

Counting Down the Hours

Mark Wilkinson

Spent last night on my back,
Counting down the hours till I lose control,
Counting down the hours till I will explode,
Counting down the hours,
Waiting for the crack that wakes my soul,

Spent last night holding back,
Thinking of the words that stick like a stone,
Thinking of the words I swallow and grow,
Counting down the hours,
Waiting for the crack that shakes me,
Hours losing control,

It's not right to be here in this open hole,
As I feel myself bracing to take this fall,
And I know I've been watching my life roll passed as I'm losing my control,

My control, my control...

Spent last night holding back,
Holding back a calculated assault,
Holding back an operatic revolt,
Counting down the hours,
Waiting for the crack that breaks me,
Hours losing control,

It's not right to be here in this open hole,
As I feel myself bracing to take this fall,
And I know I've been watching my life roll passed as I'm losing my control,

My control, my control...

Yeah, it's not right to be here in this open hole,
As I feel myself bracing to take this fall,
And I know I've been watching my life roll passed as I'm losing,

Losing,
I'm losing,
I'm losing,
Losing my control,

My control,

My control

Lyrics submitted by Tim.

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