Ani Difranco "Second Intermission - Album: Evolve"

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second intermission
anticipation
you know the third act
small talk drops out of the play
you're standing in the lobby
tightening your tourniquet
waiting for it
waiting for it
and then the bell sounds
and the lights flash
and there's all these questions milling around
and there's no time to ask

no bliss for little miss leading she's learning about bleeding but what is love if not exquisite? our only saving grace or is it? and somewhere inside your iris blooms the reflection of my surprise as you stroll past every last do not enter and touch me at my epicenter and the bell sounds and the lights flash and there's all these questions milling around and there's no time to ask

i'm always trying to get there
i never really get there
to that quiet place where i accept myself
instead i'm deep inside some high school
locker room no clothing
popping the zits of my self-loathing under fluorescent
lights
and the bell sounds
and the lights flash
and there's all these questions milling around
and you're too ashamed to ask

second intermission anticipation you know the third act small talk drops out of the play you're standing in the lobby tightening your tourniquet waiting for it waiting for it

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