

Ani DiFranco "Two Little Girls"

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You were fresh off the boat from Virginia
I had a year in New York City under my belt
We met in a dream, we were both nineteen
I remember where we were standing, I remember how
it felt

Two little girls growing out of their training bras
This little girl breaks furniture, this little girl breaks laws
Two girls together, just a little less alone
This little girl cried wee wee wee all the way home,
home

And we were always half crazy, now look at you, baby
You make about as much sense as a nursery rhyme
And love is a piano, dropped from the four storied
window
And you were in the wrong place at the wrong time

And I don't like your girlfriend, you know I blame her
Never seen one of your lovers do you so much harm
And I loved you first and you know I would prefer
If she didn't empty her syringes into your arm, arm

Here comes a little naked me, padding up to the
bathroom door
To find little naked you slumped on the bathroom floor
So I guess, I'll just stand here with my back against the
wall
While you distill your whole life down to a 911 call

So now you bring me your bruises
So I can 'ooh' and 'aah' at the display
Maybe, I'm supposed to make one of my
Famous jokes that makes everything okay

Or maybe, I'm supposed to be the handsome prince
Who rides up and unties your hands
Or maybe, I'm supposed to be the furrowed-brow
friend
Who think she understands

Here comes a little naked me, padding up to the

bathroom door

To find little naked you slumped on the bathroom floor
So I guess, I'll just stand here with my back against the
wall

While you distill your whole life down to a 911 call, call,
call, call

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