

## Thinking About

Royal Wood

Carving her name in the tree wood  
Like a schoolboy I'd return to where I found her  
Like a sleeping cat in the door way  
I arouse the suspicion of the neighbors  
"What could he be thinking about?"

I'm recalling a girl in a city  
Far away she won my truth over the ocean  
And how these words are to reach her  
Like a kite to pull the strings and then retrieve her  
That is what I'm thinking about

Do do do do...

And if she returns will I tremble?  
Like a fall leaf on a tree left in November  
Please if she does may I join her?  
And we'll make sweet lasting music of the weather  
That is what I'm thinking about  
Yes that is what I'm thinking about

Do do do do  
Do do do do