Suzanne Vega, Stockings

I don't care for tights, she says and does not tell me why She hikes her skirt above her knee revealing one brown thigh

I see, I say, and wonder at her slender little fingers How cleverly they pull upon the threads of recent slumbers

Do you know where friendship ends and passion does begin? It's between the binding of her stockings and her skin. (oh yeah)

She stayed up so late I thought she'd ask me to go dance But something in the way she laughed told me I had no chance

The fiction in her family was that she was never nice I'd say she was very I just did not see the price

Do you know where friendship ends and passion does begin? When the gin and tonic makes the room begin to spin. (oh yeah)

There may be attraction here but it will never flower So I'm assigned to read her mind, now in this witching hour

Here's no game for those who claim to be easily bruised But how can I complain when she's so easily amused?

Do you know where friendship ends and passion does begin? (When she does not show you the way out on the way in) --It's between the binding of her stockings and her skin. (oh yeah)