Caramel - Suzanne Vega

It won't do To dream of caramel To think of cinnamon And long for you It won't do To stir a deep desire To fan a hidden fire That can never burn true I know your name, I know your skin, I know the way these things begin; But I don't know How I would live with myself What I'd forgive of myself If you don't go So goodbye, Sweet appetite, No single bite Could satisfy I know your name, I know your skin, I know the way these things begin; But I don't know How I would live with myself What I would give of myself If you don't go It won't do To dream of caramel To think of cinnamon





And long for you

Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych