

Ani DiFranco "This Bouquet"

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Got a garden of songs where I grow all my thoughts
Wish I could harvest one or two for some small talk
Seems like I'm starving for words whenever you around
Nothing on my tongue so much in my ground
Nothing on my tongue so much in my ground, ground

Half time I got my gaze trained on your motel door
Fourth door from the end
Rest time my gaze lays like a stain on the carpeted
floor
If it weren't for my brain, I'd just go over and make
friends
Too bad about my brain 'cause I'd like to make friends,
friends

See the little song bird unable to make a sound
You never know she follows her words from town to
town
We both got gardens of songs and maybe it's okay
That I am speechless because I picked you this
bouquet
Yup, I am speechless but I picked you this bouquet

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