

# Left Of Center

Suzanne Vega

If you want me you can find me  
Left of center off of the strip  
In the outskirts and in the fringes  
In the corner out of the grip If you want me you can find me  
Left of center off of the strip  
In the outskirts and in the fringes  
In the corner out of the grip When they ask me, "What are you looking at?"  
I always answer, "Nothing much, not much"  
I think they know that, I'm looking at them  
I think they think I must be out of touch But I'm only in the outskirts and in the fringes  
On the edge and off the avenue  
And if you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you I think that somehow, somewhere inside of us  
We must be similar if not the same  
So I continue to be wanting you  
Left of center against the grain And if you want me you can find me  
Left of center off of the strip  
In the outskirts and in the fringes  
In the corner out of the grip And when they ask me, "What are you looking at?"  
I always answer, "Nothing much, not much"  
I think they know that, I'm looking at them  
I think they think I must be out of touch But I'm only in the outskirts and in the fringes  
On the edge and off the avenue  
And if you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you If you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you  
If you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you  
Wondering about you, wondering about you If you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you  
If you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you  
Wondering about you, wondering about you

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