

# Suzanne

Micah P. Hinson

Suzanne takes you down to her place by the river  
You can hear the boats go by  
You can spend the night forever  
And you know that she's half crazy  
And that's why you want to be there And she feeds you tea and oranges  
That come all the way from China  
Just when you mean to tell her  
That you have, that you have no love to give her She gets you on her wavelength  
And she lets the river answer  
That you've always been her lover And you want to travel with her  
And you want to travel blind  
'Cause you've been, maybe you can trust her  
She's touched your perfect body with her mind Jesus was a sailor  
When he walked across the water  
And he spent a long time watching  
From his lonely wooden tower When he knew for certain  
Only drowning men could see him  
He said, "All men will be sailors then  
Until the sea shall free them" But he himself was broken  
Long before the sky would open  
Forsaken, almost human  
He sank beneath your wisdom like a stone And you want to travel with him  
And you want to travel blind  
'Cause you think, maybe you can trust him  
He's touched your perfect body with his mind Now Suzanne takes your hand  
And she leads you to the river  
She is wearing rags and feathers  
From Salvation Army counters And the sun pours down like honey  
On our lady of the harbor  
And she shows you where to look beneath the flowers  
Beneath the flowers and the garbage There are heroes in the seaweed  
There are children in the mornin', they are leanin' out for love  
They will lean that way forever  
While Suzanne holds the mirror And you want to travel with her  
And you want to travel blind  
'Cause you think, maybe you can trust her  
She's touched your perfect body with her mind

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