You Can'T Stop Thinking About Me

Blues Traveler

The kiddie ride just keeps Turning round and round At first never failing to amuse We grow tired and dismount

Houses made of cards leave no debris When burning to the ground But alas people leave slews of residues Too residual to count

And there's no known preparation for this kind of a thing And it don't much matter what kind of game you bring You can take excursions around the world From the mountains to the sea You're coming back to the same dilemma You can't stop thinking about me

When you wake in the morning for a second You'll wonder if I'm there Issue your final warning by noon Reassert that you don't care

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Don't think I don't believe you For I know that feeling all too well But sometimes in our best desires come secrets We may never tell

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