

# Two Little Girls

Ani DiFranco

You were fresh off the boat from Virginia  
I had a year in New York City under my belt  
We met in a dream, we were both nineteen  
I remember where we were standing, I remember how it felt  
Two little girls growing out of their  
training bras  
This little girl breaks furniture, this little girl breaks laws  
Two girls together, just a little less alone  
This little girl cried wee wee wee all the way home, home  
And we were always half crazy, now  
look at you, baby  
You make about as much sense as a nursery rhyme  
And love is a piano, dropped from the four storied window  
And you were in the wrong place at the wrong time  
And I don't like your girlfriend, you know I blame her  
Never seen one of your lovers do you so much harm  
And I loved you first and you know I would prefer  
If she didn't empty her syringes into your arm, arm  
Here comes a little naked me, padding up to  
the bathroom door  
To find little naked you slumped on the bathroom floor  
So I guess, I'll just stand here with my back against the wall  
While you distill your whole life down to a 911 call  
So now you bring me your bruises  
So I can 'ooh' and 'aah' at the display  
Maybe, I'm supposed to make one of my  
Famous jokes that makes everything okay  
Or maybe, I'm supposed to be the handsome prince  
Who rides up and unties your hands  
Or maybe, I'm supposed to be the furrowed-brow friend  
Who think she understands  
Here comes a little naked me, padding up to the bathroom door  
To find little naked you slumped on the bathroom floor  
So I guess, I'll just stand here with my back against the wall  
While you distill your whole life down to a 911 call, call, call, call  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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