

Thinking Of You

Lobo

When I got back to Atlanta
A whole lot worse for the wear
I may have lost the world I love
But at least I had been there
Lonesome, hurt and worried
With not a lot to do
Driving down Stone Mountain Road
Trying not to think of you

The southern woods are warm
And still
They lay good on my mind
And surely but so slowly
I'm starting to unwind
Trying not to think of things
That you did or didn't do
Here I am once again
Trying not to think of you

But I all do is think of you
And where you might be now
What's new with you?
Do you still have Boo?
I gotta find a way some how
To stop thinking of you

I wonder who I'll find this time
To turn my head for awhile
Maybe I'll pick a Georgia peach
Or maybe walk a mile
Whichever way it
Don't much make a damn what I do
'Cause either way I'll spend my time
Trying not to think of you