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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