

# Suzanne Vega, Blood Sings

When blood sees blood  
Of its own  
It sings to see itself again  
It sings to hear the voice it's known  
It sings to recognize the face

One body split and passed along the line  
From the shoulder to the hip  
I know these bones as being mine  
And the curving of the lip

And my question to you is:  
How did this come to pass?  
How did this one life fall so far and fast?

Some are lean and some with grace, and some without;  
All tell the story that repeats  
Of a child who had been left alone at birth  
Left to fend and taught to fight

See his eyes and how they start with light  
Getting colder as the pictures go  
Did he carry his bad luck upon his back?  
That bad luck we've all come to know

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