

The Nearness of You

Abbey Lincoln & Hank Jones

It's not the pale moon that excites me
That thrills and delights me
Oh no, it's just the nearness of you
It isn't your sweet conversation
That brings this sensation
Oh no, it's just the nearness of you

When you're in my arms
And I feel you so close to me
All my wildest dreams came true
I need no soft lights to enchant me
If you will only grant me the right to hold you ever so tight
And to feel in the night the nearness of you

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