Suzanna Vega "The boulevardiers"

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I like you?
and you like him?
and he likes me
and we all love each other.
We like to sit in the cafe?
and eat and drink and talk all day
and watch the sun.
We like to read the newspaper
and talk about him and her
and who is getting along with who these days,
and when the sun goes down
we walk along the cobblestone ground.

He loves the city?
with the bricks and broken bottles
and the pretty little flowers?
as they grow against the wall.
He is dark,?
he is tall,?
he is the tallest one of all of us.
You are bright and quick and fair
and seems that you have lost some hair
but this is all right.
This is OK. We do not mind.
We write and fight and sing?
and this is fine.

We drink the wine?

if we get it free
and if he buys you a coffee?
he can surely buy some for me
and one day we will work real hard
and get a job?
and not just sit here?
writing letters?
on this silly boulevard.
And everyone will know our name
and we'll be rich?
or we'll at least?
have some kind of fame.
We'll be brave,

we'll be bold, we'll come riding through? like knights of old.

The sun is like? a lover's hand as it comes down? and touches you touches me? touches him touches you. And we have all got dirty feet from wearing sandals in the street, and we should all go home. But still you will? insist insist until each last one has been kissed and each one is happy. And when the sun goes down we walk along the cobblestone ground. This is OK. We do not mind. We write and fight and sing and this is fine.

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