I Thought About You

Billie Holiday

I took a trip on the train
And I thought about you
I passed a shadowy lane
And I thought about youTwo or three cars parked under the stars
A winding stream
Moon shining down on some little town
And with each beam, same old dreamAt every stop that we made
Oh, I thought about you
But when I pulled down the shade
Then I really got blueI peeked through the crack
And looked at the track
The one going back to you
And what did I do? I thought about you
Thought about you, thought about you

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