

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