Some of them were stupid and willful, and would not listen to a word we said. Others were more sensitive than I. The Buddha, he came into the world, and I loved her. The Buddha, he came into the world, and I loved her. Of course, no Anderson without this in mind. One father more than another grips me. Out of those bright colors, out of those bright colors, out of those bright colors, out of those bright colors.

The Buddha in the Attic