

Suzanne Vega, Blood Sings

When blood sees blood
Of its own
It sings to see itself again
It sings to hear the voice it's known
It sings to recognize the face

One body split and passed along the line
From the shoulder to the hip
I know these bones as being mine
And the curving of the lip

And my question to you is:
How did this come to pass?
How did this one life fall so far and fast?

Some are lean and some with grace, and some without;
All tell the story that repeats
Of a child who had been left alone at birth
Left to fend and taught to fight

See his eyes and how they start with light
Getting colder as the pictures go
Did he carry his bad luck upon his back?
That bad luck we've all come to know

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