

# Ani DiFranco, Out Of Range

just the thought  
of our bed  
makes me crumble like the plaster  
where you punched the wall beside my bed  
and I try  
to draw the line  
but it ends up running down the middle of me  
most of the time  
boys get locked up in some prison  
girls get locked up in some house  
and it don't matter if it's a warden  
or a lover  
or a spouse  
you just can't talk to 'em  
you just can't reason  
you just can't leave  
and you just can't please 'em  
I was locked  
into being my mother's daughter  
I was just eating bread and water  
thinking  
nothing ever changes  
and I was shocked  
to see the mistakes of each generation  
will just fade like a radio station  
if you drive out of range  
If you're not angry  
you're just stupid  
or you don't care  
how else can you react  
when you know  
something's so unfair  
the men of the hour  
can kill half the world in war  
make them slaves to a super power  
and let them die poor  
I was locked  
into being my mother's daughter  
I was just eating bread and water  
thinking  
nothing ever changes  
and I was shocked  
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will just fade like a radio station  
if you drive out of range  
just the thought  
of our bed  
makes me crumble like the plaster  
where you punched the wall beside my bed  
and I try  
to draw the line  
but it ends up running down the middle of me  
most of the time  
baby I love you  
that's why I'm leaving  
there's no talking to you  
and there's no pleasing you  
and I care enough  
that I'm mad  
that half the world don't even know  
what they could have had  
I was locked  
into being my mother's daughter  
I was just eating bread and water

thinking  
nothing ever changes  
and I was shocked  
to see the mistakes of each generation  
will just fade like a radio station  
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