

Suzanne Vega "The Marching Dream"

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I have dreamed that many men
Have marched across this field
I have wished that I could take each man
And hold him against the flame in my heart
I had a dream that my face was old
And all the children came to see
First they laughed and then they ran
And I slammed the door behind them
And as the tears began to rise
You climbed the stairs
You came into my room
Where I was waiting there
Now I have dreamed of all men's arms
But this time it was you
I drew the curtains and it was dim
And it was strange and it was new
I have wished that I could hear
Each secret told
By lovers in the battle
With each shade of red and gold
I have wished that I could take each man
And hold him to the flame
And read the secret writing there
And know each one by name
I have dreamed that many men
Have marched across this field
I have wished that I could pour
My life into each one
Listening
Listening
Listening
(may 1980)

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