

# Honeymoon Suite

[Suzanne Vega](#)

The ceiling had a painting on it  
In our room in France  
So we were living underneath  
Some angels in a dance My husband was not feeling well  
And so we went to bed  
He woke up complaining  
Of an aching in his head He said a hundred people  
Had come through our room that night  
That one by one the old and young  
Asked if he was all right One by one the old and young  
Lined up to touch his hand  
He spent the night explaining  
They had come to the wrong man The concierge was less than helpful  
When we asked her the next day  
With a coffee and a magazine  
We went to the desk to pay "What happened in that room?", he asked  
"A death or something strange?"  
She smiled at him politely  
And returned to him his change Well, what I'd like to know  
And this will be a mystery  
Is with all the people in that room  
Why none appeared to me? When we sleep so close together that  
Our hair becomes entwined  
I must have missed that moment  
In the gateway to his mind

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