

Counting Days

Midway Still

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 againBut 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 beYou want to make me spin
You want to hold me in
You want to make me spin
You want to hold me inCounting 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 explanationYou're right
In the sun
And the dreaming has come undone
If you wait
You can see
There's no reason to disagreeYou 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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