

Like A Lover

Maureen McGovern

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

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

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

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