

## Counters

### Young Knives

We're not numbers  
We're not numbers anymore  
We're the counters  
We're not numbers anymore

We're not numbers  
We're not numbers anymore  
We're the counters  
We're the counters

It seems that all the milk's gone sour  
And I can't believe my eyes  
I drank to put me out of my misery  
cruel to be kind  
The sweat has dried into my shirt  
and I tried to bite my tongue  
I know you think that I am joking around  
you've got that wrong, wrong, wrong

Sitting in the front seat  
Turning on the motor  
Sucking on the hose pipe  
Keep it turning over

It seems that everything's gone wrong  
Since you entered my life  
For me to stay here would be a bad idea  
And thats not so nice, nice, nice

Sitting in the front seat  
Turning on the motor  
Sucking on the hose pipe  
Keep it turning over  
Keep it turning over