

The Very Thought of You

Don McLean

The very thought of you
And I forget to do
The little ordinary things
That everyone ought to do
I'm livin' 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 stars above
It's just the thought of you,
The very thought of you, my love

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