

# Counting Cars (Black Cab Remix)

## The Devoted Few

distance makes the heart grow weak  
i've stopped listening when you speak  
i can't even hear myself think anymorephone call wakes the drunkard sleep  
it's your voice, we don't agree  
i've been trying to make some sense out of this messcounting cars on collins st  
and we'll set our watches to the beating of the city  
and it's cold so we'll agree  
to run all the way back to your house now you run backwardsmorning bells to wake the dead  
now there's static in my head  
i don't look to see the daggers i know you have in your eyesand after all our time's been spent  
with these ghosts they're all hell bent  
i've been trying to make some sense out of this mess we've madecounting cars on collins st  
and we'll set our watches, we will set our watches to the beating of the city  
and it's cold so we'll agree  
to run all the way back to your house now you run backwardscome follow me, don't look backwards, you will  
find your way home after...

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>