

I Thought About You

Frank Sinatra

I took a trip on a train
And I thought about you
I passed a shadowy lane
And I thought about you
Two or three cars parked under the stars
Winding stream
Moon shining down on some little town
And with each beam, the same old dream
And every stop that we made
Oh, I thought about you
And when I pulled down the shade
Then I really felt blue
I peeped through the crack
Looked at the track
Oh I'm going back to you
And what did I do, I thought about you
There were two or three cars parked under the stars
Winding stream
Moon shining down on some little town
And with each beam, the same old dream
And then I peeped through the crack
And I looked at the track
Oh I'm going back to you
And what did I do, I thought about you

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