

Sonnets From The Portuguese

Corey Hart

Oh na, na, oh no
Oh yea
Forgive my reveries of rapturous days in December
Indulge me if I cut a single orchid in your name
Perhaps my senses are a kaleidoscope forever yearning
And I am all at once so helpless to dissuade
(The love you give, the love you give)
It turns and turns a thousand days
(The love you give, the love you give)
(The love you give, the love you give)
With wings to lift my spirit high
(The love you give oh)
Across the desert hills
My path was marked by stars above me
Moonlit desires to trace our figures in the sand
Smooth alabaster carpet flying slowly
And we are free to set our souls out to the wind
(The love you give, the love you give)
It turns and turns a thousand days
(The love you give, the love you give)
(The love you give, the love you give)
With wings to lift my spirit high
(The love you give oh, eh)
Oh yea
(The love you give)
The love you give
Blowing my mind
(Ah the love you give)
See the locket in your name
(Say)
Forgive my revelry
(Say, say)
Standing still here alone
(You're here)
(Yea, yea)
Oh
Enchanted, standing still
In the honey-mustard fields of India
Forever warm December breezes in our hearts
The truest lines ever discovered you found to bring me
"Sonnets from the Portuguese"
Only lovers can explain
(Lovers)
Lovers can explain
(The love you give, the love you give)
It turns and turns a thousand days
(The love you give, the love you give)
(The love you give, the love you give)
With wings to lift my spirit high
(The love you give, oh no, no)
(Love you give, love you give)
It turns and turns a thousand days
(Love you give, love you give)
(Love you give, love you give)
(Love you give, love you give)
(Love you give, love you give)
(Love you give, love you give)

(Love you give)
Love you give.