

# The Very Thought of You

Michael Bublé

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 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

I see your face in every flower  
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