

The Very Thought of You

Frank Sinatra

The very thought of you and I forget to do
The ordinary things that everyone ought to do.
I'm living in a kind of daydream, I'm happy as a king,
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 till I'm near to you.
I see you face in every flower, your eyes in stars above,
It's just the thought of you, the very thought of you, my love.