

# The Very Thought of You

Elvis Costello

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 year 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 eye in stars above  
It's just the thought of you  
The very thought of you  
My love

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The longing year for you  
You'll never know how slow the moments go  
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