

In the Margins

Ani DiFranco

Such an intent stare
One eye at a time
Your talons like fish hooks

You are a rare bird
The kind I wouldn't even mind
Writing in the margins of my books

Sometimes I see myself
Through the eyes of a stray dog
From an alley across the street
And my whole mission just seems so finite
My whole saga just seems so cheap

I mean I know that now is all there is
And love'll just makes you cry
So I live for the sight of a rare bird
Suddenly flying by

And I meet your stare
One eye at a time
Writing in the margins
Of my mind

Sometimes I see myself
Through the eyes of a stray dog
From an alley across the street
And my whole mission just seems so fine
My whole saga just seems so cheap

And that's when your song calls to me
From way up in a tree
And I look up
And the whole world
Is as it should be