

Pornographer's Dream

Suzanne Vega

Bm **G**
she s a pornographer s dream, he said.

G
I knew what he meant.

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

Bm
he would have, that hadn t been spent?

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

G
what he saw so much of?

F#
wouldn t he dream of the thing that he never

Bm
could quite get the touch of?

G **A**
it s out of his hands, over his head

B
out of his reach, under this real life

G **A**
hidden in veils, covered in silk

B
he s dreaming of what might be

G **A**
out of his hands, over his head

B
out of his reach, under this real life

G **A**
hidden in veils,

B
he s dreaming of mystery.

Bm
Bettie Page is still the rage

G
with her legs and leather;

F# **Bm**
she turns to tease the camera, and please us at home,
and we let her.

Bm **G**
who s to know what she ll show of herself,

G

in what measure?

F#

if what she reveals, or what she conceals,

Bm

is the key to our pleasure?

G

A

it s out of his hands, over his head

B

out of his reach, under this real life

G

A

hidden in veils, covered in silk

B

he s dreaming of what might be

G

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out of his hands, over his head

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A

hidden in veils,

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he s dreaming of mystery.

Bm

G

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but it made me imagine: what kind of a dream

Bm

he would have?