

Over my body the shadows played  
It wasn't night and it wasn't day  
Counting something what have I found  
Thirty diamonds in my hand

Thirty miles  
The world unfolds  
Thirty miles  
A pot of gold

I often think of America  
I often dream of shooting a gun  
Thirty years I'm still a child  
Looking for something in a smile

Thirty miles  
The world unfolds  
Thirty miles  
A pot of gold

Listen here in my song  
Thirty miles won't be long

Thirty diamonds  
Birds of fire  
Sparkle like the summer sky  
Thirty diamonds  
Thirty miles  
Looking for something in your smile  
I'm looking for something in your smile  
I'm looking for something