

Astrud Gilberto, Dreamer

Why are my eyes always full of this vision of you
Why do I dream silly dreams that I fear won't come true
I long to show you the stars
Caught in the dark of the sea
I long to speak of my love but you don't come to me
So I go on asking if maybe one day you'll care
I tell my sad little dreams to the soft evening air
I am quite hopeless it seems, two things I know how to do
One is to dream
Two is loving you