

Connie Smith, More To Love Than This

You're home with me one hour of the day you're in my arms one hour of the night
In the morning in the evening one little kiss
Seems to me there ought to be more to love than this
Your coffee cup tells the story much too much
Half a cup left yet it's warmer than your touch
You read the papers wave goodbye throw me a kiss
Seems to me there ought to be more to love than this
Seems to me there ought to be the sound of little feet on the floor
Instead of mine they hardly know where to goin' anymore
If love has meaning then I wonder oh just where it is
Seems to me there ought to be more to love than this