

I Start Counting

Dusty Springfield

This year, next year
Sometime never
Paper dreams tied up
With bits of string
Darkness comes
Flowers grow
No-one knows
I start counting
I start counting

Sitting by myself in a secret
Chasing thoughts through rainbows in my mind, yeah
Changing time
Tomorrow's dream
In between
I start counting
Counting, yes I do
Counting, counting, counting, counting, counting
Ooh-hoo-
oo, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve...