

The queen and the soldier

Suzanne Vega

The soldier came knocking upon the queen's window / door
He said, "I am not fighting / working for you anymore."
The queen knew she'd seen his eyes / face someplace before
And slowly she ask / let him inside.

He said, "I've watched your castle / palace up here on the hill
And I've wondered who's the woman / person for whom we all kill
But I am leaving today / tomorrow and you can do what you will
Only first I am asking you why."

Down in the long narrow street / hall he was led
Into her rooms with her tapestries red / green
And she never once took the crown from her head
She asked him there to sit down / listen.

He said, "I see you now, and you are so very young / nice
But I've seen / been to more battles lost than I have battles won
And I've got this intuition, says it's all for your fun / pleasure
And now will you tell me why?"

The young queen, she fixed him with an arrogant eye / face
She said, "You won't understand, and you may as well not ask / try"
But her face was a child's, and he thought she would smile / cry
But she closed herself up like a fan.

And she said, "I've swallowed a secret burning thread
It cuts me inside, and often / sometimes I've bled."
He laid his hand then on top of her shoulder / head
And he bowed her down to the ground.

"Tell me how hungry are you? How weak you must feel / be
As you are living here alone, and you are never / always revealed
But I won't march again on your battlefield."
And he took her to the door / window to see.



And the sun, it was gold, though the sky, it was gray / blue
And she wanted more than she ever could say / tell
But she knew how it frightened her, and she turned down / away
And would not look at his eyes / face again.

And he said, "I want to act / live as an honest man
To get all I deserve and to give all I can / must
And to love a young woman / girl who I don't understand
Your highness, your ways are very strange."

But the crown, it had fallen, and she thought she would cry / break
And she stood there, ashamed of the way her heart ached
She took him to the doorstep and she asked him to stay / wait
She would only be a minute / moment inside.

Out in the distance her word / order was heard
And the soldier was there / killed, still waiting for her word
And while the queen / man went on strangling in the solitude she preferred
The battle continued on