

Suzanna Vega**"St. clare"**

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Call on that saint
And the candle that burns
Keeping her safe
Until her return

Plaster and paint
Holding the fire
A poor woman's saint
Holding all man's desire

Bold little bird
Fly away home
Could I but ride herd
On the wind and the foam

All of the souls
That curl by the fire
They never know
All man's desire

Watercress clings
To the banks of the stream
In the first grip of spring
When the snow melts to green

Barefoot and cold
And holding a lyre
By the side of the road
Holding all man's desire

Call on the saint
When the white candle burns
Keeping her safe
Until her return

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