

Ani DiFranco**"Not A Pretty Girl Complete Album"**

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Worthy

you think you're not worthy

i'd have to say i agree

i'm not worthy of you

you're not worthy of me

which of us is deserving

look at the human race

the whole planet at arm's length

and we don't deserve this place

what good is a poker face

when you've got an open hand

i was supposed to be cool about this

yeah

i remember

cool was the plan

tried to keep it all under wraps

but the wraps kept going slack

i keep turning round

i keep coming back

give me your vertical

your horizontal line

i want to take each of them
bend them to fit mine
the world is too good for me
i am such a naughty girl
but when we're together
we're too good for this world
you think you're not worthy
i'd have to say i agree
i'm not worthy of you
you're not worthy of me
i'm not worthy of you
you aren't worthy of me...

Tiptoe

tiptoeing through the used condoms
strewn on the piers
off the west side highway
sunset behind the skyline of jersey
walking towards the water
with a fetus holding court in my gut
my body highjacked
my tits swollen
i'm sore
the river has more colors at sunset than my sock
drawer ever dreamed of
i could wake up screaming sometimes
but i don't

i could step off the end of this pier
but i've got shit to do
and i've an appointment on tuesday
to shed uninvited blood and tissue
i'll miss you i say to the river
to the water
to the son or
daughter i thought better of
i could fall in love with jersey at sunset
but i leave
the view
to the rats
and tiptoe back
Cradle And All
fourteenth street and the garbage swirls like a cyclone
three o'clock in the afternoon and i am going home
f train is full of high school students
so much shouting
so much laughter
last night's underwear in my back pocket
sure sign of the morning after
take me home
take me home and leave me there
think i'm going to cry, i don't know why
think i'm going to sing myself a lullaby

feel free to listen

feel free to stare

i live in new york new york the city that never shuts up

in the daylight everything is so gory

you can hear snatches of stranger's sorry stories

and i moved there from buffalo but that's nothing

the trico plant moved to mexico

left my uncle standing out in the cold

said there's your last paycheck have fun growing old

take me home

take me home and leave me there

think i'm going to cry, i don't know why

think i'm going to sing myself a lullaby

feel free to listen

feel free to stare

rockabye baby

in the treetop

when the wind blows

cradle will rock

when the bough breaks

the cradle will fall

down will come baby

cradle and all

youth is beauty

money is beauty

hell, beauty is beauty sometimes

it's the luck of the draw

it's the natural law

it's a joke

it's a crime

i was bored

you were bored

it was a meeting of the minds

now it's three in the afternoon and i can't leave too soon

saying thank you, i had a nice time

take me home

take me home and leave me there

think i'm going to cry, i don't know why

think i'm going to sing myself a lullaby

feel free to listen

feel free to stare

maybe i'll live my whole life

just getting by

maybe i'll be discovered

maybe i'll be colonized

you could try to train me like a pet

you could try to teach me to behave

but i'll tell you, if i haven't learned it yet

you know,

i ain't gonna sit, i ain't gonna stay

take me home

take me home and leave me there
think i'm going to cry, i don't know why
think i'm going to sing myself a lullaby
feel free to listen
feel free to stare
Shy
the heat is so great
it plays tricks with the eye
it turns the road to water
and then from water to sky
and there's a crack in the concrete floor
and it starts at the sink
there's a bathroom in a gas station
and i've locked myself in it to think
and back in the city
the sun bakes the trash on the curb
the men are pissing in doorways
and the rats run in herds
i've got a dream of your face
that scares me awake
i put too much on my table
and now i got too much a stake
and i might let you off easy
yeah i might lead you on
i might wait for you to look for me

and then i might be gone
where i come from and where i'm going
and i'm lost in between
i might go up to that phone booth
and leave a veiled invitation on you machine
and you'll stop me, won't you
if you've heard this one before
the one where i surprise you
by showing up at your front door
saying 'let's not ask what's next,
or how, or why'
i am leaving in the morning
so let's not be shy
the door opens, the room winces
the housekeeper comes in without a warning
and i squint at the muscular motel lady
says 'hey good morning'
and she jumps, her keys jingle
and she leaves as quick as she came in
and i roll over and taste the pillow with my grin
well, the sheets are twisted and tangled
and the heat is so great
and i swear i can feel the mattress
sinking underneath your weight
oh sleep is like a fever
and i'm glad when it ends

and the road flows like a river
and pulls me around every bend
and you'll stop me, won't you...
the heat is so great
it plays tricks with the eye
it turns road to water
and water to sky
and there's a crack in the concrete floor
and it starts at the sink
there's a bathroom in a gas station
and i've locked myself
in it to think
and you'll stop me, won't you...

Sorry I Am

i'm sorry i didn't sound more excited on the phone
i'm sorry that after all these years
i've left you feeling unrequited and alone, brought you
to tears
i guess i never loved you quite as well as the way you
loved me
i guess i'll never really be able to tell you how sorry
i am
and i don't know what it is about you
i just know it's not what it was
i don't know why red fades before blue it just does
and i don't know what it is about me

that i just can't keep still

i keep thinking someday i will make this all up to you

and maybe someday i will

i guess i never loved you quite as well

as the way you loved me

i guess i'll never really be able to tell you how sorry

i am

sorry i am

sorry i am

sorry i am

Light Of Some Kind

i wish i didn't have this nervous laugh

i wish i didn't say half the stuff i say

i wish i could just learn to cover my tracks

i guess i'm not concerned about getting away

'cause every time i try to hold my tongue

it slips like a fish from a line

they say if you want to play

you should learn how to play dumb

i guess i can't bring myself to waste your time

'cause we both know what i've been doing

i've been intentionally bad at lying

you're the only boy i ever let see through me

and i hope you believe me when i say i'm trying

and i hope i never improve my game

yeah i'd rather have these things weighing on my mind

and at the end of this tunnel of guilt and shame
there must be a light of some kind
there must be a light of some kind
i must have blown a fuse or something
cause it was so dark in my mind
she came up to me with the sweetest face
and she was holding a light of some kind
and i still think of you as my boyfriend
i don't think this is the end of the world
but i think maybe you should follow my example
and go meet yourself a really nice girl
'cause we both know. . .
in the end the world comes down to just a few people
but for you it comes down to one
but no one ever asked me if i thought i could be
everything to someone
there's a crowd of people harbored in every person
there are so many roles that we play
and you've decided to love me for eternity
i'm still deciding who i want to be today
cause we both know. . .

Not A Pretty Girl

i am not a pretty girl
that is not what i do
i ain't no damsel in distress

and i don't need to be rescued
so put me down punk
maybe you'd prefer a maiden fair
isn't there a kitten stuck up a tree somewhere
i am not an angry girl
but it seems like i've got everyone fooled
every time i say something they find hard to hear
they chalk it up to my anger
and never to their own fear
and imagine you're a girl
just trying to finally come clean
knowing full well they'd prefer you
were dirty and smiling
and i am sorry
i am not a maiden fair
and i am not a kitten stuck up a tree somewhere
and generally my generation
wouldn't be caught dead working for the man
and generally i agree with them
trouble is you gotta have yourself an alternate plan
and i have earned my disillusionment
i have been working all of my life
and i am a patriot
i have been fighting the good fight
and what if there are no damsels in distress
what if i knew that and i called your bluff?

don't you think every kitten figures out how to get down

whether or not you ever show up

i am not a pretty girl

i don't want to be a pretty girl

no i want to be more than a pretty girl

The Millions You Never Made

the air comes off the ocean

the city smells fishy

the air is full of fish and mystery

whispering who, what, when

i am warning you i am weightless

and the wind is always shifting

so don't hang anything on me

if you ever want to see it again

i am telling you i'm different than you

think i am

and you can dangle your carrot

but i ain't gonna reach for it

cuz i need both my hands

to play my guitar

and life is a sleazy stranger

who looks vaguely familiar

flirting with a bimbo named disaster

at the end of the bar

and i am telling you that i am different

than you are

at night when you're asleep

self hatred's going to creep in

and try to blame it on the devil

the one who's bed you sleep in

and don't tell me what they did to you

as though you had no choice

tell me, isn't that your picture?

isn't that your voice?

if you don't live what you sing about

your mirror is going to find out

oh yeah

i'd like to go to all the pretty parties

where all the pretty people go

and i ain't really all that pretty

but nobody will know

cuz everybody loves you

when you're a star

and nobody questions

what it takes to go that far

and life is a sleazy stranger

and this is his favorite bar

no i don't prefer obscurity

but i'm an idealistic girl

and i wouldn't work for you

no matter what you paid

and i may not be able
to change the whole fucking world
but i could be the million
that you never made
oh yeah
i could be the million that you never made
i could be the million that you'll never make
you're looking at the million that you'll never make

Hour Follows Hour

hour follows hour
like water follows water
everything is governed by the rule
of one thing leads to another
you can't really place blame
cuz blame is much to messy
some was bound to get on you
while you were trying to put it on me
and don't fool yourself
into thinking things are simple
nobody's lying still the stories don't line up
why do you try to hold on
to what you'll never get a hold on
you wouldn't try to put the ocean
in a paper cup
cuz i have had something to prove

as long as i know there's something
that needs improvement
and you know that every time i move
i make a woman's movement
and first you decide
what you've gotta do
then you go out and do it
and maybe the most we can do
then you go out and do it
and maybe the most we can do
is just to see each other through it
hour follows hour like water in a river
and from one to the next
we don't know what each hour will deliver
we just call it like we see it
call it out loud as we can
and then afterwards we call it all water over the dam
maybe the moral higher ground
ain't as high as it seems
maybe we are both good people
done some bad things
i just hope it was okay
i know it wasn't perfect
i hope in the end we can laugh
and say it was all worth it
cuz i have had something to prove

as long as i know something
that needs improvement
and you know that everytime i move
i make a woman's movement
and first you decide what you've gotta do
then you go out and do it
and maybe the most that we can do
is just to see each other through it
we make our own gravity to give weight to things
then things fall and they break and gravity sings
we can only hold so much is what i figure
try and keep our eye on the big picture
picture keeps getting bigger
and too much is how i love you
but too well is how i know you
and i've got nothing to prove this time
just something to show you
i guess i just wanted you to see
that it was all worth it to me

32 Flavors

squint your eyes and look closer
i'm not between you and your ambition
i am a poster girl with no poster
i am thirty-two flavors and then some
and i'm beyond your peripheral vision

so you might want to turn your head
cause someday you're going to get hungry
and eat most of the words you just said
both my parents taught me about good will
and i have done well by their names
just the kindness i've lavished on strangers
is more than i can explain
still there's many who've turned out their porch lights
just so i would think they were not home
and hid in the dark of their windows
till i'd passed and left them alone
and god help you if you are an ugly girl
course too pretty is also your doom
cause everyone harbors a secret hatred
for the prettiest girl in the room
and god help you if you are a phoenix
and you dare to rise up from the ash
a thousand eyes will smolder with jealousy
while you are just flying past
i'm not trying to give my life meaning
by demeaning you
and i would like to state for the record
i did everything that i could do
i'm not saying that i'm a saint
i just don't want to live that way
no, i will never be a saint

but i will always say
squint your eyes and look closer
i'm not between you and your ambition
i am a poster girl with no poster
i am thirty-two flavors and then some
and i'm beyond your peripheral vision
so you might want to turn your head
cause someday you might find you're starving
and eating all of the words you said

Asking Too Much

i want somebody who sees the pointlessness
and still keeps their purpose in mind
i want somebody who has a tortured soul
some of the time
i want somebody who will either put out for me
or put me out of misery
or maybe just put it all to words
and make me say, you know
i never heard it put that way
make me say, what did you just say?
i want somebody who can hold my interest
hold it and never let it fall
someone who can flatten me with a kiss
that hits like a fist
or a sentence, that stops me like a brick wall

if you hear me talking
listen to what i'm not saying
if you hear me playing guitar
listen to what i'm not playing
and don't ask me to put words
to all the silences i wrote
don't ask me to put words
to all the spaces between notes
in fact if you have to ask, forget it
do and you'll regret it
i'm tired of being the interesting one
i'm tired of having fun for two
just lay yourself on the line
and i might lay myself down by you
but don't sit behind your eyes
and wait for me to surprise you
i want somebody who can make me
scream until it's funny
give me a run for my money
i want someone who can
twist me up in knots
tell me, for the woman who has everything
what have you got?
i want someone who's not afraid of me
or anyone else
in other words i want someone

who's not afraid of themself

do you think i'm asking too much?

This Bouquet

got a garden of songs where i grow all my thoughts

wish i could harvest one or two for some small talk

i'm always starving for words when you're around

nothing on my tongue so much in my ground

half the time i got my gaze trained on your motel door

fourth door from the end

rest of the time my gaze lays like a stain on the
carpeted floor

if it weren't for my brain i'd go over and make friends

too bad about my brain 'cause i'd like to make friends.

see the little song bird unable to make a sound

even though she follows her words from town to town

we both have gardens of songs and maybe its okay

that i am speechless because i picked you this
bouquet.

Crime For Crime

the big day has come

the bell is sounding

i run my hands through my hair one last time

outside the prison walls

the town is gathering

people are trading crime for crime

everyone needs to see the prisoner

they need to make it even easier
they see me as a symbol, and not a human being
that way they can kill me
say it's not murder, it's a metaphor
we are killing off our own failure
and starting clean
standing in the gallows
everyone turned my way
i hear a voice ask me
if i've got any last words to say
and i'm looking out over the field of familiar eyes
somewhere in a woman's arms a baby cries
i think guilt and innocence
they are a matter of degree
what might be justice to you
might not be justice to me
i went to far, i'm sorry
i guess now i'm going home
so let any amongst you cast the first stone
now we've got all these complicated machines
so no one person ever has to have blood on their hands
we've got complex organizations
and if everyone just does their job
no one person has to understand
you might be the wrong color
you might be too poor

justice isn't something just anyone can afford

you might not pull the trigger

you might be out in the car

and you might get a lethal injection

'cause we take a metaphor that far

the big day has come

the bell is sounding

i run my hands through my hair one last time

outside the prison walls

the town has gathered

people are trading crime for crime

people are trading crime for crime

people are still trading crime for crime

Coming Up

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

solicit 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 spray paint 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
he sends me little pieces of paper
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

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