Ginga, Cinnamon

Cinnamon, what is it you have done?
With your body gone, every minute seems too long
Too scared to call, so scared to ask for more

Up in the bright lights of this song
Still you turn me on
And you turn me down
The bright lights of this song
Cinnamon

Cinnamon, what is it you came for?
Your eyes are wet like too many times before
You could have gone, but I didn't show you to the door
And now onboard you leave me shivering on the shore

Up in the bright lights of this song
Still you turn me on
And you turn me down
The bright lights of this song
Cinnamon
Cinnamon
Cinnamon
Cinnamon
Cinnamon
Cinnamon