Ludlow Street

Suzanne Vega

Love is the only thing that matters
Love is the only thing that's real
I know we hear this everyday
It's still the hardest thing to feelThis time when I go back to Ludlow Street
I find each stoop and doorway's incomplete
Without you thereAnother generation's parties
And it is still the same old scene
I can recall each morning after
Painted in nicotineThis time when I go back to Ludlow Street
I find each stoop and doorway's incomplete
Without you thereAll of the people I once knew
All of the ones I was close toLove is the only thing that matters
Love the only thing that's real
And when I think about you now
Love is the only thing I feelThis time when I go back to Ludlow Street
I find each stoop and doorway's incomplete
Without you thereTim, this time when I go back to Ludlow Street
I find each stoop and doorway's incomplete
Without you there

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