

Pornographer's Dream
Suzanne Vega

Am **F**
she s a pornographer s dream, he said.
F
I knew what he meant.
C
but it made me imagine: what kind of a dream
Am
he would have, that hadn t been spent?

Am
would he still dream of the thigh? of the flesh upon high?
F
what he saw so much of?
E
wouldn t he dream of the thing that he never
Am
could quite get the touch of?

F **G**
it s out of his hands, over his head
A
out of his reach, under this real life
F **G**
hidden in veils, covered in silk
A
he s dreaming of what might be

F **G**
out of his hands, over his head
A
out of his reach, under this real life
F **G**
hidden in veils,
A
he s dreaming of mystery.

Am
Bettie Page is still the rage
F
with her legs and leather;
E **Am**
she turns to tease the camera, and please us at home,
and we let her.

Am **F**
who s to know what she ll show of herself,
F

in what measure?

E

if what she reveals, or what she conceals,

Am

is the key to our pleasure?

F

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