

## Like A Lover

Jane Monheit

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  
Sighs 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

Oh, 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, you, 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, you, you, you, 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