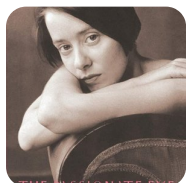


Caramel – Suzanne Vega

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