

My Cup Runneth Over

Some-times in the morn-ing when shad-ows are deep,
I lie here be-side you, just watch-ing you sleep.
And some-times I whis-per what I'm think-ing of:
My cup run-neth o-ver with luh uh uh uh uh uv.

Some-times in the ev-'ning when you do not see,
I stud-y the small things you do con-stant-ly.
I mem-or-ize mo-ments that I'm fond-est of:
My cup run-neth o-ver with luh uh uh uh uh uv.

In on-ly a moment, we both will be old;
We won't e-ven no-tice the world turn-ing cold.
And so in this mo-ment with sun-light a-bove:
My cup run-neth o-ver with luh uh uh uv,
with Luh uv,
with Luh uh uv,
with Luh huh uv!