

Wait Till You See Her

Blossom Dearie

Wait till you see him
See how he looks
Wait till you hear him laugh

Painters of paintings
Writers of books
Never could tell the half

Wait till you feel
The warmth of his glance
Pensive and sweet and wise

All of it lovely
All of it thrilling
I'll never be willing to free him

When you see him
You won't believe your eyes

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The warmth of his glance
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