

# Sergio Mendes, Dreamer

Why are my eyes always  
Full of this vision of you  
Why do I dream silly dreams  
That I fear 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  
I am quite hopeless it seems  
Two things I know how to do  
One is to dream  
Two is loving you