(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 limousineDown at the levy with the moon up above
I lost my heart and confessed my loveI 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 youOne 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 diedWe talk about amazing grace
It meant something when I saw your faceI 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 youI 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 restOh, it does me no damn goodDon'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 bedI wonder who'll be lovin' you next
Some fool who's writin' bad checksI 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 youOh 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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