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 youPencil me in on your Saturday
Taking my leave
Should I be waylaid please wait for me
On a day with youMaybe 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 songThe nights were filled with song
Strolling the street we're strangely complete
Let's stay awake till the morning comesWe don't need anyone
We don't need anyone
Wasting my life at the traffic lights
Getting nowhereTrapped in the turnstiles
Stay within reach
Of a day with you
Maybe for now and hour will do

Songwriters
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