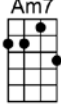
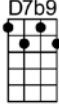

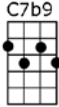
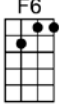
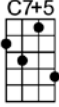
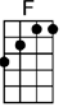
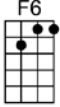
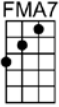
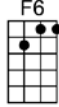
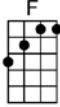
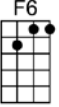
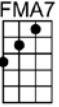
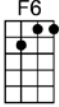


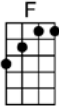
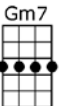

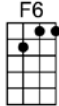
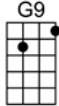
# THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU<sub>(BAR)</sub>

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

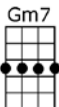
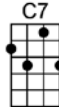
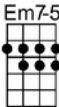

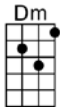
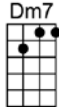

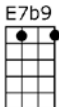
**Intro:** |  |  |  |  |  |  |

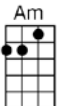
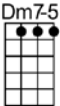
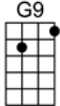
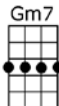
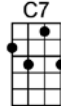

The very thought of you and I for-get to do

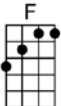
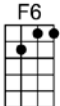
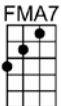
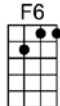
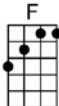
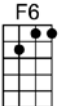
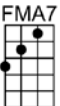
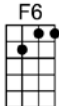
The little ordi -nary things that everyone ought to do.

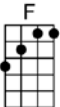
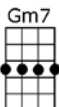
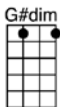
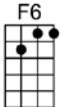
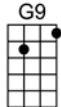
I'm living in a kind of daydream, I'm happy as a king,

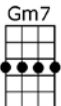
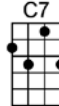
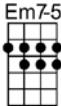
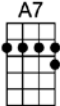
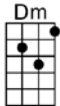
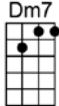

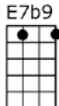
And foolish though it may seem, to me that's every-thing.

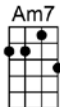
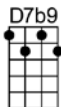
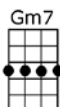
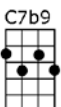
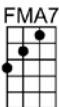
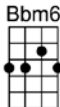
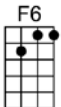
The mere i-idea of you, the longing here for you;

You'll never know how slow the moments go 'til I'm near to you.

I see your face in every flower, your eyes in stars a-bove

It's just the thought of you, the very thought of you, my love.

# THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: | Am7 D7b9 | Gm7 C7b9 | F6 | C7+ |

F F6 FMA7 F6 F F6 FMA7 F6  
The very thought of you and I for-get to do

F Gm7 G#dim F6 G9  
The little ordi-nary things that everyone ought to do.

Gm7 C7 Em7b5 A7 Dm Dm7 Bm7b5 E7b9  
I'm living in a kind of daydream, I'm happy as a king,

Am Dm7-5 G9 Gm7 C7 C7+  
And foolish though it may seem, to me that's every-thing.

F F6 FMA7 F6 F F6 FMA7 F6  
The mere i-dea of you, the longing here for you;

F Gm7 G#dim F6 G9  
You'll never know how slow the moments go 'til I'm near to you.

Gm7 C7 Em7b5 A7 Dm Dm7 Bm7b5 E7b9  
I see your face in every flower, your eyes in stars a-bove

Am7 D7b9 Gm7 C7b9 FMA7 Bbm6 F6  
It's just the thought of you, the very thought of you, my love.