

Suzanne Vega, Widow's Walk

Consider me a widow, boys
and I will tell you why.
It's not the man, but it's the marriage
that was drowned.

So I walk the walk
and wait with watchful eye out to the sky,
Looking for a kind of vessel
I have never found.

Though I saw it splinter
I keep looking out to sea,
Like a dog with little sense,
I keep returning,

To the very area where
I did see the thing go down
as if there's something at the site
I should be learning.

That line is the horizon.
We watch the wind and set the sail,
but save ourselves when all omens
point to fail.

If I tell the truth
then I will have to tell you this
Though I grieve (and I believe
i feel it truly)

But I knew that ship was empty
by the time it hit the rocks,
we could not hold on
when fate became unruly.

So consider me a widow, boys,
and I have told you why.
Does the weather say
a better day is nearing?

I'll set my house in order now
and wait upon the Will
It's clear that I need
better skill in steering...

That line is the horizon.
We watch the wind and set the sail,
But save ourselves when all omens
point to fail.