

# Allan Harris, 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  
Those moments will go  
Till I'm near to 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  
The mere idea of you  
And I forget to do  
The little ordinary things  
That everyone ought to do  
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  
It's just the thought of you  
The very thought of you, my love