

Suzanne Vega, Pilgrimage

This line is burning
Turning to ash as it hits the air
Every step is a day in the week
It's a Sunday or Monday
A march over months of the year

This life is burning
Turning to ash as it hits the air
Every death is an end in the race
It's a stopping and starting
A march over millions of years

Travel. Arrival
Years of an inch and a step
Toward a source
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in time

This land is burning
Turning to ash as it hits the air
Every line is a place on a map
It's a city or valley
A mark on these miles of fields

Travel. Arrival
Years of an inch and a step
Toward a source
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in time

This line is burning
Turning to ash as it hits the air
Every step is a day in the week
It's a Wednesday or Thursday
A march over months of the year

Travel. Arrival
Years of an inch and a step
Toward a source
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in time

I'm coming to you
I'll be there in time

Take this
Mute mouth
Broken tongue.
Now this
Dark life
Is shot through with light