

Count Me Out

Fiddler's Green

You want me to stay but Im far away
Our time is gone
You say Im the one whos changing all the time

And I guess you are right
You say Im not the guy I used to be
It makes me proud
Cause youre a prisoner of your own yesterday
Im far away

Take a good look around this is my home town
I dont live here no more
The same old streets and stupid faces - nothing changes
Its a Sunday morning
Theyre washing their cars
Nobodys home
Yesterday is just like tomorrow
Same old sorrow

You better Count me out

Maybe Im wrong, just another wayward son
As long as I run
I dont know but feel Im on my way
Making my day
On my own

When you think Im the one to play it cool
When you think Im the fool you better count me out
You better think twice and treat me nice
Cause otherwise you better count me out