## Suzanne Vega, Lolita

Lolita Almost grown Lolita Go on home

Hey girl
Don't be a dog all your life
Don't beg for
Some little crumb of affection

Don't try
To be somebody's wife
So young
You need a word of protection

Lolita Almost grown Lolita Go on home

Hey girl I've been where you are standing Leaning in the doorway In your mother's black dress

So hungry
For the one understanding
Looking for a token of
Blood or tenderness

Lolita Almost grown Lolita Go on home

Lolita...