

The Touch of Your Lips

Nat King Cole

VERSE:

When troubles get me, cares beset me
And won't let me go,
I turn to you for consolation.
There I find new peace of mind;
To leave behind my woe
I turn to you as I shall always do.

CHORUS:

The touch of your lips upon my brow,
Your lips that are cool and sweet,
Such tenderness lies in their soft caress,
My heart forgets to beat.

*The touch of your hands upon my head,
The love in your eyes a-shine,
And now, at last, that moment divine,
The touch of your lips on mine.

(Instrumental interlude and pick up at *.)

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The love in your eyes a-shine,
And now, at last, that moment divine,
The touch of your lips on mine.