

Elvis Costello, 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 year for you
You'll never know how slow the moments go
Till I'm near to you

I see your face in every flower
Your eye in stars above
It's just the thought of you
The very thought of you
My love

The mere idea of you
The longing year for you
You'll never know how slow the moments go
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