

I've been thinking lately bout the people I meet



the carwash on the corner and the hole in the street

the way my ankles hurt with shoes on my feet



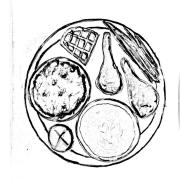
and I'm wonderin' if I'm gonna see tomorrow

again, again, again



and when we get through we'll make a big wish that we never have to do this

eat everything that they put on your dish



fish and whistle whistle and fish

then we'll whistle and go fishing in heaven



we'll forgive each other 'til we both turn blue

you forgive us and we'll forgive you



father forgive us for what we must do