

# As a Child

Suzanne Vega

As a child  
You have a doll  
You see this doll  
Sitting in her chair You watch her face  
Her knees apart  
Her eyes of glass  
In a secretive stare She seems to  
She seems to  
She seems to  
Have a life She seems to  
She seems to  
She seems to  
Have a life Pick up a stick  
Dig up a crack  
Dirt in the street  
Becomes a town All of the people  
Depend on you  
Not to hurt them  
Or bang the stick down And they seem to  
They seem to  
They seem to  
Have a life They seem to  
They seem to  
They seem to  
Have a life As a child  
You see yourself  
And wonder why?  
Can't seem to move Hand on the doorknob  
Feel like a thing  
One foot on sidewalk  
Too much to prove And you learn to  
You learn to  
You learn to  
Have a life You learn to  
You learn to  
You learn to  
Have a life

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