

The Very Thought of You

[Harry Connick, Jr.](#)

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, 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 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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