

# A Weaver of Dreams / There Will Never Be Another You

Tony Bennett

You're a weaver of dreams  
You and your strange fascination  
You're a weaver of dreams  
You and your come-hither smile

Just to hear you speak  
Can leave me weak as a babe in arms  
Poor little babe in arms  
Helpless before your charms

You're a weaver of dreams  
You and your lips warm and tender  
Just like magic it seems  
Thrilling, enchanting me too

I'm in your spell and there's no cure  
I'm lost for sure  
'Cause there will never ever be another you  
You're a weaver of dreams  
And I'm in love with you.