

Suzanna Vega

"Honeymoon suite"

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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 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

