

# Frank Sinatra, I Thought About You

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 arked under the stars  
A winding stream  
Moon shining down on some little town  
And with each beam, the same old dream  
And every stop that we made, oh, I thought about you  
When I pulled down the shade then I really felt blue  
I peeked through the crack, looked at the track  
The one going back to you  
And what did I do? I thought about you