

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.