

## Counting On

John Mark McMillan

When the night stops pushing up the day  
When the mounds drop here on the open plains  
When I've lost grace with the lady of the dawn  
You're what I'm counting on  
You're what I'm counting on

Where the hounds run, trap me in my sleep  
When I can't trust the company the keep  
When I've pushed past the point of pressing on  
You're what I'm counting on  
You're what I'm counting on

I'm throwing stones up at your window  
I'm casting shadows upon your door  
I'm throwing stones up at your window  
I'm casting shadows upon your door

Where the bombs break right outside my door  
And I can't shake the onset of my wars  
When the stakes are raised and we hold the hand we've drawn  
You're what I'm counting on

I'm throwing stones up at your window  
I'm casting shadows upon your door  
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