

The Thought of You

The Proclaimers

The thought of you
Precious and clear
Drives all the rest
From out of here.
The thought of you
Just won't wait.
It rises up,
It elevates.

The thought of you
Heals me again
Of all the poison
That lies within.
The thought of you
Reaches inside,
Takes it away,
Conquers my pride.

Just the thought of you
And time and space and death
Just don't exist.
Just the thought of you
And I know
I need nothing more than this.

The thought of you
Makes me complete.
Wraps all the bandages
'Round my feet.
The thought of you
Still cracks me up.
Laughs in my face.
Fills up my cup.

The thought of you
Sustains me still
And evermore,
Oh, It always will.
Oh, it always will.