

## 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

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