

# 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