

Curt Smith

"Jasmine"

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Jasmine's taste grows deeper than the ocean or her
dreams

For what it's worth

Jasmine's taste grows deeper than the ocean or her
dreams

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)

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