

# The Touch of Your Lips

Nat King Cole

## VERSE:

When troubles get me, cares beset me  
And won't let me go,  
I turn to you for consolation.  
There I find new peace of mind;  
To leave behind my woe  
I turn to you as I shall always do.

## CHORUS:

The touch of your lips upon my brow,  
Your lips that are cool and sweet,  
Such tenderness lies in their soft caress,  
My heart forgets to beat.

\*The touch of your hands upon my head,  
The love in your eyes a-shine,  
And now, at last, that moment divine,  
The touch of your lips on mine.

(Instrumental interlude and pick up at \*.)

\*The touch of your hands upon my head,  
The love in your eyes a-shine,  
And now, at last, that moment divine,  
The touch of your lips on mine.