

(I've Got to) Stop Thinkin' 'Bout That

James Taylor

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 in 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