

Ani DiFranco, Soft Shoulder

I don't keep much stuff around
I value my portability
but I will say that I have saved
every letter you ever wrote to me
the one you left on my windsheild
outside of that little motel
is in the pocket of my old gigbag
from back when life was more soft shelled
letters littered with little lewd pictures
drawn by the ghost of Woddy Guthrie
who would use your big thick hand
just to draw one two for me
and I think of your letters as love letters
which is how I think of songs
in that it is the writing of them
that tend to carry us along
and I dance to one of your old tunes
with my true love on our wedding day
and your voice sang the way my heart would sing
if it finally knew just what to say
two people pulled over on the same night
to look up at the same stars
they both found their wheels were spinning
in a soft shoulder
when they got back into their cars
and they missed fate's appointed rendezvous
and then a whole lotta time went by
and finally they were done
worshipping the landscape
and they put down their hands
and moved into the sky
and they had barely said hello
and it was time to say goodbye
goodbye