

# Counting Blue Cars (Tell Me Your Thoughts on God)

## Dishwalla

Must've 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've 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'd really like to meet her  
And ask her why we're who we are  
Tell me all your thoughts on God  
'Cause I'm 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'd really like to meet her  
And ask her why we're who we are  
Tell me all your thoughts on God  
'Cause I'm on my way to see her  
So tell me, am I very far?  
We're not very far now  
We're not very far now  
We're not very far now  
(Tell me all your thoughts on God)

