

# Fiona Apple, The First Taste

I lie in an early bed  
Thinking late thoughts  
Waiting for the black  
To replace my blue  
I do not struggle  
In your web  
Because it was my  
Aim to get caught  
But daddy longlegs  
I feel that I'm finally  
Growing weary  
Of waiting to be  
Consumed by you  
Give me the first taste  
Let it begin  
Heaven cannot wait forever  
Darling, just start the chase  
I'll let you win  
But you must  
Make the endeavour

Oh, your love gives  
Me a heart confusion  
Adagio breezes fill  
My skin with sudden red  
Your hungry flirt  
Borders intrusion  
I'm building memories on  
Things we have not said  
Full is not heavy as empty  
Not nearly my love  
Not nearly my love  
Not nearly

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Let it begin  
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crbt2('Fiona Apple','The First Taste')

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Artist Info