

Suzanne Vega, The Rent Song

I am sitting by my window;
I am thinking of my rent.
I am looking through my pockets,
And I'm wondering where it went.
I am feeling like the Devil,
Maybe like the Devil's wife.
I am singing for my supper.
I am singing for my life.

Things go up and things go down,
And we have all these highs and lows,
But are we even in the end,
I don't think anybody knows,
But when I look from my window
I pretend that I'm in France.
You know I never have been there
But I might jump at the chance.

Tell me what do you do
With a troubled mind?
Do you sing? Do you cry?
Do you wait for a better time?
Do you think about tomorrow
When you're living in today?
And can you stop this tide against you,
Make it go the other way?

And when I look from my window
I can hear the little bird sing;
And I like to hear those little birds
Because then I know it's Spring.
And Spring comes after Winter,
Surely all of this we know.
And Spring is really coming,
It's just so god damn slow.

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And I am wondering where it went.
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I am singing for my supper.
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