

Dean Martin, Things

Every night I sit here by my window
starin' at a lonely avenue,
watchin' 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...