

# 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