

# Dishwalla - Counting Blue Cars

**Bm A G**

**D E G**

Must have 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  
And tell me am I very far?"

Must have 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

**[CHORUS] X3**