Straight Lines

Suzanne Vega

There's a sound across the alley
Of cold metal touching skin
And you can see, if you look in her window
That she has gone and cut her hair againIn straight lines
Straight linesThose soft golden lights in the morning
Are now on her wooden floor
The wind has swept them through the apartment
She won't need them any more, any more, any moreShe's cut down on her lovers
Though she still dreams of them at night
She's growing straight lines where once were flowers
She is streamlined she is taking the shade down from the lightTo see the straight lines
Straight linesShe wants to cut through the circles, that she has lived in before
She wants to finally kill the delusions, she won't need them
Any more, any more, any moreBut there's a sound across the alley
Of cold metal too close to the bone
And you can see, if you look in her window
The face of a woman finally aloneBehind straight lines
Straight lines
Behind straight lines
Straight lines

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