## Suzanne Vega, St. Clare

call on that saint and the candle that burns keeping her safe until her return

plaster and paint holding the fire a poor woman's saint holding all man's desire

bold little bird fly away home could I but ride herd on the wind and the foam

all of the souls that curl by the fire they never know all man's desire

watercress clings to the banks of the stream in the first grip of spring when the snow melts to green

barefoot and cold and holding a lyre by the side of the road holding all man's desire

call on the saint when the white candle burns keeping her safe until her return