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