

8000 Days

Molly Nilsson

I remember every single day of my life. So far.
And there are more of them, than there are stars.

Only the ones I can see count.

But suddenly the stars fade and die.

Don't ask me why. It's a blue sky. I guess it's morning and soon there will be day.
I guess it's morning and soon there will be day. Every day is just like the rest.

The worst and the best. As the days pass.

The first to the last. Every day is just like the rest.

The worst and the best. As the days pass.

The first to the last. 8000 days. Different in 8000 ways.

I remember every single day of my life. So far.

And there are more of them, than there are stars.

Only the ones I can see count.

Only the ones I can see count.

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