

Suzanne Vega, Ludlow Street

Love is the only thing that matters.
Love is the only thing that's real.
I know we hear this every day.
It's still the hardest thing to feel.

This time
When I go back to Ludlow Street,
I find each stoop and doorway's incomplete,
Without you there.

Another generation's parties.
And it is still the same old scene.
I can recall each morning after.
Painted in nicotene.

This time
When I go back to Ludlow Street,
I find each stoop and doorway's incomplete
Without you there.

All of the people I once knew.
All of the ones I was close to.

Love is the only thing that matters.
Love the only thing that's real,
And when I think about you now
Love is the only thing I feel.

This time
When I go back to Ludlow Street,
I find each stoop and doorway's incomplete
Without you there.

Tim, this time
When I go back to Ludlow Street
I find each stoop and doorway's incomplete
Without you there.