

# Sergio Mendes, Like A Lover

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

Like a lover, the river wind  
Sighs 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

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 your love  
Bring an end to the endless days and nights  
Without 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 to you

(Bridge)

Oh, how I dream  
I might be like the river wind to you

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Let it be me, my love  
And a table that feels your fingertips  
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(Fade out)