

# The Thought of You

## The Proclaimers

The thought of you  
Precious and clear  
Drives all the rest  
From out of here.  
The thought of you  
Just won't wait.  
It rises up,  
It elevates.

The thought of you  
Heals me again  
Of all the poison  
That lies within.  
The thought of you  
Reaches inside,  
Takes it away,  
Conquers my pride.

Just the thought of you  
And time and space and death  
Just don't exist.  
Just the thought of you  
And I know  
I need nothing more than this.

The thought of you  
Makes me complete.  
Wraps all the bandages  
'Round my feet.  
The thought of you  
Still cracks me up.  
Laughs in my face.  
Fills up my cup.

The thought of you  
Sustains me still  
And evermore,  
Oh, It always will.  
Oh, it always will.