

Edith Wharton's Figurine

Suzanne Vega

Edith Wharton's lovely figurines
Still speak to me today
From their mantelpiece in time
Where they wrestle and they play With passions and with prudences
Finances and fears
Her face, what it's worth to her
In the passing of the years See the portrait come to life
See the vanity behind
'Cause in the struggle for survival
Love is never blind Now Olivia lies under anesthesia
Her wit and wonder snuffed
In a routine operation
Her own beauty not enough Her passions and her prudences
Finances and fears
Her face, what it's worth to her
In the passing of the years See the portrait come to life
See the vanity behind
'Cause in the struggle for survival
Love is never blind Edith Wharton's lovely figurines
Still speak to me today
From their mantelpiece in time
Where they wrestle and they play We lie under anesthesia
Our wit and wonder snuffed
In our routine operations
Our own beauty not enough

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