

The Face I Love

Astrud Gilberto

To think of things like daffodils and peaceful sheep on clovered hills
The morning sun, the weeper wills, and
you'll see the face that i love
think of any old stag getting ready to drag
down comes the rain
but it's raining confetti
then think of things like
far off isles
to blue green eyes, and sunlit smiles
and in your hand
the wishing star
the one you thought too far above
every lovely view introduces you
to the face I love

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