

# Counting Days

## Wild Nothing

On the way towards your descent  
I can count every flower on the hill  
Couldn't draw on your content  
There's nothing left for me to forgive again But it's cold in your bed  
And those flowers have long been dead  
If you wait, you can see  
There's a place where I used to be You want to make me spin  
You want to hold me in  
You want to make me spin  
You want to hold me in Counting days till you come in  
I haven't lost you, I've just misplaced you  
However bright I could not tell  
The window open no explanation You're right  
In the sun  
And the dreaming has come undone  
If you wait  
You can see  
There's no reason to disagree You want to make me spin  
You want to hold me in  
You want to make me spin  
You want to hold me in

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