

# Who's Counting

Ronnie Milsap

I guess you wonder what's become of me?  
Well, I'm doing fine  
I've just got so much to do I lose track of time  
I come home and go to sleep  
I get up and go to work  
And before I know it I've marked  
Another day off my calendar.

It's been one year, two months  
Three weeks and four days without you  
Four hundred fifty long nights of thinking about you  
The lonely hours and minutes keep mounting  
But who's counting?

I go out to see a show when I can squeeze one in  
But sometimes a game of solitaire takes all weekend  
I listen to the radio or watch TV till it goes off  
The rest of the time I just sit around staring at the clock.

It's been one year, two months  
Three weeks and four days without you  
Four hundred fifty long nights of thinking about you  
The lonely hours and minutes keep mounting  
But who's counting?

Who counts the nights of a walking the floor  
And who keeps track of tears anymore  
I for one don't have time to waste  
It doesn't matter to me that tomorrow makes, tomorrow makes.

One year, two months  
Three weeks and four days without you  
Four hundred fifty long nights of thinking about you  
The lonely hours and minutes keep mounting  
But who's counting?...