

# (I've Got To) Stop Thinkin' Bout That

Edwin McCain

I remember when the time I met you  
Living with your people down in New Orleans  
Mad at your mama 'cause she wouldn't let you  
Ride in our nasty limousine Down at the levy with the moon up above  
I lost my heart and confessed my love I said, oh Lucy say, God have mercy  
I've got to stop thinkin' 'bout that  
Oh no, no, Lucy said, God have mercy  
I've got to stop thinkin' 'bout you One summer night in a field of wheat  
God's sweet letters hanging in the sky  
Moving light on your tiny feet  
Knew I had to love you till the day that I died We talk about amazing grace  
It meant something when I saw your face I said, oh Lucy said, God have mercy  
I've got to stop thinkin' 'bout you  
Oh no, no, Lucy said, God have mercy  
I've got to stop thinkin' 'bout you I think of all the little things that I never told you  
I think I'll make it to heaven with you someday  
It's in my brain like a man possessed  
I can't do me no work I can't get me no rest Oh, it does me no damn good Don't like to think about the way it  
ended  
Hey, remembering the things that I said  
Dream a dream of love so splendid  
I wake up hard in an empty bed I wonder who'll be lovin' you next  
Some fool who's writin' bad checks I said, oh Lucy say, God have mercy  
I've got to stop thinkin' 'bout that  
Oh no, no, Lucy said, God have mercy  
I've got to stop thinkin' 'bout you Oh no, no, Lucy said, God have mercy  
I've got to stop thinkin' 'bout, got to stop thinkin' 'bout  
Got to stop thinkin' 'bout, got to stop thinkin' 'bout  
Got to stop thinkin' 'bout, yeah  
Oh, it does me no damn good

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