Counting On (Commentary)

John Mark McMillan

When the night stops pushing up the day
When the miles drop me on the open planes
When I've lost grace with the lady of the dawn
You're what I'm counting on
You're what I'm counting onWhere the hounds run
Track me in my sleep
When I can't trust the company I keep
When I've push passed the point of pressing on
You're what I'm counting on
You're what I'm counting onI'm throwing stones
Up at your window
I'm casting shadows
Upon your doorWhere the bombs break
Right outside my door
And I can't shake the onset of my wars
When the stakes are raised
We hold the hand we've drawn
You're what I'm counting on

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