

Straight Lines

Suzanne Vega

There's a sound
Across the alley
Of cold metal
Touching skin

And you can see
If you look in her window
That she has gone and cut
Her hair again

In straight lines
Straight lines

Those soft golden lights in the morning
Are now on her wooden floor
The wind has swept them through the apartment
She don't need them
Any more
Any more
Any more...

She's cut down
On her lovers
Though she still dreams
Of them at night

She's growing straight lines
Where once were flowers
She is streamlined
She is taking the shade down
From the light

To see the straight lines
Straight lines

She wants to cut through the circles
That she has lived in before
She wants to finally kill the delusions
She won't need them
Any more
Any more
Any more...

But there's a sound
Across the alley
Of cold metal
Too close to the bone

And you can see
If you look in her window
The face of a woman
Finally alone

Behind straight lines
Straight lines