Curt Smith, Jasmine's Taste

Jasmine's taste grows deeper than the ocean or her dreams For what it's worth Jasmine's taste grows deeper than the ocean or her dreams For what it's worth

Volatile she wants your fear She's old, old before her years

Jasmine's taste conspires to dignify her harmful ways For what that's worth Jasmine's taste backfires if you refuse to play those games For all they're worth

Insecure she feeds her thoughts and needs With images and dreams

Take me up
Take me up to your heaven
And shower me with your light
Take me down
Take me down to your torment
Uncover me with your fire

Jasmine's taste can stretch beyond the depths of your desire To your dismay Jasmine's taste delights in all the intricate designs of disarray

Take me up
Take me up to your heaven
And shower me with your light
Take me down
Take me down to your torment
Uncover me with your fire

Time will only push her strengths To extraordinary lengths She'll trade secure for misery And innocence for ecstasy She sees herself and cries

Take me up
Take me up to your heaven
And shower me with your light
Take me down
Take me down to your torment
Uncover me with your fire

(repeat)