

## 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.  
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Two is loving you.

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