

# 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 nicotine.

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.