Counting On Time

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Who gets to heal what's broken? who has the last word spoken?
Everyone knows that the answer of course is time
And if I've disappointed you and you're all disjointed
All I can do is to hope and pray that you'll come around some day

And I'm counting on time I'm counting on time
To heal these wounds to see you through

There was a time when I was always around
Then I was carried along on the sea of dreams I guess
In the pursuit of something better I lost the one thing
That you can never replace and now your face is on my mind

So I'm counting on time I'm counting on time
To heal these wounds to see me through

It seems I'm always working towards it
With nothing to show for it
Nothing but time

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Everyone knows that the answer of course is time sweet time

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