

# Suzanne Vega, Left Of Center

If you want me  
You can find me  
Left of center  
Off of the strip

In the outskirts  
In the fringes  
In the corner  
Out of the grip

When they ask me  
"What are you looking at?"  
I always answer  
"Nothing much" (not much)  
I think they know that  
I'm looking at them  
I think they think  
I must be out of touch

But I'm only  
In the outskirts  
And in the fringes  
On the edge  
And off the avenue  
And if you want me  
You can find me  
Left of center  
Wondering about you

I think that somehow  
Somewhere inside of us  
We must be similar  
If not the same  
So I continue  
To be wanting you  
Left of center  
Against the grain

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You can find me  
Left of center  
Off of the strip  
In the outskirts  
In the fringes  
In the corner  
Out of the grip

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Wondering about you  
Wondering about you