

Left of Center

Suzanne Vega

If you want me you can find me
Left of center off of the strip
In the outskirts and in the fringes
In the corner out of the grip If you want me you can find me
Left of center off of the strip
In the outskirts and in the fringes
In the corner out of the grip When they ask me, "What are you looking at?"
I always answer, "Nothing much, not much"
I think they know that, I'm looking at them
I think they think I must be out of touch But I'm only in the outskirts and in the fringes
On the edge and off the avenue
And if you want me you can find me
Left of center wondering about you I think that somehow, somewhere inside of us
We must be similar if not the same
So I continue to be wanting you
Left of center against the grain And if you want me you can find me
Left of center off of the strip
In the outskirts and in the fringes
In the corner out of the grip And when they ask me, "What are you looking at?"
I always answer, "Nothing much, not much"
I think they know that, I'm looking at them
I think they think I must be out of touch But I'm only in the outskirts and in the fringes
On the edge and off the avenue
And if you want me you can find me
Left of center wondering about you If you want me you can find me
Left of center wondering about you
If you want me you can find me
Left of center wondering about you
Wondering about you, wondering about you If you want me you can find me
Left of center wondering about you
If you want me you can find me
Left of center wondering about you
Wondering about you, wondering about you

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