

# Suzanne Vega, The Silver Lady

When I was a little girl  
Younger than nine or ten  
I once spoke to the Silver Lady  
But I never saw her again.

To me she flew out of the sky  
She was born riding on the water  
Her hair blew all around her  
She was the crazy man's only daughter.

I used to see her every day  
Riding her golden pony  
Only once did I hear her laugh  
And it echoed far and lonely.

Once I watched the river run  
And I wandered too far from home  
There I met the Silver Lady  
She was crying, all alone.

I said, "Lady, why are you crying?  
If I had wings like you  
I would be flying over this river  
And singing like only birds do."

Well she threw back her head and she smiled at me  
Her tears, how they shone in the sun  
She said, "I have no wings to fly with  
If I did I would surely be gone.

"My brothers have all gone far away  
To follow their hearts and be free  
But I am the youngest and my father is ageing  
And all he's got left is me.

"I love my father dearly  
Madman though he may be  
It would break his heart if I should leave him  
But this life is killing me.

"I feel the ocean pulling me  
The breezes come and tell me things  
I want to go with them wherever they go  
And see what the new morning brings."

So she sadly turned away from me  
So I stumbled my way back home  
The next day I heard she had taken her horse  
And gone off to parts unknown.

Her father stayed inside his lonely house  
And he never more came into town  
He could be seen roaming the riverside  
And they say that he jumped in and drowned.

Long though I waited, she never returned  
But when I felt a silver breeze  
I knew she had sent it from wherever she was  
To tell us that now she was free.