A Weaver of Dreams / There Will Never Be Another You

Tony Bennett

You’re a weaver of dreams
You and your strange fascination
You’re a weaver of dreams
You and your come-hither smile

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 and your lips warm and tender
Just like magic it seems
Thrilling, enchanting me too

I’m in your spell and there’s no cure
I’m lost for sure
`Cause there will never ever be another you
You’re a weaver of dreams
And I’m in love with you.

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