

Ani DiFranco

"Up Up Up Up Up"

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points the spire of the steeple
but god's work isn't done by god
it's done by people

up up up up up up
points the fingers of the trees
the lumberjacks
with their bloody axes
are on their knees

and just when you think that you've got enough
enough grows
and everywhere that you go in life
enough knows

up up up up up up
dances the steam from the sewer
as she rounds the corner
the brutal wind blows right through her

up up up up up up
raises the stakes of the game
each day sinks its footprint into her clay
and she's not the same

and just when you think that you've got enough
enough grows
and everywhere that you go in life
enough knows

and half of learning how to play
is learning what not to play
and she's learning the spaces she leaves
have their own things to say
then she's trying to sing just enough
so that the air around her moves
and make music like mercy
that gives what it is
and has nothing to prove

she crawls out on a limb

and begins to build her home
it's enough just to look around
to know she's not alone

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points the spire of the steeple
but god's work isn't done by god
it's done by people

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