

## Pornographer's Dream

Suzanne Vega

**Bm**

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?

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he would have?