

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 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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