

# Abacus

## Feathers

The grass is green and long  
Midnight cars roll past  
I've been chasing your room  
While the summer last So count it on your fingers  
If we got it wrong  
It's because the days have no numbers  
If we leave tonight then we'll leave it all behind Drinking alphabetically  
'Cause the beauty's gone all sore  
Honey dripping pale of skin  
Well, there's bodies underneath the floor So count it on your fingers  
If we got it wrong  
It's cause the days have no numbers  
If we leave tonight then we'll leave it all behind

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