

# Song of the Stoic

Suzanne Vega

I am a man  
I've been working all my days  
This is my accounting  
Of my means and of my ways

More years are behind me now  
Than years that are ahead  
Looking back I feel  
This is my story to be said.

I faced my father down  
Inside the hallway of our home  
18 years of pain  
Upon my body to the bone

Demons lived inside of him  
They forced him to the act  
The layers of the bruises  
To my body was the fact.

Ooooh

I grew and went into the world  
I learned to know it's code  
Of spoken and unspoken  
And I learned to love the road

I shoulder every burden like  
A mule with a heavy pack  
Every coin I earn is another  
Knot within my back.

Ooooh

Ecstasy and pleasure come  
At much too great a cost  
I keep myself upon the earth  
But measure what I've lost

Winged things they brush against me  
Never mine to hold  
I keep my eyes upon the ground  
And carry on as old.

I met a woman  
She had the gifted touch  
Her hands were wise with healing  
And with wonder and all such

As the fates would have it  
Each to others we are wed  
We confine ourselves to friendship  
And we stay out of the bed.

Oooh

Now I turn around to face

The specter of my age  
My soul it fights my body  
Like a bird will fight its cage.

I see that last horizon  
I hope it brings me peace  
I look forward to the day  
At last my body knows release.

Ooooh  
Ooooh