

## **Thinking Nothing At All**

In the twilight, in the moonlight  
At the campsite, around the fire.  
Where the sparks fly, exploding sky-high,  
Floating in the night, then wave bye-bye.

And I'm so amazed, I just realized,  
that I'm thinking nothing, at all.  
Not a thing, no.

In the canopy, of the redwood tree,  
I can breathe in deep, a smell divine.  
And I'm happy, doing nothing,  
Satisfied to be, here in time.

And I'm so amazed, I just realized,  
that I'm thinking nothing, at all.  
Not a thing, no.

And the river, that's below me  
Sounds like singing, yeah, then fades away.  
And the darkness feels so inviting.  
Crickets chiming, "come out and play."

And I'm so amazed, I just realized,  
that I'm thinking nothing, at all.  
Not a thing, no. Not a thing.

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