

# Suzanne Vega, Harbor Song

i dreamed you were a rich man  
and that i had no place to go  
i came to you to see if you would take me in  
through golden curtains you told me you'd let me know.

well, you drink for ten and you smoke for twenty  
and your fickle heart will never be true  
but still i feel the wind in from the harbor  
thats when i know the longing for you  
when i know the old longing for you.

i saw you in my mind's eye  
you were laid out on your final day  
i stood in line to see that handsome face once more  
it had been so dear to me, and i kissed you as you lay  
you were so dear, i kissed you as you lay.

now, whenever i do travel  
if to portugal, england, or spain  
as i do walk by the shipyards and the harbors  
i smell the salt, and the bay rum of your ghost again  
i know the salt, and the bay rum, you beside me again.