

## I Find Myself

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I find myself thinking a lot lately  
Or at least looking like I should be  
But usually it ends up that I'm not thinking at all  
Just sitting, sometimes smiling  
And I'd be the first to admit  
It's because of you.

I find myself staring a lot lately  
At just about anytime  
But that doesn't mean that I'm seeing anything  
My mind has drifted, been carried by the tide  
To a place far away, and again  
I'd be the first to admit  
It's because of you.

I found myself wishing that the summer could go on  
For years and years and years  
I feared its shortness  
And as it came to an end  
I cried  
But need I tell you why?

You.