

My Cup Runneth Over

Ray Conniff

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, with love, with love