

**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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