

# Thinking Back On All Those Places We've Loved

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I'm just sitting here, strolling through my memory  
I guess you can call it a reverie  
But when I'm thinking back on all of those locations and scenes  
My mind just gets lost in fantasies.

First stop San Antone  
In that tiny booth with no telephone  
Or pulling in at a rest stop near Dodge  
That elevator in NYC  
Joining the club a mile over DC  
My thoughts are in a rut and just won't budge  
Thinking back on all those places we've loved.

I don't know why we both lack the patience  
To wait till we get back to our stomping grounds  
And some of our adventures have been audacious it's true  
And now they're in my head going round and round.

The back seat of the Oldsmobile  
The kitchen table after a meal  
Sprawled out on the deck in the noonday sun  
Over by the pond as the daylight wanes  
Down in the basement with the pipes and drains  
My mind is in a rut and just can't budge  
I'm thinking back on the all those places we've loved.

Beginning with day one, we've been unable to keep  
Our hands off each other for long  
So every now and then, no matter where we are  
If we feel it coming on real strong, we get it on.

In the shallow end of the swimming pool  
Out in the garage with all my tools  
The list is becoming quite the hodge podge.  
In the pantry or the old wood shed  
Once in a while even in our bed  
My mind is in a rut and just can't budge  
Thinking back on all those places we've loved.  
Thinking back on all those places  
And our two happy faces  
I'm thinking back on all those places we've loved.