

What You're Thinkin'

© John Hertz, 2005

She was wearing a T-shirt
And on the front it read:
"I know what you're thinkin'"
And I knew that she did

She twisted my connections
I didn't know left from right
She tangled my sensations
I couldn't tell sound from sight

Well I knew it could not last
But she knew it would take time
For me to disentangle
My brain from her mind

Now I know what you're thinkin'
Was she worth the price?
Or had I just been drinkin'?
And was she really all that nice?

Then I remembered Tommy's grandpa
I read it in a book
It said, "That cat ain't dead or alive
Until you take a look."

Now if that don't bother you
You haven't got a brain
But Gene, now he has proved it
And all reason is in vain

Well Uncle Albert, he died thinkin'
More than chance must be at play
But chance, for me, I'm thinkin'
Might be the only way

So I asked her, at random
Was she in love with me
Now I'm payin' back with interest
The cost of being free

Now I know what you're thinkin':
Was it worth the pain?
But you know what I'm thinkin':
I'd do it all again
Yeah, you know what I'm thinkin' ...

Notes:

If you haven't heard the story that goes with this song yet, here it is:

Back in the early 90's, I was visiting a lab, and the lab chief said one morning "We're going to visit the new brain imaging lab; do you want to come along?" This was kind of new stuff then, and I was all taken

with the idea that you could “read minds” this way, so I agreed. There was a pretty girl from the lab coming along, too, and she smiled at me, so I was thinking this could be a pretty good day. Then I noticed that she was wearing a T-shirt which read, on the front, “I know what you’re thinking.” And I realized that mind-reading doesn’t need a multi-million-dollar piece of equipment; most women can read most men’s minds most of the time. So I worked that into the beginning of a song about quantum mechanics.