

# Standing Eight Count

[Jakob Dylan](#)

In which direction are we going?  
How many runaways are we stowing?  
Over the black sea with your arms around me  
In whose honor have we gone missing? I am too hungry to imagine  
A different ending to this famine  
In the building chaos of calendars and clocks  
I missed a mark somewhere and I got us lost  
It's a standing eight count Out on the darker shore less waters  
Comrade do you think we'll go under?  
On which horizon is my lover waking up?  
You pass this bottle and then I think too much I lean your body up against me  
And make believe that you still want me  
The swell of white caps and a silver streak of light  
Here on the bowline we pay dearly for our size  
It's a standing eight count Lessons will come, wisdom will wait  
Whatever it does, it's too late  
What good are we now?  
Our backs on the ground  
Our faces both bloodied and bowed  
When we oughta know better by now The flat and troubled, shapeless earth  
It stretches further than you've heard  
There's no love like our love  
And none older, none as cursed  
You hurt the ones you love  
And we couldn't do much worse How many fingers am I showing?  
How many tears are you withholding?  
There's beads of sweat pouring in our eyes  
If it were blood, we wouldn't know it  
It's a stand, it's standing eight count

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