

Bobby Darin, Things

Every night
I sit here by my window (window)
staring at the lonely avenue (avenue)
watching lovers holding hands and laughing (laughing)
and thinking bout the things we used to do
(Thinking of things)
like a walk in the park (things)
like a kiss in the dark (things)
like a sailboat ride (yeah yeah)
what about the night we cried
things like a lovers vow
things that we don't do now
thinking bout the things we used to do
Memories are all I have to cling to (cling to)
and heartaches are the friends I'm talking to (talking to)
when I'm not thinking of just how much I loved you
well I'm thinking about the things we used to do
(Thinking of things)
like a walk in the park (things)
like a kiss in the dark (things)
like a sailboat ride (yeah yeah)
what about the night we cried
things like a lovers vow
things that we don't do now
thinking bout the things we used to do
I still can hear the jukebox softly playing (playing)
and the face I see each day belongs to you (belong to you)
though there's not a single sound
and theres nobody else around
well it's just me thinking of the things we used to do
(Thinking of things)
like a walk in the park (things)
like a kiss in the dark (things)
like a sailboat ride (yeah yeah)
what about the night we cried
things like a lovers vow
things that we don't do now
thinking bout the things we used to do
And the heartaches are the friends I'm talking to
you got me thinking bout the things we used to do