

Dreamer

Astrud Gilberto

Why are my eyes always full of this vision of you?
Why do I dream silly dreams that I feel 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.

I am quite hopeless it seems.
Two things I know how to do.
One is to dream,
Two is loving you