

Quiet Nights And Quiet Stars

Olivia Ong

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 the window that looks out on Corcovado
how lovely!

This is where I want to be,
here, with you so close to me
until the final flicker of life's ember.
I, who was lost and lonely,
believing life was only
a bitter tragic joke, have found with you
the meaning of existence, oh my love.