

Moxy Fruvous, If Only You Knew (How Much I Think Of You)

Mike on lead)

The mist on the morning in this strange town,
lifted slowly with the sun,
refracted the rays in a thousand ways,
a new day just begun.

And it crowded against my window (sillpane),
still sweet with the morning dew.

If only you knew,
how much I think of you.

Into the van and down the road,
along the highway fast.
With this band I ride through the countryside,
reality sliding past.

I spy a humble homestead there,
with a garden and a river view.

If only you knew,
how much I think of you.

By a stream of running water,
I heard you laugh.
I closed my eyes for an hour and a half,
and tried to make you appear.
I swear in the beauty of the setting sun,
you were here.

An old troubador on the street last night,
plays for a passing change.
And a fiddle in g plays a melody,
mysterious and strange.
He learned on a green distant mountain top,
a wedding waltz,
so sweet and true.

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