

# 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 on Where 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 on I'm throwing stones  
Up at your window  
I'm casting shadows  
Upon your door Where 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

Songwriters

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