

Suzanne

Suzanne takes you down
To a place by the river.
You can see the boats go by,
You could spend the night forever.
And you know that she's half crazy
And that's why you want to be there.
And she feeds you tea and oranges
That come all the way from China.
And just when you mean to tell her
That you have no love to give her,
She takes you in her arms
And she lets the river answer
That you've always been her lover.

And you want to travel with her,
And you want to travel blind.
And you think you'll maybe trust her
'Cause she's touched you,
And she's moved you,
And she's kind.

Jesus was a sailor
When he walked up the water.
He spent a long time watching
From a lonely wooden tower.
And when He knew for certain
Only drowning men could see Him,
He said, "All men shall be sailors then,
Until the sea shall free them."
He Himself was broken
Long before the sky was open;
Forsaken, almost human,
He sank beneath your wisdom like a star.

And you want to travel with Him,
And you want to travel blind.
And you think you'll maybe trust Him
'Cause He's touched you
And He's moved you,
And He's kind.

Suzanne takes your hand,
And she leads you to the river.
She's wearing rags and feathers
From Salvation Army counters.
And the sun shines down in full
On our lady of the harbor.
And she shows you where to look
Beneath the garbage and the flowers.
There are heroes in the seaweed,
There are children in the morning.
They are leaning out for love
And they will lean that way forever
While Suzanne holds the mirror

And you want to travel with her,
And you want to travel blind.
And you think you'll maybe trust her
'Cause she's touched you,
And she's moved you,
And she's kind.