

My Cup Runneth Over

Perry Como

Sometimes in the morning, when shadows are deep,
I lie here beside you, just watching you sleep,
And sometimes I whisper, what I'm thinking of,
My cup runneth over with love . . .

Sometimes in the evening, when you do not see,
I study the small things, you do constantly,
I memorize moments, that I'm fondest of,
My cup runneth over with love . . .

In only a moment, we both will be old,
We won't even notice the world turning cold.
And so, in this moment, with sunlight above,
My cup runneth over with love . . .

With love . . .