

Corcovado

Theresa Sokyrka

Quiet nights of quiet stars
Quiet chords from my guitar
Floating on the silence that surrounds us.

Quiet thoughts and quiet dreams.
Quiet walks by quiet streams.
And a window looking on the mountains and the sea.
How lovely.

This is where I wanna be.
Here with you so close to me.
Until the final flicker of life's ember.
I who was lost and lonely.
Believeing life was only a bitter tragic joke I found with you.
Oh my dear.
The meaning of existence.
Oh my love.

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