

You're a weaver of dreams

Billy Eckstine

You're a weaver of dreams, you with your strange fascination.
You're a weaver of dreams, thrilling, enchanting me too.
Just to hear you speak can leave me weak as a babe in arms, poor little babe in arms, helpless before your charms.
You're a weaver of dreams, you with your kiss warm and tender.
You're a weaver of dreams, you with your come hither smile.
I'm in your spell and there's no cure I'm lost for sure, for you're a weaver of dreams, and I'm in love with you.