Harbor Song

Suzanne Vega

I dreamed you were a rich man
And that I had no place to go
I came to you, to see if you would take me in
Through golden curtains you told me, you'd let me knowNow you drink for 10 and you smoke for 20
And your fickle heart never will be true
But still I feel the wind in from the harbor
That's when I know the longing for you
That's when I know the old longing for youI saw you in my mind's eye, you were laid out on your final day
I stood in line to see that handsome face once more
Had been so dear to me, I kissed you as you lay
You were so dear to me, I kissed you as you layNow whenever I do travel, if to England, Portugal or Spain
As I do walk by the shipyards and the harbors
I smell the salt and the bay rum, and your ghost again
I know the salt and the bay rum, and you beside me again

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