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.