

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...