

Suzanne Vega, The Boulevardiers

I like you
And you like him
And he likes me
And we all love each other.
We like to sit in the cafe
And eat and drink and talk all day
And watch the sun.
We like to read the newspaper
And talk about him and her
And who is getting along with who these days,
And when the sun goes down
We walk along the cobblestone ground.

He loves the city
With the bricks and broken bottles
And the pretty little flowers
As they grow against the wall.
He is dark,
He is tall,
He is the tallest one of all
Of us.
You are bright and quick and fair
And seems that you have lost some hair
But this is all right.
This is OK. We do not mind.
We write and fight and sing
And this is fine.

We drink the wine
If we get it free
And if he buys you a coffee
He can surely buy some for me
And one day we will work real hard
And get a job
And not just sit here
Writing letters
On this silly boulevard.
And everyone will know our name
And we'll be rich
Or we'll at least
Have some kind of fame.
We'll be brave,
We'll be bold,
We'll come riding through
Like knights of old.

The sun is like
A lover's hand
As it comes down
And touches you
Touches me
Touches him
Touches you.
And we have all got dirty feet
From wearing sandals in the street,
And we should all go home.
But still you will
Insist insist
Until each last one has been kissed
And each one is happy.
And when the sun goes down
We walk along the cobblestone ground.
This is OK. We do not mind.
We write and fight and sing

And this is fine.