Suzanne Vega, As A Child

As a child
You have a doll
You see this doll
Sitting in her chair

You watch her face
Her knees apart
Her eyes of glass
In a secretive stare

She seems to [X3]
Have a life

Pick up a stick
Dig up a crack
Dirt in the street
Becomes a town

All of the people
Depend on you
Not to hurt them
Or bang the stick comes down

And they seem to
They seem to [X2]
Have a life

As a child
You see yourself
And wonder why
You can't seem to move

Hand on the doorknob
Feel like a thing
One foot on the sidewalk
Too much to prove

And you learn to
You learn to [X2]
Have a life