

Dianne Reeves, Like A Lover

Like a lover the morning sun
Slowly rises and kisses you awake
Your smile is soft and drowsy
As you let it play upon your face
Oh how I dream I might be like the morning sun to you

How I envy a cup that knows your lips
Let it be me, my love
And a table that feels your fingertips
Let it be me, let me be the one
Put an end to these lonely days and nights
Without you

Like a lover the river wind
Slides and ripples
Its fingers through your hair
Upon your cheek it lingers
Never having known a sweeter place
Oh how I dream I might be like the river wind to you

Like a lover the velvet moon
Shares your pillow and watches while you sleep
Its light arrives on tiptoe
Gently taking you in its embrace
Oh how I dream I might be like the velvet moon
How I dream I might be like the morning sun
How I dream I might be like the river wind the river wind
How I dream how I dream I dream
I might be with you

How I envy a cup that knows your lips
Or a table that feels your fingertips
How I dream how I dream how I dream how I dream
I might be with you