

John Waite, Thinking About You

Thinking about old times
Thinking about the things we said
All the worthless games and lies
I'm looking at myself
And the mirror's unkind
You're inside my mind
And you're outside my eyes

And I'm looking for something
That's real in my life, something true, yeah!
And I'm looking for something to hold on to
But I guess it won't be you

Thinking about
Thinking about
Thinking about you all the time
You're on my mind
But this song is not for you

Of all the things I could've done
I walked right out the door
Left like a loaded gun
Into the street
And these new days drag on
Through the long afternoon
I'm smashed and Flintstones are on TV

Repeat

Yeah well sometimes I wake up round midnight
With you wreathed around my skull
Like a halo of lies most of the time
And I'm in denial coming down from the ceiling
I was just your stepping stone
You burned out all my feelings

Chorus out