

Edith Wharton's Figurines

Suzanne Vega

Edith wharton's lovely figurines
Still speak to me today
From their mantlepice in time
Where they wrestle and they play

With passions and with prudences
Finances and fears
Her face and what it's worth to her
In the passing of the years

See the portrait come to life
See the vanity behind
Cause in the struggle for survival
Love is never blind

Now, olivia lies under anasthesia
Her wit and wonder snuffed
In a routine operation
Her own beauty not enough,

Her passions and her prudences
Finances and fears
Her face, what it was worth to her
In the passing of the years

See the portrait come to life
See the vanity behind
Cause in the struggle for survival
Love is never blind

Edith whartons lovely figurines
Still speak to me today
From their mantlepice in time
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We lie under anesthesia
Our wit and wonder snuffed
In our routine operations
Our own beauty not enough