

Count To 10

Arno Carstens

She said I'll give you Indian feathers
For your honesty
And even if you've lied
It doesn't matter anymore
Promise me you'll walk the streets
of gold I'll bestow upon you
And if you fail you count to ten and try again

Oh each night sleep on clouds
Oh leave your world of doubts
You can't wait for tomorrow
There is magic every day
You count to ten and try again
10, 10 out of 10

For above and down below
A horn is broken but the wing has grown
I feel the flesh but the spirit's dead
I feel the spirit but the flesh upset

I count to ten and try again
Wings of prayer let the people stare
I blow a kiss to a guiding cloud
And let the stars, the stars hang out

What you're waiting for, what you're waiting for?