

Ani DiFranco "W T C Poem"

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yes, yes, yes, us people are just poems

we're 90% metaphor

with a leanness of meaning

bordering upon hyper distillation

and once upon a time

we were moonshine

rushing down the throat of a giraffe

yes, rushing down the long hallway despite what the PA
announcement said

yes, rushing down the long stairs

with the whiskey of eternity fermented and distilled to
eighteen minutes

burning down our throats

down the hall

down the stairs

in a building so tall

that it will always be there

yes it's part of a pair there

on the bow of Noah's Ark

the most prestigious couple

just kicking back parked

against a perfectly blue sky

on a morning beatific
in its Indian Summer breeze
on the day that America
fell to its knees
after strutting around for a century
without saying thank you or please
the shock was subsonic
and the smoke was deafening
between the setup and the punch line
because we were all on time
for work that day
we all boarded that plane for to fly
and then when the fires were raging
we all climbed up on the windowsill
and then we all held hands
and jumped into the sky
every borough looked up when it heard the first blast
and then every dumb action movie was summarily
surpassed
and the exodus uptown by foot and motorcar
looked more like war than anything I've seen so far
yes it looked more like war than anything I've seen so
far
so fierce and ingenious,
a poetic specter so far gone
that every jackass newscaster was struck dumb and
stumbling

over 'oh my god' and 'this is unbelievable' and on and on

and I'll tell you what, while we're at it,

you can keep the Pentagon,

you can keep the propaganda

and each and every tv

that's been trying to convince me

to participate in some prep school punk's plan

to perpetuate retribution

perpetuate retribution

even as the blue toxic smoke of our lesson in retribution

is still hanging in the air

and there's ash on our shoes

and there's ash in our hair

and there's a fine silt on every mantle

from Hell's Kitchen to Brooklyn

and the streets are full of stories sudden twists and near misses

and soon every open bar is crammed to the rafters

with tales of narrowly averted disasters

and the whiskey is flowing like never before

as all over the country folks just shake their heads, and pour

so...

here's a toast to all the folks who live in Palestine, and Iraq, and El Salvador.

here's a toast to the folks living on the Pine Ridge

Reservation with GI Joe still coming back for more

here's a toast to all those nurses and doctors who daily
provide women with a choice

who stand down a threat the size of Oklahoma City just
to listen to a young woman's voice

here's a toast to all the folks on death row right now
awaiting hot oil or guillotine

who are shackled there with dread and can only
escape into their heads to

find peace in the form of a dream

cause take away our Playstations

and we are a 3rd world nation

under the thumb

of some blue blood royal son

who bought the Oval Office in that phony election

and I'll tell you while we're at it, let me state
unequivocally,

he is not President of Me, he is not President of me

cuz I, I am a poem heeding hyper distillation

I've got no room for a lie so verbose

I'm looking out over my whole human family

and I'm raising my glass in a toast

here's to our last drink of fossil fuels,

let us vow to get off of this sauce

shoo away the swarms of commuter planes

and find that train ticket we lost

cause once upon a time the line followed the river

and peeked into all the backyards

where the laundry was waving out on the line

and the graffiti was teasing us from brick walls and
bridges

we were rolling over ridges

through valleys under stars

i dream of touring like Duke Ellington in my own
railroad car

i dream of waiting on the big wooden benches

in the grand station aglow with grace

and then standing out on the platform and feeling the
air on my face

give back the night its distant whistle

give back the night its distant whistle

give the darkness back its soul

give the big oil companies the finger

and relearn how to rock and roll

yes, the lessons are all around us

and the truth is waiting there

so it's time to pick through the rubble,

clean the streets,

and clear the air

tell our government to pull its big dick out of the sand
of someone else's desert

and put it back in its pants

and quit the hypocritical chants of 'freedom forever'

cause when one lone phone rang in two thousand and
one

at ten after nine on nine one one, which is the number
we all called

when that lone phone rang right off the wall right off
our desk

and down the long hall down the long stairs

in the building so tall

that the whole world stopped

just to watch it fall

10% metaphor and 90% tragedy

shhhh, listen to the poetry.

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