

# Suzanne Vega, Headshots

The sign said "Headshots";  
And that was all,  
A picture of a boy  
And a number you could call,  
Two eyes in the shade  
A mouth so sad and small,  
It's strange the way a shadow  
Can fall across the wall,  
And make the difference  
In what you see  
Ah...

He's just a poster, but  
He's everywhere,  
A face under a street lamp  
Ripped and hanging in the air,  
Turn the corner  
And he's still there,  
Watching all the people  
Who are passing unaware,  
Is there a judgement  
In what he sees?  
Ah...

On a day  
As cold  
And gray  
As today...

The sign says "Headshots";  
It's all I see,  
A boy becomes a picture  
Of guilt and sympathy,  
And so I think of you  
In memory  
Of the days we were together,  
And I knew that you loved me  
That was the difference  
In what we see,  
But that's history...  
Ah...