

# 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.