

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
what i would give of myself,
how i would live with myself
if you don't go.
it won't do
to dream of caramel,
to think of cinnamon
and long
for you.

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