Pilgrimage

Suzanne Vega

This line is burning, turning to ash as it hits the air
Every step is a day in the week
It's a Sunday or Monday
A march over months of the yearThis life is burning, turning to ash as it hits the air
Every death is an end in the race
It's a stopping and starting
A march over millions of yearsTravel, arrival
Years of an inch and a step toward a source
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in timeThis land is burning, turning to ash as it hits the air
Every line is a place on a map
It's a city or valley
A mark on these miles of fieldsTravel, arrival
Years of an inch and a step toward a source
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in timeTravel, arrival
Years of an inch and a step toward a source
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in timeTake this mute mouth
Broken tongue
Now this dark life
Is shot through with lightTake this mute mouth
Broken tongue
Now this dark life
Is shot through with lightTake this mute mouth
Broken tongue
Now this dark life
Is shot through with lightTake this mute mouth
Broken tongue
Now this dark life
Is shot through with lightTravel, arrival
Years of an inch and a step toward a source
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in timeTravel, arrival
Years of an inch and a step toward a source
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in timeThis line is burning, turning to ash as it hits the air
Every step is a day in the week
It's a Wednesday or Thursday

A march over months of the yearI'm coming to you
I'll be there in time
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in time

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