

I Thought About You

John Pizzarelli

I took a trip on a train
And I thought about you
I passed a shadowy lane
And I thought about you

Two or three cars parked under the stars
Winding stream
Moon shining down on some little town
And with each beam, the same old dream

With every stop that we made
Oh, I thought about you
And when I pulled down the shade
I really felt blue

I peeped through the crack
And looked at the track
The one going back to you
And what did I do? I thought about you

With every stop that we made
Oh, I thought about you
And when I pulled down the shade
I really felt blue

I peeped through the crack
And looked at the track
The one going back to you
And what did I do?
What did I do?
What did I do? I thought about you

I took a trip on a train