

# I Keep Thinking To Myself

Brook Benton

I keep thinking to myself  
Thinking what will I have left if you don't come home?  
If I thought that it would help  
I would tell you how I felt or try to telephone  
'Cause old winter's coming soon  
It's getting chilly in this room, girl, I miss you  
I miss the warmth you used to give  
And I need that warmth to live, girl, I need you

And I keep thinking what I'll do  
Doing nothing without you, like I've always done  
Since the time I realized you knew about my other lives  
Though it was all in fun  
Now I'd accept you as you are  
For me that's going pretty far against the rule  
That says a wife can never fall, or even feel some things at all  
Well, I've been fooled

And I keep thinking to myself  
We could've had something left if I had only said  
Well girl, I've had my moments too  
And I've been foolish just like you, yes, I've lost my head  
But I gave you no sign at all  
I build me up and let you fall, now you're gone  
We can't back up and start again  
'Cause I'm locked out and you're locked in, and we're both alone...