

Terence Trent D'Arby, Sweetness

Sing your magic spell
Into my ears
Place a blissful sigh
Into my tears
Cradle my forgiveness
Judging that I'm half a man
If it were not for your sweetness
I would not know who I am
Take your magic broom
And sweep my heart
Rescue Cupid's arrow
From broken hearts
Reaching for completeness
Digging deep into the sand
If it were not for your sweetness
I would not know who I am
I find a shelter in your wings
I find my self-remembering
That I'm in a dream
Blow your moonlit trumpet
And sound my tone
Sing to me your silence
And call me home
I'm not full of answers
Though I pretend that I am
If it were not for your sweetness
I would not know who I am
1998 Words and Music: Sananda