

Suzanne Vega "Wooden Horse"

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I came out of the darkness
Holding one thing
A small white wooden horse
I'd been holding inside

And when I'm dead
If you could tell them this
That what was wood became alive
What was wood became alive

In the night the walls disappeared
In the day they returned
"I want to be a rider like my father"
Were the only words I could say

And when I'm dead
If you could tell them this
That what was wood became alive
What was wood became alive

Alive and I fell under
A moving piece of sun, freedom

I came out of the darkness
Holding one thing
I know I have this power
I am afraid I may be killed

And when I'm dead
If you could tell them this
That what was wood became alive
What was wood became alive

And when I'm dead
If you could tell them this
That what was wood became alive
What was wood became alive

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