

Ani DiFranco "The Story"

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I would have returned your greeting
if it weren't for the way you were looking at me
this street is not a market
and I am not a commodity
don't you find it sad that we can't even say hello
'cause you're a man
and I'm a woman
and the sun is getting low
there are some places that I can't go
as a woman I can't go there
and as a person I don't care
I don't go for the hey baby what's your name
and I'd alone thank you
just the same

I am up again against
the skin of my guitar
in the window of my life
looking out through the bars
I am sounding out the silence
avoiding all the words
I'm afraid I've said too much
I'm afraid of who has heard me

my father, he told me the story
and it was true
for his time
but now the story's different

maybe I should tell him mine
all the girls line up here
all the boys on the other side
I see your ranks are advancing
I see mine are left behind

I am up again against
the skin of my guitar
in the window of my life
looking out through the bars
I am sounding out the silence
avoiding all the words
I'm afraid I can never say enough

I'm afraid no one has heard me

and despite all the balls that I've been thrown
and forced to drop
on the social totem pole
I'm preciously close to the top
the put you in your place
and they tell you to behave
but no one can be free
until we're all on even grade

and I would have returned your greeting
if it weren't for the way you were looking at me

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