Counting On

John Mark McMillan

When the night stops pushing up the day
When the mounds drop here on the open plains
When I've lost grace with the lady of the dawn
You're what I'm counting on
You're what I'm counting onWhere the hounds run, trap me in my sleep
When I can't trust the company the keep
When I've pushed past the point of pressing on
You're what I'm counting on
You're what I'm counting onI'm throwing stones up at your window
I'm casting shadows upon your door
I'm throwing stones up at your window
I'm casting shadows upon your doorWhere the bombs break right outside my door
And I can't shake the onset of my wars
When the stakes are raised and we hold the hand we've drawn
You're what I'm counting on

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