

Sophie B. Hawkins, Your Tongue Like The Sun In

I met a woman from another time
I couldn't think
But a drink from her eyes
Was like water to wine
She wet my dreams with her distinctive mind
I search the desert for a treasure
And a measure of life denied
I'm driven by cars and guitars and her voice
Ripping up and down my spine
And now I'm giving my life for her sight
To be mine
And in her presence
My fate unwinds
For when her essence
Draws me too near
I can taste her with tears
On my tongue
Like the sun
In my mouth.
I met a man who kicked my front door down
He blew in with the Santa Ana winds
And a half cocked hound
He fits my body like a one horse town
And I was drunk like a vagabond on his street
And I lay face down
And I rode his joy like a child on a merry-go-round
I was young in his eyes
I was sweet on his thighs
I was profound
I was shot like a free bird in flight
To the ground.
I woke this morning from a deadly dream
He was my lover he was my filler
He was my chocolate-colored killer
He was me
I'm built to run
My will is to deceive
But you penetrate severely
I am walking insecurely
On my knees
And I will wait through Winter, Spring and Summer
If you'll Fall in love with me
I will dance so slowly
You will hardly know I
Breathe
From Rome
To Madrid
To Paris
On the breeze
My scent will find you
Lost by degrees
From time to time you'll
Sing
With my lips
Or my hands
On your hips
Or my tongue
Like the sun
In your mouth