Stockings

Suzanne Vega

"I don't care for tights", she says
And does not tell me why
She hikes her skirt above her knee
Revealing one brown thigh"I see", I say, and wonder at
Her slender little fingers
How cleverly they pull upon
The threads of recent slumbersDo you know where friendship ends
And passion does begin?
It's between the binding of
Her stocking and her skinOh yeahShe stayed up so late I thought
She'd ask me to go dance
But something in the way she laughed
Told me I had no chanceThe fiction in her family
Was that she was never nice
I'd say she was very
I just did not see the priceDo you know when friendship ends
And passion does begin?
When the gin and tonic
Makes the room begin to spinOh yeah
Oh yeah, yeahThere may be attraction here
But it will never flower
So I'm assigned to read her mind, now
In this witching hourHere's no game for those who claim
To be easily bruised
But how can I complain
When she's so easily amused?Do you know where friendship ends
And passion does begin?
When she does not show you the way out on the way in
It's between the binding
Of her stocking and her skinOh yeah
Oh yeah, yeah
Oh yeah
Oh yeah, yeah

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