

## Like A Lover

Betty Buckley

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  
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  
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 your love  
Bring an end to the endless days and nights without 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 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 your love  
Bring an end to the endless days and nights without you  
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  
I might be like the river wind to you, I might be like the velvet moon to you