

# Counting The Days

## Bic Runga

Counting the days on the calendar  
Strange how they bleed into each other  
All that I need  
Is a day with you Pencil me in on your Saturday  
Taking my leave  
Should I be waylaid please wait for me  
On a day with you Maybe for now an hour will do  
Remember my dear this time last year  
The sunsets were late and the days were long  
And the nights were filled with song The nights were filled with song  
Strolling the street we're strangely complete  
Let's stay awake till the morning comes We don't need anyone  
We don't need anyone  
Wasting my life at the traffic lights  
Getting nowhere Trapped in the turnstiles  
Stay within reach  
Of a day with you  
Maybe for now and hour will do

Songwriters

RUNGA, BIC (BRIOLETTE KAH) Published by

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