

Counting Days

Wild Nothing

On the way towards your descent
I could count every flower on the hill
I couldn't drown on your consent
There's nothing left for me to forgive again
And it's cold in your bed
And those flowers have long been dead
If you wait you can see
There's a place where I used to be

You want to make me spin
You want to hold me in
You want to make me spin
You want to hold me in

Counting days 'till you come in
I haven't lost you
I've just misplaced you
However breath I could not tell
The window opened no explanation
You're right in the sun
And the dreaming has come undone
If you wait you can see
There's no reason to disagree

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