

## Thinkin Bout Her

Fred Eaglesmith

Oh my God  
We sogged in by fog  
Wrote the harbor master in his log  
I left the colts up in the barn  
I didn't set the alarm  
I was thinkin' 'bout her  
I was thinkin' 'bout her  
I was thinkin' 'bout her  
Again  
I was touching her face  
I was touching her hand  
I was holding her close  
I was saying her name  
I was thinkin' 'bout her again

Up in the courthouse you took the stand  
They asked him over and over again  
Why did it let it go on so long  
He said he knew that it was wrong  
He was thinkin' 'bout her  
He was thinkin' 'bout her  
He was thinkin' 'bout her

Again  
And he was touching her face  
He was touching her hand  
He was holding her close  
He was saying her name  
He was thinkin' 'bout her again

Now he's sitting at the edge of the pond  
The reel 'em out just after dawn  
He just stares all day long  
They bring him back in when the sun is gone  
And he was thinkin' 'bout her  
He was thinkin' 'bout her  
He was thinkin' 'bout her  
Again  
And he's touching her face  
He's touching her hand  
He's holding her close  
He's saying her name  
And he's thinkin' 'bout her