

# 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.