

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