

# Think of You (Duet with Cassadee Pope)

Chris Young

I walk in on Friday nights  
Same old bar, same burned out lights  
Same people and all the same faces  
So why in the hell does it feel like a different place?  
Meet my friends for a girls' night out  
Seems there ain't much to talk about  
Same drinks that we're all raising  
But all of the toasts just don't feel the same  
We used to be the life of the party  
We used to be the ones that they wished they were  
But now it's like they don't know how to act  
Maybe they're like me and they want us back  
It's like there's always an empty space  
Those memories that nobody can erase  
Of how bright we burned  
Well now it hurts, but it's true  
When they think of me, they think of you  
They keep asking how I am  
But they're really asking where you've been  
I can read between all of the lines  
It ain't just us missing all of the times  
We were the life of the party  
We used to be the ones that they wished they were  
But now it's like they don't know how to act  
Maybe they're like me and they want us back  
It's like there's always an empty space  
Those memories that nobody can erase  
Of how bright we burned  
Well now it hurts, but it's true  
When they think of me, they think of you  
Ain't it funny how a flame like that  
Oh whoa, when they think of you  
It can burn when it's in the times  
We used to be the life of the party  
We used to be the ones that they wished they were  
But now it's like they don't know how to act  
Maybe they're like me and they want us back  
It's like there's always an empty space  
Those memories that nobody can erase  
Of how bright we burned  
Well now it hurts, but it's true  
When they think of me, they think of you

Oh, they think of you  
When they think of me  
Baby, baby, oh, oh  
Oh

When they think of me, they think of you

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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