Pornographer's Dream

Suzanne Vega

"She's a pornographer's dream", he said
I knew what he meant
But it made me imagine
What kind of a dream he would have
That hadn't been spentWould he still dream of the thigh
The flesh upon high what he saw so much of?
Wouldn't he dream of the thing that he never
Could quite get the touch of?It's out of his hands, over his head
Out of his reach, under this real life
Hidden in veils, covered in silk
Dreaming of what might beIt's out of his hands, over his head
Out of his reach, under this real life
Hidden in veils, dreaming of mysteryBettie Page is still the rage
With her legs and leather
She turns to tease the camera
And please us at home and we let herWho's to know what she'll show
Of herself, in what measure
If what she reveals or what she conceals
Is the key to our pleasureIt's out of our hands, over our heads
Out of our reach, under this real life
Hidden in veils, covered in silk
Dreaming of what might beIt's out of our hands, over our heads
Out of our reach, under this real life
Hidden in veils, dreaming of mysteryUnder this real life
Dreaming of what might be
Under this real life
Dreaming of mystery"She's a pornographer's dream", he said
I knew what he meant
And it made me imagine
What kind of a dream he would have

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