

## Stockings

Suzanne Vega

I don't care for tights, she says  
And does not tell me why  
She hikes her skirt above her knee  
Revealing one brown thigh

I see, I say, and wonder at  
Her slender little fingers  
How cleverly they pull upon  
The threads of recent slumbers

Do you know where friendship ends  
And passion does begin?  
It's between the binding of  
Her stockings and her skin.  
(oh yeah)

She stayed up so late I thought  
She'd ask me to go dance  
But something in the way she laughed  
Told me I had no chance

The fiction in her family  
Was that she was never nice  
I'd say she was very  
I just did not see the price

Do you know where friendship ends  
And passion does begin?  
When the gin and tonic  
Makes the room begin to spin.  
(oh yeah)

There may be attraction here  
But it will never flower  
So I'm assigned to read her mind, now  
In this witching hour

Here's no game for those who claim  
To be easily bruised  
But how can I complain  
When she's so easily amused?

Do you know where friendship ends  
And passion does begin?  
(when she does not show you  
The way out on the way in) --  
It's between the binding  
Of her stockings and her skin.  
(oh yeah)