

## Rusted Pipe

Suzanne Vega

Now the time has come to speak  
I was not able  
And water through a rusted pipe  
Could make the sense that I do

Gurgle, mutter  
Hiss, stutter  
Moan the words like water  
Rush and foam and choke

Having waited  
This long of a winter  
I fear I only  
Croak and sigh

Somewhere deep within  
Hear the creak  
That lets the tale begin

Now the time has come to move  
I was not able  
Water through a rusted pipe  
Could make the moves that I do

Stagger, stumble  
Trip, fumble  
I fear I only  
Slip and slide

Somewhere deep within  
Hear the creak  
That lets the tale begin

Somewhere deep within  
Hear the creak  
That lets the tale begin