

I Think of You

Perry Como

When I'm alone at night,
And there's no one to comfort me,
I think of you . . .
And suddenly my pillow is your face and your arms.
And when the winter wind comes chasin' after me,
I think of you . . .
And it's as though I crawl beneath the blanket
soft and warm. How did I get from dark to daylight,
Before you happened to pass by?
How did I find my way through life,
Before you brightened up my sky?
Was there a sky at all,
Until you painted it for me?
How did I get on,
'Till you came along? Who knows how many times I pause in every day,
To think of you?
As often as the sun sails out upon the silent sea!
And if you're wonderin' why it is I only think of you,
Well it's because I'd like to be as close to you,
As you've become to me!
I think of you . . .

I think of you . . . Music by Frances Lai and lyrics by Rod McKuen
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Songwriters

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