

Morissette Alanis**"Front Row"**

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Lyrics by Alanis Morissette; Music by Alanis Morissette and Glen Ballard

do you go to the dungeon to find out how to make
peace with your days in the dungeon writing a letter
to you didn't make me feel any more peaceful than
how i felt when we weren't speaking because i
didn't cop to what i did. i can't love you because we're
supposed to have professional boundaries. i'd
like you to be schooled and in awe as though you were
kissed by god full on the lips. I'm in the front
row the front row with popcorn i get to see you see you
close up i'm too tired to recount the
unpleasantries one by one minute i want to banish you
the next i want to be on
a deserted island with you along with my three
favourite cd's ambivalent yet in your
bed we've yet to acknowledge what really happened
slid into the ditch i have this overwhelming loss of
ambition we said let's name thirty good reasons why
we shouldn't be together i started by saying things like
"you smoke" "you live in new jersey (too far)"
you started saying things like "you belong to the world"
all of which could have been easily
refuted but the conversation was hypothetical I am
totally short of breath for you why can't you shut
your stuff off..... I'm in the front row the front row with
popcorn i get to see you see you close up
and i laughed until my lungs hurt I love how you bust
my chops you don't always
feel seen sometimes you feel erasable unfortunately i
cannot reciprocate in my
current state i think we should be careful of how much
time we spend together
.....for a while while i'm speaking to you know how much
you hate to be interrupted maybe spend some
time alone fill up your proverbial cup so that it doesn't
always have to be about I've been wanting
your undivided attention I like the fact that you're
nothing like me are you not burdened by the lack of
perspective people have of your charmed life

(seemingly)? I'm in the front row the front row
with popcorn i get to see you see you close up you
never meant to be ungrateful nor held up to
be whipped or wept for certainly not analyzed prodded
at more ways than one
apparently you've been misrepresented dealing with
the concept of arrows being
slung towards your outrageous fortune
hey i'm not mad at you guardian i'm mad at myself for
spending so much time with you and your
jeckyl and hydeness i'm glad i figuratively slapped you
on the wrist you laughed a wicked laugh
and said "come here let me clip your wings!" (i know
he's blood but you can still turn him away you
don't owe him anything) "raise the roof" he yelled
"yeah raise the roof!" I yelled back (unfortunately
you needed a health scare to reprioritize.) no thanks to
the soap box. having me rile against them
won't make an ounce of difference.... I'm in the front
row the front row with popcorn i get to see
you see you close up oh the things i've done for you
many a stitch a friend a man's
been left for you oh the books i've read for you the
tongues i've bitten for you many
a new city for you many a risk taken for you (not a
single regret.)

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