

# Sting, I Can't Stop Thinking About You

... full of snow  
... 25 below  
This cold is cheesy and gross

...  
Dark ... beyond the forest  
We are on the empty streets

...  
Incomplete

Do I heal after through  
fall of snow and ice  
Where could you be  
On such a holy winter night?

I Can't Stop Thinking About You  
I can stop worrying you this way  
I can face with this without you  
That's why I am searching night and day  
This heart is a lonely hunter  
This hands are hold in fists  
I Can't Stop Thinking About You  
I don't care if you exist

Do I heal after ... midnight  
What are you hiding in the ... winter  
For whom the church bell toss  
I know your close, I'm searching for your worm  
...

I Can't Stop Thinking About You  
I can stop worrying you this way  
I can face with this without you  
That's why I am searching night and day  
This heart is a lonely hunter  
This hands are hold in fists  
I Can't Stop Thinking About You  
I don't care if you exist

\*Sorry za dziury i ewentualne pomyłki - spisywałem ze słabej wersji koncertowej