

The Very Thought of You

Jon Batiste

The very thought of you
And I forget to do
The little ordinary things That everyone ought to do I'm living in a kind of daydream
But yes I'm happy as a king
And foolish though I may seem
To me she's everything The mere idea of you
The longing here for you
You'll never know
How slow
The moments go
Until I'm near to you
Oh baby
I see your face in every flower
And your eyes in stars above
It's just the very thought of you
My love

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