

# Straight Lines

Suzanne Vega

There's a sound  
Across the alley  
Of cold metal  
Touching skin

And you can see  
If you look in her window  
That she has gone and cut  
Her hair again

In straight lines  
Straight lines

Those soft golden lights in the morning  
Are now on her wooden floor  
The wind has swept them through the apartment  
She don't need them  
Any more  
Any more  
Any more...

She's cut down  
On her lovers  
Though she still dreams  
Of them at night

She's growing straight lines  
Where once were flowers  
She is streamlined  
She is taking the shade down  
From the light

To see the straight lines  
Straight lines

She wants to cut through the circles  
That she has lived in before  
She wants to finally kill the delusions  
She won't need them  
Any more  
Any more  
Any more...

But there's a sound  
Across the alley  
Of cold metal  
Too close to the bone

And you can see  
If you look in her window  
The face of a woman  
Finally alone

Behind straight lines  
Straight lines