

Counting Horses

Masters of Reality

If you've found your way o.k.
There is one thing left to say
I would love to hear your pretty voice just singing choruses
Time has done all it can do tearing parts of me and you
I would love to see you sitting smiling pacifying
Crying just passing the time
You're losing the reason that you need to be alive
Never mind that sound again when it comes around again
Will you run for cover cash it in or think it over?
Nothing could give you the slip oceans drinking from your lips
Eyes as tall as mountains never sleeping
Crying just passing the time
You're losing the reason that you need to be alive