

# Counting the Days

VHF

Counting the days on the calendar  
Strange how they bleed into each other  
    All that I need is a day with you  
Pencil me in on your Saturday, taking my leave  
    Should I be waylaid, ?Please wait for me?  
On a day with you maybe for now an hour will do  
    Remember my dear this time last year  
The sunsets were late and the days were long  
The nights were filled with song, the nights were filled with song  
    Strolling the street we're strangely complete  
    Let's stay awake till the morning comes  
    Don't need anyone, we don't need anyone  
Wasting my life at the traffic lights, getting nowhere  
    Trapped in the turnstiles and stay within reach  
Of a day with you maybe for now and hour will do

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