I saw your mother the other day, she said, you are fine now, you’ve gone away

I tried to tell her that I could change I tried to explain why my life is so strange

I’m thinking about you, I’m thinking about you, I’m thinking about you

Did she tell you that I’m still here, skimming stones and drinking warm beer

On every jukebox a street with a view I hear your voice, reflections of you

I’m thinking about you, I’m thinking about you, I’m thinking about you

I’m so tired, tired, tired x3

I’m so tired, so tired, I’m tired

I’m so tired, I’m so tired, so tired, so tired

They said, I need a change of scene, leave the city to my monochrome dream

They’ll never know where is the lure These crumbling streets keep my memories pure

Thinking about you, I’m thinking about you,

I’m thinking about you, thinking about you

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