

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 anymore
phone call wakes the drunkard sleep
it's your voice, we don't agree
i've been trying to make some sense out of this mess
counting 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 backwards
morning 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 eyes
and 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 made
counting 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 backwards
come follow me, don't look backwards, you will
find your way home after...

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