

Counting

Gallant

We built a glass monastery
Over the fault lines
Traded our lives for a living
In the shade of fallen shrines You wrote your name in the static
Ten thousand gray dots
Couldn't decipher your message
Oh, but I felt the violet noise And the white lies, I'm fading
'Til my mouth dries, I'm praying
I can hold my liquor like the saints do
I'm counting, I'm counting on you
I'm counting on you
I'm counting on you
Hey, I'm counting on, I'm counting on you I lost my pride in the crater, hey
And ancient coal mines
Emulsified in dishonor
I just couldn't keep myself alive In the white lies, I'm fading
'Til my mouth dries, I'm praying
I can hold my liquor like the saints do
I'm counting, I'm counting on you
I'm counting on you
Oh, I'm counting on you
Oh, I'm counting on, I'm counting on you Oh I never, no I never, never thought we'd live in churches
And I never, no I never, no I never meant to see them burn
And I know you didn't, know you didn't, no, you didn't deserve it, hey but
Now I'm, I'm counting, I'm counting on you
Oh no, babe I can hold my liquor like the saints do
Just like they do
I'm counting, I'm counting on you And the white lies, I'm fading
'Til my mouth dries, I'm praying
I can hold my liquor like the saints do
I'm counting, I'm counting on you
I'm counting on you
Oh, I'm counting on you
Hey, I'm counting on, I'm counting on you

Songwriters

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