

The Very Thought Of You

Nancy Wilson

The very thought of you and I forget to do
The little or-di-nar-y things that ev'ryone 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 ev'-ry-thing.

The mere idea of you, the longing here for you;

You'll never know how slow the moments go til I'm near to you.

I see your face in ev'ry flower, your eyes in stars above--

It's just the thought of you,
The very thought of you, my love.
The very thought of you, my love.