

# The Touch of Your Lips

[Nat King Cole](#)

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.  
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, the moment divine,  
The touch of your lips on mine.

Songwriters

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