

Charles Brown, The Very Thought of You

The very thought of you
And I forget to do
Those little ordinary, ordinary things
That everyone ought to do
I'm living in a kind of daydream
I'm happy as a king and strange
As 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
When I'm near so near to you
I see your face in every flower
You eyes in stars above
It's just the thought of you
The very thought of you my love
The very thought of you
And I forget to do
Those little ordinary, ordinary things
That everyone ought to do
I'm living in a kind of daydream
I'm happy as a king and strange
Though it may seem to me
That's everything
The mere idea of you
The longing here for you
Yes, you'll never know
How slow the moments go
Till I'm near to you
I see your face in every flower
You eyes in stars above
It's just the thought of you
The very thought of you my love