

## Suzanne Vega "Pornographer's Dream"

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She's a pornographer's dream, he said.  
I knew what he meant.  
But it made me imagine: what kind of a dream  
He would have, that hadn't been spent?

Would he still dream of the thigh? of the flesh upon  
high?  
What he saw so much of?  
Wouldn't he dream of the thing that he never  
Could quite get the touch of?

It's out of his hands, over his head  
Out of his reach, under this real life  
Hidden in veils, covered in silk  
He's dreaming of what might be

Out of his hands, over his head  
Out of his reach, under this real life  
Hidden in veils,  
He's dreaming of mystery.

Bettie Page is still the rage  
With her legs and leather;

She turns to tease the camera, and please us at home,  
And we let her.

Who's to know what she'll show of herself,  
In what measure?  
If what she reveals, or what she conceals,  
Is the key to our pleasure?

It's out of our hands, over our heads  
Out of our reach, under this real life  
Hidden in veils, covered in silk  
We're dreaming of what might be

It's out of our hands, over our heads  
Out of our reach, under this real life  
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