Abacus

Tarbaby

The grass is green and long
Midnight cars roll past
I've been chasing your room
While the summer lastSo count it on your fingers
If we got it wrong
It's because the days have no numbers
If we leave tonight then we'll leave it all behindDrinking alphabetically
'Cause the beauty's gone all sore
Honey dripping pale of skin
Well, there's bodies underneath the floorSo count it on your fingers
If we got it wrong
It's cause the days have no numbers
If we leave tonight then we'll leave it all behind

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