

Kevin McWha Steele**"Sweet Lime"**

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Tension on the line
Cinnamon with wine
It's the way she talks her talk
The soft seducing kind
As your ear dissolves to chalk
She takes over your mind

Sweet Lime, Sweet Lime
Sweet Lime, Sweet Lime

Ten feet from the floor
Moving out the door
It's your spirit on the wind
Like ether outside time
It's your soul that did rescind
To taste that tender crime

Sweet Lime, Sweet Lime
Sweet Lime, Sweet Lime

Sip your tea in the Khan marche'
As you while your days away
Say your prayers at the Kas Mahal
But remember to leave them all
For your one true lovers call

Go to her you fool
Leave behind your school
It's not in equations the lessons you will learn
It's the flame around the sun
She lends to you to burn

Sweet Lime, Sweet Lime
Sweet Lime, Sweet Lime

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