

How many times you say I'm through with this and you mull it over
How many times you say I'm stickin' to this and you pull it over
How many times you say I'm finished with this and it starts all over
How many times you say I'm movin' to this but it won't move over

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How many times you say I've had it today I'm just picking clovers
Who have seen the other side of unused time, the numbest of feeling

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How many times you say I've had it today I'm just picking clovers
Who have seen the other side of unused time, the numbest of feeling
How many times you wait but nothing today and evening is over,
Sun has gone and made a glowing line in your pretty brown eyes

If you fill up your heart, it spills outside
You find everything inside the heart on top of the hive
And you'll fly like a dart, you won't go wide
Even all the impossible places you go in your life

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