 19 years ago

it seemed to me ridiculous to hold a nation all to blame

for the horrors that the world did undergo

a short while later when i applied to be a gi bride  
an american councilor official questioned me  
he refused my exit permit, said my answer did not  
show  
that i learned my lesson about responsibility  
then suddenly i was forced to start thinking on this  
theme  
and later when i was permitted to immigrate  
i must have been asked a 100 times where i was, what i  
did  
in those years when hitler ruled our state  
i said i was a child, or at most a teenager  
but that only continued the questioning  
they'd ask where were my parents, my father, my  
mother  
and to this i could not answer a thing  
a seed planted there in neurenberg '47  
started to sprout and grow  
gradually i understood what that verdict meant to me  
when there are crimes that i can see and know  
and now i also know what it is to be charged with mass  
guilt  
once in a life time is enough for me  
no i couldn't take it for a second time  
and that's why i'm here today  
the events of may 25th, the day of our protest  
put a small balance weight on the other side  
and hopefully some day my contribution to peace

will help just a bit to turn the tide

perhaps i can tell it to my children 6

and later on, their own children

and at least in the future they need not be silent

when they're asked, where was your mother when

my name is lisa kalvelage

(i wonder, where was my mother then)

Lord, I Have Made...

Oh Lord, I have made you a place in my heart,

Among the rags and the bones and the dirt.

There's piles of lies, and love gone from her eyes,

And old moving boxes full of hurt.

Pull up a chair there's one over there.

I got whiskey, you're welcome to some.

Oh Lord, I have made you a place in my heart,

But I didn't reckon you were gonna come.

Tried to fix up the place, I know it's a disgrace,

You get used to it after a while.

With the flood and the drought and old pals hanging  
out,

With their IOU's and their smiles.

Bare-naked women keep comin' in

And they dance like you wouldn't believe.

Oh Lord, I have made you a place in my heart,

So please close the door when you leave.

Lord, why does the cold get colder each year?

Why can't I learn to love?

Lord, if you made me, then it's easy to see

That you all make mistakes up above.

But if I open the door, you will know that I'm poor

And my songs are all that I own.

Oh Lord, I have made you a place in my heart.

I suggest you leave it alone.

Oh Lord, I have made you a place in my heart

I've made you a place in my heart

Visit [Ani DiFranco](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.