

Albert King, 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 you

I see your face in every flower, your eyes in stars above
It's just the thought of you, the very thought of you, my love

I see your face in every flower, your eyes in stars above
It's just the thought of you, the very thought of you, my love