

More I Cannot Wish You

Paul McCartney

Velvet, I can wish you for the collar of your coat
And fortune smiling all along your way
But more I cannot wish you then to wish you find your love
Your own true love this day.

Mansions, I can wish you, seven footmen all in red
And calling cards upon a silver tray
But more I cannot wish you then to wish you find your love
Your own true love this day.
Standing there, gazing at you

Full of the bloom of youth
Standing there, gazing at you
With the sheepish eye and the look of the truth.
Music, I can wish you, merry music while you're young
And wisdom when your hair has turned to gray
But more I cannot wish you then to wish you find your love
Your own true love this day.
With the sheepish eye and the look of the truth
And the strong arms to carry you away.

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