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...