As a Child

Suzanne Vega

As a child
You have a doll
You see this doll
Sitting in her chairYou watch her face
Her knees apart
Her eyes of glass
In a secretive stareShe seems to
She seems to
She seems to
Have a lifeShe seems to
She seems to
She seems to
Have a lifePick up a stick
Dig up a crack
Dirt in the street
Becomes a townAll of the people
Depend on you
Not to hurt them
Or bang the stick downAnd they seem to
They seem to
They seem to
Have a lifeThey seem to
They seem to
They seem to
Have a lifeAs a child
You see yourself
And wonder why?
Can't seem to moveHand on the doorknob
Feel like a thing
One foot on sidewalk
Too much to proveAnd you learn to
You learn to
You learn to
Have a lifeYou learn to
You learn to
You learn to
Have a life

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