

# Dianne Reeves, Like A Lover

Like a lover the morning sun  
Slowly rises and kisses you awake  
Your smile is soft and drowsy  
As you let it play upon your face  
Oh how I dream I might be like the morning sun to you

How I envy a cup that knows your lips  
Let it be me, my love  
And a table that feels your fingertips  
Let it be me, let me be the one  
Put an end to these lonely days and nights  
Without you

Like a lover the river wind  
Slides and ripples  
Its fingers through your hair  
Upon your cheek it lingers  
Never having known a sweeter place  
Oh how I dream I might be like the river wind to you

Like a lover the velvet moon  
Shares your pillow and watches while you sleep  
Its light arrives on tiptoe  
Gently taking you in its embrace  
Oh how I dream I might be like the velvet moon  
How I dream I might be like the morning sun  
How I dream I might be like the river wind the river wind  
How I dream how I dream I dream  
I might be with you

How I envy a cup that knows your lips  
Or a table that feels your fingertips  
How I dream how I dream how I dream how I dream  
I might be with you