

# Suzanne Vega, Soap And Water

Soap and water  
take the day from my hand  
scrub the salt from my stinging skin  
slip me loose of this wedding band

Soap and water  
hang my heart on the line  
scour it down in a wind of sand  
bleach it clean to a vinegar shine

Daddy's a dark riddle  
Mama's a headful of bees  
you are my little kite  
carried away in the wayward breeze

Soap and water  
wash the year from my life  
straighten all that we trampled and tore  
heal the cut we call husband and wife

Daddy's a dark riddle  
Mama's a handful of thorns  
you are my little kite  
caught up again in the household storms

Daddy's a dark riddle  
Mama's a headful of bees  
you are my little kite  
carried away in the wayward breeze