

# Suzanne Vega, The Marching Dream

I have dreamed that many men  
Have marched across this field  
I have wished that I could take each man  
And hold him against the flame in my heart

I had a dream that my face was old  
And all the children came to see  
First they laughed and then they ran  
And I slammed the door behind them

And as the tears began to rise  
You climbed the stairs  
You came into my room  
Where I was waiting there

Now I have dreamed of all men's arms  
But this time it was you  
I drew the curtains and it was dim  
And it was strange and it was new

I have wished that I could hear  
Each secret told  
By lovers in the battle  
With each shade of red and gold

I have wished that I could take each man  
And hold him to the flame  
And read the secret writing there  
And know each one by name

I have dreamed that many men  
Have marched across this field  
I have wished that I could pour  
My life into each one  
Listening  
Listening  
Listening