

# 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.