Headshots

Suzanne Vega

The sign said head shots
And that was all
A picture of a boy
And a number you could call
Two eyes in the shade
A mouth so sad and small
Strange the way a shadow
Can fall across the wallAnd make the difference
In what you see
AhHe's just a poster, but
He's everywhere
A face under a street lamp
Ripped and hangin' in the air
Turn the corner
And he's still there
Watching all the people
Who are passing unawareIs there a judgment
On what he sees?
AhOn a day
As cold
And gray
As todayThe sign says head shots
It's all I see
A boy becomes a picture
Of guilt and sympathy
And so I think of you
In memory
Of the days we were together
And I knew that you loved meThat was the difference
In what we see
That's history
Ah
Ah
Ah

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