

# 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.