

Whoever said that love is easy, must has never been in love;
Sometimes its a land mine, one wrong step and it blows up;
A word, a look, lights a hidden fuse.

It's hard to see just what you have, when you're seeing red;
And it's easy to do something that you know you both will regret;
Better stop, think, count to ten before I leave.

One, I still wanna hate you;
Two, three, I still wanna leave;
Four, searching for that door;
Five, then I look into your eyes;
Six, take a deep breathe;
Seven, take a step back;
Eight, nine, I don't know why, we even started this fight;
By the time I get to ten, I'm right back in your arms again.

Words thrown so carelessly like weapons when we fight;
But when they cut too deep, I wanna leave it all behind;
That I've to count to ten, before I cross that line.

One, I still wanna hate you;
Two, three, I still wanna leave;
Four, searching for that door;
Five, then I look into your eyes;
Six, take a deep breathe;
Seven, take a step back;
Eight, nine, I don't know why, we even started this fight;
By the time I get to ten, I'm right back in your arms again.

You can lose what you're not thankful for,
I don't want that to happen to you and me,
Better count my blessing.

One, you still move me;
Two, three, you send chills right through me;
Four, you keep me wanted more;
Five, when I look into your eye;
Six, you're my best friend;
Seven, that will never end;
Eight, nine, I don't know why, but thank God it happens every-time;
By the time I get to ten,
By the time I get to ten,
I can see how bless I've been.

I'll chose you all over again...