

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

Edwin McCain

I like to think about the time I met you  
Living with your people down in New Orleans  
Mad at your mama cause she'd never let you  
Ride in no nasty limousine  
Later on the levee with the moon up above  
I lost my heart and confessed my love  
Oh Lucy, God have mercy  
I've got to stop thinkin' 'bout that

One summer night in a field of wheat  
God's sweet lanterns hanging in the sky  
Moving light on your tiny feet  
I knew I had to love you till the day I die  
They talk about Amazing Grace  
It meant something when I saw your face  
Oh Lucy, God have mercy  
I've got to stop thinkin' 'bout that

I think of all the little things that I never told you  
I think I may get to hold you someday  
It's my brain just like a man possessed  
I can't do me no work, I can't get me no rest  
I can't understand it baby

Don't like to think about the way it ended  
I hate remembering the things that I said  
I dream a dream of love so splendid  
I wake up hard in an empty bed  
I wonder who'll be loving you next  
Some fool will be writing bad checks  
Oh now Lucy, God have mercy  
I've got to stop thinkin' 'bout you