

# The Very Thought Of You

Michael Bolton

The very thought of you  
And I forget an' do  
The little ordinary things  
That everyone ought an' do

I'm livin' in a kind of daydream  
I'm happy as a King  
And foolish as 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 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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