

# The Very Thought of You

[Jon Batiste](#)

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  
But yes I'm happy as a king  
And foolish though I may seem  
To me she's everything The mere idea of you  
The longing here for you  
You'll never know  
How slow  
The moments go  
Until I'm near to you  
Oh baby  
I see your face in every flower  
And your eyes in stars above  
It's just the very thought of you  
My love

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