

Like A Lover

Betty Buckley

Like a lover the morning sun slowly rises and kisses you awake
Your smile is soft and drowsy as you let it play upon your face
Oh, how I dream I might be like the morning sun to you
Like a lover the river wind slides and ripples its fingers through your hair
Upon your cheek it lingers never having known a sweeter place
Oh, how I dream I might be like the river wind to you
How I envy a cup that knows your lips, let it be me, my love
And a table that feels your fingertips, let it be me, let me be your love
Bring an end to the endless days and nights without you
Like a lover the velvet moon shares your pillow and watches while you sleep
Its light arrives on tiptoe gently taking you in its embrace
Oh, how I dream I might be like the velvet moon to you
How I envy a cup that knows your lips, let it be me, my love
And a table that feels your fingertips, let it be me, let me be your love
Bring an end to the endless days and nights without you
Like a lover the morning sun slowly rises and kisses you awake
Your smile is soft and drowsy as you let it play upon your face
Oh, how I dream I might be like the morning sun to you
I might be like the river wind to you, I might be like the velvet moon to you