

I'd Like To Be

Jim Reeves

I'd like to be the picture on your mantel
I'd like to be the window in your door
I'd like to be the feather on your pillow
I'd even like to be the carpet on your floor I'd like to be the star outside your window
That lucky chair that holds you every night
The coffee pot you warm up every morning
I'd even like to be the apple that you bite And if you need someone to talk with
I'd like to be the little voice inside
And if you'll ever have a heartache
I wanna be the tear you hide I'd like to be the record on your phonograph
The melody that haunts you night and day
And when you're old enough to want to marry
I'd like to be the one who steals your heart away

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