

# Thirty More Years

Steve Forbert

A little girl is standing at your door on Halloween  
The face of expectation  
And of trust in everything  
A little boy has thrown some heavy stones into a pond  
Dusting off his hands  
He's feeling proud of what he's done

The geocentric days are gone and Earth is still a sphere  
Objects in the mirror may be just as they appear  
We spin around the sun and call each trip we make a year  
Thirty more years of this and, people, I am out of here  
Out of here (here)  
(Here)

The trees turn into buildings  
And the weeks turn into months  
It's one thing or another  
Or it's everything at once  
There's two sides to each story, yes  
And sometimes many more  
And four bananas make a bunch  
And two times ten's a score

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If we weren't in so much trouble  
I would say that things were fine  
And smile as I went walking  
And just wave on down the line  
If there weren't so many problems  
I would say that it's okay  
And smile as I went walking  
And just wave on down the way

Mothers hate war more in general than Joint Chiefs of Staff  
Battleground statistics don't add up in schoolhouse math  
The male of this here species lives for eighty years or so  
Starts to see the mess he's made  
And then it's time to go

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It's often said that life is strange, but, hey, compared to what?  
I asked this question years ago, it's still worth asking, but  
It all seems stranger now, I think, but that could be just me  
And I've no all-time gauge of strange for objectivity

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