

Polkadot Cadaver

"30"

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Over my body the shadows played
It wasn't night and it wasn't day
Counting something what have I found
Thirty diamonds in my hand

Thirty miles
The world unfolds
Thirty miles
A pot of gold

I often think of america
I often dream of shooting a gun
Thirty years I'm still a child
Looking for something in a smile

Thirty miles
The world unfolds
Thirty miles
A pot of gold

Listen here in my song
Thirty miles won't be long

Thirty diamonds
Birds of fire
Sparkle like the summer sky
Thirty diamonds
Thirty miles
Looking for something in your smile
I'm looking for something in your smile
I'm looking for something

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