

Prelude to a Kiss

Roberta Flack

If you hear
My song in blue
Like a flower crying
For the dew
That's just my heart serenading you
A prelude to a kiss

And if you hear a song that grows
From my tender sentimental woes
That was my heart trying to compose
A prelude to a kiss

Though it's just a simple melody
With nothing fancy
Nothing much
You could turn it to a symphony
A Shubert tune with a Gershwin touch

Oh how my love song gently cries

For the tenderness within your eyes
And my love is a prelude that never dies
A prelude to a kiss

Though it's just a simple melody
With nothing fancy
Nothing much
You can turn it to a symphony
It's a Shubert tune with a Gershwin touch

Oh how my love song gently cries
For the tenderness within your eyes
And my love is a prelude that never dies
A prelude to a kiss