

## **Betty Buckley** **"Like A Lover"**

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Like a lover the morning sun slowly rises and kisses  
you awake  
Your smile is soft and drowsy as you let it play upon  
your face  
Oh, how I dream I might be like the morning sun to you

Like a lover the river wind slides and ripples its fingers  
through your hair  
Upon your cheek it lingers never having known a  
sweeter place  
Oh, how I dream I might be like the river wind to you

How I envy a cup that knows your lips, let it be me, my  
love  
And a table that feels your fingertips, let it be me, let  
me be your love  
Bring an end to the endless days and nights without  
you

Like a lover the velvet moon shares your pillow and  
watches while you sleep  
Its light arrives on tiptoe gently taking you in its  
embrace  
Oh, how I dream I might be like the velvet moon to you

How I envy a cup that knows your lips, let it be me, my  
love  
And a table that feels your fingertips, let it be me, let  
me be your love  
Bring an end to the endless days and nights without  
you

Like a lover the morning sun slowly rises and kisses  
you awake  
Your smile is soft and drowsy as you let it play upon  
your face  
Oh, how I dream I might be like the morning sun to you  
I might be like the river wind to you, I might be like the  
velvet moon to you

