

Curt Smith, Jasmine's Taste

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