

Dishwalla

"Counting Blue Cars"

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Must of been mid afternoon
I could tell by how far the child's shadow stretched out
and
He walked with a purpose
In his sneakers, down the street
He had, many questions
Like children often do
He said,
"Tell me all your thoughts on God?"
"Tell me am I very far?"
Must of been late afternoon
On our way the sun broke free of the clouds
We count only blue cars
Skip the cracks, in the street
And ask many questions
Like children often do
We said,
"Tell me all your thoughts on God?"
"'Cause I would really like to meet her.
And ask her why we're who we are.

Tell me all your thoughts on God,
Cause I am on my way to see her.
So tell me am I very far -
Am I very far now?"
It's getting cold picked up the pace
How our shoes make hard noises in this place
Our clothes are stained
We pass many, cross eyed people
And ask many questions
Like children often do
"Tell me all your thoughts on God?"
'Cause I would really like to meet her.
And ask her why we're who we are.
Tell me all your thoughts on God?
'Cause I am on my way to see her.
So tell me am I very far?"
Am I very far now
Am I very far now
Am I very far now

