

You Do

Vic Damone

Who knows how much I love you?
You do.
No one means more to me than you do,
You take December and smile it into May,
And then December comes back again when you're away;

Who has a charm that very few do?
Who makes life necessary? You do.
And who can take my dreams and make my dreams come true.
Who?
Don't give me three guesses, one will do.

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