Terence Trent D'Arby, Sweetness

Sing your magic spell Into my ears Place a blissful sigh Into my tears Cradle my forgiveness Judging that I'm half a man If it were not for your sweetness I would not know who I am Take your magic broom And sweep my heart Rescue Cupid's arrow From broken hearts Reaching for completeness Digging deep into the sand If it were not for your sweetness I would not know who I am I find a shelter in your wings I find my self-remembering That I'm in a dream Blow your moonlit trumpet And sound my tone Sing to me your silence And call me home I'm not full of answers Though I pretend that I am If it were not for your sweetness I would not know who I am 1998 Words and Music: Sananda