

Pornographer's Dream

Suzanne Vega

G#m **E**
she s a pornographer s dream, he said.

E
I knew what he meant.

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

G#m
he would have, that hadn t been spent?

G#m
would he still dream of the thigh? of the flesh upon high?

E
what he saw so much of?

Eb
wouldn t he dream of the thing that he never

G#m
could quite get the touch of?

E **F#**
it s out of his hands, over his head

G#
out of his reach, under this real life

E **F#**
hidden in veils, covered in silk

G#
he s dreaming of what might be

E **F#**
out of his hands, over his head

G#
out of his reach, under this real life

E **F#**
hidden in veils,

G#
he s dreaming of mystery.

G#m
Bettie Page is still the rage

E
with her legs and leather;

Eb **G#m**
she turns to tease the camera, and please us at home,
and we let her.

G#m **E**
who s to know what she ll show of herself,

E

in what measure?

Eb

if what she reveals, or what she conceals,

G#m

is the key to our pleasure?

E

F#

it s out of his hands, over his head

G#

out of his reach, under this real life

E

F#

hidden in veils, covered in silk

G#

he s dreaming of what might be

E

F#

out of his hands, over his head

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E

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hidden in veils,

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he s dreaming of mystery.

G#m

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G#m

he would have?