

I Could Write a Book

George Benson

The evening breeze caressed the trees,
Tenderly.

The trembling trees embrace the breeze,
Tenderly.

Then you and I came wandering by
And lost in sigh were we. The shore was kissed by sea and mist,
Tenderly.

I can't forget when two hearts met,
Breathlessly. Your arms opened wide,
And closed me in..side.

You took my lips you took my love,
So tenderly. The evening breeze caressed the trees,
Tenderly.

The trembling trees embrace the breeze,
Tenderly.

Then you and I came wandering by
And lost in sigh were we.

Songwriters

HART, LORENZ/RODGERS, RICHARD
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