

The Very Thought of You

Albert King

The very thought of you and I forget to do
The little ordinary things that everyone ought to do

I'm living in a kind of daydream, I'm happy as a king
And foolish though it may seem, to me that's everything

The mere idea of you, the longing here for you
You'll never know how slow the moments go till I'm near to you

I see your face in every flower, your eyes in the stars above
It's just the thought of you, the very thought of you, my love

Yes, yes
I's the very thought of you
You're the mos'
I would appreciate a tune
There it is
Play it pretty
Play it pretty

I see your face in every flower, your eyes in star above
It's just the thought of you, the very thought of you, my love