

The Very Thought of You

Tony Bennett

The very thought of you
and I forget to do
those little ordinary things
that everyone ought to do.
I'm living in a kind of daydream,
I'm happy as a king.

And foolish though it may seem, to me that's everything.
The mere idea of you.
The longing here for you.
You'll never know how slow
the moments go
till I'm near to you.

I see your face in every flower.
Your eyes in stars above.
It's just the thought of you,
the very thought of you, my love.

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