

Pornographer's Dream

Suzanne Vega

Gm **Eb**
she s a pornographer s dream, he said.

Eb
I knew what he meant.

Bb
but it made me imagine: what kind of a dream

Gm
he would have, that hadn t been spent?

Gm
would he still dream of the thigh? of the flesh upon high?

Eb
what he saw so much of?

D
wouldn t he dream of the thing that he never

Gm
could quite get the touch of?

Eb **F**
it s out of his hands, over his head

G
out of his reach, under this real life

Eb **F**
hidden in veils, covered in silk

G
he s dreaming of what might be

Eb **F**
out of his hands, over his head

G
out of his reach, under this real life

Eb **F**
hidden in veils,

G
he s dreaming of mystery.

Gm
Bettie Page is still the rage

Eb
with her legs and leather;

D **Gm**
she turns to tease the camera, and please us at home,
and we let her.

Gm **Eb**
who s to know what she ll show of herself,

Eb

in what measure?

D

if what she reveals, or what she conceals,

Gm

is the key to our pleasure?

Eb

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he would have?