Counters

The Young Knives

We're not numbers, we're not numbers anymore
we're the counters, we're not numbers anymore
We're not numbers, we're not numbers anymore
we're the counters, we're the counters

It seems that all the milk's gone sour
and I can't believe my eyes
I dreamt you put me out of my misery
could you be kind

the sweat has dried into my shirt
and i try to bite my tongue
I know you think that I am joking around
you've got that wrong

sitting in the front seat
turning on the motor
sucking on the half pipe
keep it turning over

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turning on the motor
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We're not numbers, we're not numbers anymore
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It seems that everything's gone wrong
since you entered my life
for me to stay here would be a bright idea
and that's not so nice

sitting in the front seat
turning on the motor

sucking on the half pipe
keep it turning over
keep it turning over
keep it turning over
keep it turning over
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Lyrics submitted by Julia.

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