

# Carlos Lyra, Yes, Love Has Come

Cant say why,  
Why should this be?  
All of a sudden  
A surge of joy in me  
Joy of living, joy of love  
Of believing, dreaming of  
Such a sky turning bright,  
So much blue  
Who on this earth could ever suppose  
The rebirth of a rose in a flowerless world  
But a miracle sometimes can happen  
And it doesnt have to be just in heaven  
What was only a lonely and so endless void  
Would be turned into rapture and joy  
My heart sings, dances a waltz,  
Flies without wings wherever it wants,  
Then halts...  
For its love  
Yes, love has come,  
Has come at last.