

Why Do I Keep Counting

The Killers

There's a plane, and I am flying
There's a mountain waiting for me
Oh, these years have been so trying I don't know if I can use them
Am I strong enough
To be the one?
Will I live to have some children? Help me get down
I can make it
Help me get down
Help me get down
I can make it
Help me get down If I only knew the answer
I wouldn't be bothering you Father
Help me get down
I can make it
Help me get down
Help me get down
I can make it
Help me get down If I only knew the answer
And if all our days are numbered
Then why do I keep counting? My sugar sweet
Is so attainable
This behavior so unexplainable
The days just slip and slide
Like they always did
The trouble is my head
Won't let me forget I took one last good look around
So many unusual sounds
I gotta get my feet on the ground Help me get down
I can make it Help me get down
I can make it
Help me get down
Help me get down
I can make it
Help me get down If I only knew the answer
I wouldn't be bothering you Father
Help me get down
I can make
Help me get down
Help me get down

I can make it
Help me get down If I only knew the answer
And if all our days are numbered
I wouldn't be bothering you Would you help me get down? If I only knew the answer
If I change my way of living
And if I pave my streets with good times
Will the mountain keep on giving? And if all of our days are numbered
Then why do I keep counting?

Songwriters

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