

I Start Counting

Dusty Springfield

This year, next year, sometime never
Paper dreams tied up with bits of string
Darkness comes, flowers grow, no one knows
I start counting, I start counting
Sitting by myself in a secret
Chasing thoughts through rainbows in my mind, yeah
Changing time, tomorrow's dream, in between
I start counting, counting, yes I do
Counting, counting, counting, counting, counting
Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve etc.

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