

Counting Blue Cars

Dishwalla

Must of been mid afternoon
As 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
And tell me am I very far?"

Must of been late afternoon
As 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
And 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?
Tell me all your thoughts on God."