

Suzanne Vega, Feather And Bone

You said, come with me
And so I did
I thought I could take
All your sorrow
I thought I could hold it all
I never imagined
Your oceans
So bitter
The killing
The falling
The slaughter
Of feather and bone.

I sat, still
In the five o'clock light
The sun came in through the crack
The floor to your room
Was all splinters
And, still,
Some are remaining
Through skin
And through flesh
Cutting in patterns
Like diamonds
Like needles
Down to the bone.

I had to know
I had to see
I can take it all
But I will learn
To be free

I loved you
More that you'll ever know
Even through broken windows
Through the blood as it
Ran down your fist
Even
Though it was my life
And my truth
And my hope
And my window gone.

And now
If you think I'm
Coming back home
First I should tell you a secret.
I sleep with a sword near my hand
Each night
Sharpened with dreams
Of your body
Your murder
Your blood
As it runs down
My street.