Doris Day

All I do is dream of you the whole night thru With the dawn, I still go on and dream of you You're every thought, you're every thing, You're every song I ever sing Summer, Winter, Autumn and Spring And were there more than twenty four hours a day They'd be spent in sweet content dreaming away When skies are grey, when skies are blue Morning, noon and night time too All I do the whole day thru, is dream of you

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