

A Thousand Hours

Alex Day

If I counted up the hours I spent on the phone to you
Or waiting at train stations to meet you
I'd give myself maybe a thousand hours estimate
And that still wouldn't make up for the sleep you made me lose
If someone told me I could have it all back
No more writing or reflecting or thinking on what could be
I'd tell that person they don't know me at all
Cos you made me who I am and they don't get how much you mean to me

This may come as a surprise
But I don't care if we fight
Cos I'd rather that you lie
Than you not be there at all
So I'll sing you some clichés
As I count down day by day
Till I board another train

So I'll spend another night writing about you all I can
And revel in our shared sense of nostalgia
Memories made from Waterloo to Hyde Park,
Covent Garden, Camden Market, Squares of Leicester and Trafalgar
If someone told me I could give it all back
No more hostels or those long goodbyes where no-one wants to go
I'd talk about the time we sung in the rain
Skipping buses cos you didn't want to leave me to go home

This may come as a surprise,
But I love the sleepless nights
Though I tend to speak my mind
I go overboard, I know
So I'll sing you some clichés
As I count down day by day
Till I board another train

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But I don't care if we fight
Cos I'd rather that you lie
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