

Suzanne Vega, It Makes Me Wonder

The virgin mary on a chain
has hit me in the mouth again
as we explore the carnal score
of sacred and profane

Sulky boy won't drink his milk
mothers breast beneath the silk
remains untouched it's way too much
reject all of that ilk

I have to say it makes me wonder
if you are holding me
to the same blue flame that you are under
i feel you scolding me

Your virgin mary's in the way
hallucinate her face by day
obscure the view in front of you
it's me here made of clay

You're playing near that line so thin,
austerity? or just give in
to endless appetite,
embrace that white oblivion?

I have to say it makes me wonder
if you are holding me
to the same blue flame that you are under
i feel you scolding me

And why so high the expectation?
who could live up to this?
well, there's no time now for explanation
cold as an angel's kiss

I have to say it makes me wonder
if you were holding me
to that cold blue flame that you are under
when you were holding me