

## Counting The Days

Bic Runga

Counting the days on the calendar  
Strange how they bleed into each other  
All that I need  
Is a day with you  
Pencil me in on your Saturday  
Taking my leave  
Should I be waylaid please wait for me

On a day with you  
Maybe for now an hour will do  
Remember my dear this time last year  
The sunsets were late and the days were long  
And the nights were filled with song  
The nights were filled with song

Strolling the street we're strangely complete  
Let's stay awake till the morning comes  
We don't need anyone  
We don't need anyone

Wasting my life at the traffic lights  
Getting nowhere  
Trapped in the turnstiles  
Stay within reach  
Of a day with you  
Maybe for now and hour will do