

# I Thought About You

Dinah Washington

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 looked at the track  
Oh I'm going back to you  
And what did I do? I thought about you