

# All My Failures

## Counting Crows

Addressing a prayer into the air  
In the shadows of satellites  
So nobody hurt loves not for words  
In a world at the end of its night

Oh everyone that left me  
They're so easy to forget  
Cause I haven't let my failures hit me yet.

Your voice on the phone the blood from a stone  
These tears that I can't understand  
If I could heal would give I don't feel  
Or by silently giving my hand

Well I'm sure I never loved you  
That would be too fierce and too correct  
But I haven't let my failures hit me yet

It made my demon reveal its hour of living  
And may he not leave me broken  
May he leave me broken

So where ever I'm bound my ear to the ground  
And my thoughts on there way back to you  
As eternities slave, well you can write that on my grave  
When I'm finished resisting its truth

While I'm shaking hands with darkness  
Its where the warm wind that I admit  
That I haven't let my failures hit me yet

Yet while I'm shaking hands with darkness  
It is where the warm wind that I admit  
That I haven't let my failures hit me yet