

Carlos Lyra, Soft As The Night Wind

Love is a gentle thing,
Soft as the night wind.
Love is a touch of spring,
warming and bright
As bright as your eager face,
As warm as our last embrace
When we were whispering words
Soft as the night wind.

Tender words you taught me
Day by day,
That I once found
So hard to say
But now they blend into the story
Of a love that has no end.
For what was just a slight affair -
Something we barely would recall -
Changed to the sweetest
Dream of all

Love that's a gentle thing,
Soft as the night wind.
Love that's a touch of spring,
Warming and bright,
As bright as your smiling face,
As warm as our last embrace,
When we were whispering words
Soft as the night wind