

# Solitude Standing

Suzanne Vega

Solitude stands by the window  
She turns her head as I walk in the room  
I can see by her eyes she's been waiting  
Standing in the slant of the late afternoon

And she turns to me with her hand extended  
Her palm is split with a flower with a flame

Solitude stands in the doorway  
And I'm struck once again by her black silhouette  
By her long cool stare and her silence  
I suddenly remember each time we've met

And she turns to me with her hand extended  
Her palm is split with a flower with a flame

And she says 'i've come to set a twisted thing straight'  
And she says 'i've come to lighten this dark heart'  
And she takes my wrist, I feel her imprint of fear  
And I say 'i've never thought of finding you here'

I turn to the crowd as they're watching  
They're sitting all together in the dark in the warm  
I wanted to be in there among them  
I see how their eyes are gathered into one

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