

# Wooden Horse

Suzanne Vega

I came out of the darkness  
Holding one thing  
A small white wooden horse  
I'd been holding inside

And when I'm dead  
If you could tell them this  
That what was wood became alive  
What was wood became alive

In the night the walls disappeared  
In the day they returned  
"I want to be a rider like my father"  
Were the only words I could say

And when I'm dead  
If you could tell them this  
That what was wood became alive  
What was wood became alive

Alive  
And I fell under  
A moving piece of sun  
Freedom

I came out of the darkness  
Holding one thing  
I know I have a power  
I am afraid I may be killed

But when I'm dead  
If you could tell them this  
That what was wood became alive  
What was wood became alive  
Alive