

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