

Numbered

Wire

Believing in something
Believing in nothing
Reliving each moment
Or forgetting everything in time Our days may be numbered
Our nights remain slumbered
Our meter is measured
Or regretting everything in time You think I'm a dreamer
I've never really been there
A presence conjured from thin air
You think I'm a number
Still willing to rhumba
To lay it bare as if I care
Some people have questions
Some people have answers
Some people have nothing
They're holding everything in time
The spell may be broken
The demons have woken
The days are still pressing
And regressing everything in time
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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