

# Ani DiFranco, Both Hands

I am walking  
out in the rain  
and I am listening to the low moan  
of the dial tone again  
and I am getting  
nowhere with you  
and I can't let it go  
and I can't get through...  
the old woman behind the pink curtains  
and the closed door  
on the first floor  
she's listening through the air shaft  
to see how long our swan song can last  
and both hands  
now use both hands  
oh, no don't close your eyes  
I am writing  
graffitti on your body  
I am drawing the story of  
how hard we tried  
I am watching your chest rise and fall  
like the tides of my life,  
and the rest of it all  
and your bones have been my bedframe  
and your flesh has been my pillow  
I am waiting for sleep  
to offer up the deep  
with both hands  
in eachother's shadows we grew less and less tall  
and eventually our theories couldn't explain it all  
and I'm recording our history now on the bedroom wall  
and when we leave the landlord will come  
and paint over it all  
and I am walking  
out in the rain  
and I am listening to the low moan of the dial tone again  
and I am getting nowhere with you  
and I can't let it go  
and I can't get though  
So now use both hands  
please use both hands  
oh, no don't close your eyes  
I am writing graffiti on your body  
I am drawing the story of how hard we tried  
hard we tried  
how hard we tried