

# Rod Stewart, The Very Thought Of You

The very thought of you  
And I forget to do  
The little ordinary things  
That everyone 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 everything

The mere idea of you  
The longing here for you  
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

The mere idea of you  
The longing here for you  
You'll never know  
How slow the moments go  
Till I'm near to you

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