

## The Counter

Psapp

Siphon off top layers  
Leave an etching in the dirt  
Tracing passed the history  
To date back to the hurt

Fingers leave a trail on me  
A map of what I've done  
Each hair that grows precisely  
Shows a time line, and my sum

And you don't know the weight  
The clicking of the counter  
I won't show you the weight  
And its worth

Walk into a new room  
And your static lingers still  
Trace of grease from un-socked feet  
Is mine to smudge at will

Fingers leave a trail on me  
A map of what I've done  
Each hair that grows precisely  
Shows a time line, and my sum

And you don't know the weight  
The clicking of the counter  
I won't show you the weight  
And its worth