

Thirty

Peter Mulvey

Thirty Buddha's on a walnut,
Tiny limbs inside the eye,
Tiny mind inside the tiny brain,
To see the overwhelming sky. Thirty birds upon a phone line,
Cherry blossoms on an old, bound Ford,
The hint of Deja vu on every face,
And every crowd I ought to woo. Ashes, ashes,
All fall down,
Hear those moment,
Make their song,
Dry leaves on the ground. Thirty odd years I've been drifting,
Is there somewhere we could meet?
'Cause I'm weak as a kitten,
I'm dirty as a mitten in a winter's street. Thirty days walk from my front door,
If I don't leave now it's thirty-one,
And the old man puts his arms,
Around my shoulders and says,
"Let me tell you, son." Ashes, ashes,
All fall down,
Hear those moments,
Make their song,
They fall like dry leaves,
On the ground. The summer stars, they like to whisper,
We've been hoodwinked all along,
There is not a shred of meaning here but,
Thirty Buddha's on a walnut says you're wrong.
Thirty Buddha's says you're wrong.
I bet you a walnut says you're wrong.

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