

# Dean Martin, Things

Every night I sit here by my window  
starin' at a lonely avenue,  
watching lovers holding hands and laughin',  
thinkin' bout the things they used to do.  
(Thinkin' 'bout things) Like a walk in the park,  
(Things) like a kiss in the dark,  
(Things) like a sailor boat ride,  
what about the night we cried?  
Things like a lovin' wow, Things that we don't do now,  
thinkin' bout the things we used to do.  
Memories are all I have to cling to,  
and heartaches are the frames I'm talking to.  
When I'm not thinking of just how much I loved you,  
I'm thinking 'bout the things we used to do.  
(Thinkin' 'bout things) Like a walk in the park...  
I still can hear the juke-box softly playin',  
and the face I see is there belongs to you.  
No, there's not a single sound,  
and there's nobody else around,  
but I just mean thinkin' 'bout things we used to do.  
(Thinkin' 'bout things) Like a walk in the park...  
And the heartaches are the frames I'm talking to.  
You got me thinkin' 'bout the things we used to do.  
Thinkin' bout...