

## My Cup Runneth Over

Perry Como

Sometimes in the morning, when shadows are deep,  
I lie here beside you, just watching you sleep,  
And sometimes I whisper, what I'm thinking of,  
My cup runneth over with love . . .

Sometimes in the evening, when you do not see,  
I study the small things, you do constantly,  
I memorize moments, that I'm fondest of,  
My cup runneth over with love . . .

In only a moment, we both will be old,  
We won't even notice the world turning cold.  
And so, in this moment, with sunlight above,  
My cup runneth over with love . . .

With love . . .