

The Very Thought Of You

Diane Schuur

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
'til 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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the longing here for you...
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