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