

# 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 spent Would 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 be It's out of his hands, over his head  
Out of his reach, under this real life  
Hidden in veils, dreaming of mystery Bettie Page is still the rage  
With her legs and leather  
She turns to tease the camera  
And please us at home and we let her Who'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 pleasure It'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 be It's out of our hands, over our heads  
Out of our reach, under this real life  
Hidden in veils, dreaming of mystery Under 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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