Suzanne Vega, Book Of Dreams

In my book of dreams [X3]

I took your urgent whisper
Stole the arc of a white wing
Rode like foam on the river of pity
Turned its tide to strength
Healed the hole that ripped in living

In my book of dreams [X3]

The spine is bound to last a life
Tough enough to take the pounding
Pages made of days of open hand

In my book of dreams [X3]

Number every page in silver
Underline in magic marker
Take the name of every prisoner
Yours is there my word of honor

I took your urgent whisper
Stole the arc of a white wing
Rode like foam on the river of pity
Healed the hole that ripped in living

In my book of dreams [X3]