

Sergio Mendes, 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