I saw your mother the other day, she said you’re 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 juke box, a seat 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

I’m so tired, tired, tired

I’m so tired, tired, tired

I’m so tired, so tired, I’m so 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 what 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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