

The Touch Of Your Hand

Sarah Vaughan

When you shall see flowers
That lie on the plain
Lying there sighing
For one touch of rain

Then you may borrow
Some glimpse of my sorrow
And you'll understand
How I longed for the touch for your hand

I've loved you so
You'll never know
All through those far ways
And strange star ways

On sea or on land
I will long for the touch of your hand