

# Suzanne Vega, Casual Match

I only turned to see  
What hand had set this inner field alight  
Against the flame I see  
The outline of a man against a night

Take back your sympathy  
I do not need to drink that bitter stuff  
I'd rather break the thread  
That bound us close, and say we called a bluff

A casual match  
In a very dry field  
What could be  
The season's yield?

My eyes have gone to coal  
It's nothing I would be concerned about  
Observe the moment  
When the heat of love becomes the chill of doubt

A casual match  
In a very dry field  
Fire and ash  
Is the season's yield

We look for a sign  
But it is not revealed  
Fire and ash is the  
Season's yield