

Count On Me

Trout Fishing in America

(K. Grimwood/E. Idlet)

Well, you can count on your fingers,
And you can count on your toes,
Count the freckles on your freckledy face,
Or the hairs in Daddy's nose.
But you can count on me, 'cause I'll ways be your friend.
Count on me, I'll say it time and time again.
Yeah, when things get a little weird,
Hey and everything goes crazy,
You know I won't disappear,
'Cause weird doesn't even faze me,
But you can count on me through all these mixed-up days.
Count on me, you know I'm never far away.
There are oysters in the ocean
Making pearls from little grains of sand,
And there's coal beneath the mountain that turns to diamonds.
Well, I can turn your darkest night
Into the brightest day you've ever had.
So count to ten if you're angry, but count on me if you're sad.
Sometimes I act a little spoiled
And sometimes I lose my patience,
Hey, and I can get so worked up and worried
That my good sense escapes me,
But you can count on me,
'cause I can put these things behind me.
Count on me, you'll always know where to find me.
Count on me, 'cause I'll always be your friend.

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