

Suzanne Vega, Machine Ballerina

Am I an afternoon's pastime?
a thing on a string
to be thrown and retrieved
like a phone call received
on somebody's birthday
to tease and delight
and then say goodnight
and then just say goodbye?

Am I a toy on a tray ?
a soft piece of clay
queen or clown for the day
machine ballerina
soldier of tin
standing so loyal
while you sit so royal
then I'm put away?

For your approval,
perusal,
and your possible
refusal,
I'm amusing,
I'm a puppet for your play.

Am I your Mad Magazine?
skin trampoline
pin-up pinball machine
your fantasy girl
of puzzling parts
but none fits or starts
we match wits but not hearts
I'm heard but never seen?

For your approval,
perusal,
and your possible
refusal,
I'm amusing,
I'm a puppet for your play.