

I Count the Times

Brett Anderson

Let the game begin
I think I know where you've been
Wrapped in aching eye

'Cause that gray flashed in your eyes
When you tremble like a rose
Still dressed in summer clothes, still suffering

This pattern is in your eyes
The flowers faint when you're near
You don't understand me
I don't pretend to be that clear
Till I tremble like the rose
How do I follow where you go, still suffering?

I count the times
I've read the signs
I follow you
Ten steps behind
I dropped the line
I count the times
You burnt me

I count the times
I made some plans
I used to think of someone's hands
I dropped the line
I count the times
You burnt me

Do I tremble like the rose?
How do I follow where you go, still suffering?
I'm the finger of someone's hands
I can't count the times you came to nothing

I count the times
I've read the signs
I follow you
Ten steps behind
I draw the line
I count the times
You burnt me

And all the words I never said
And all the things I never did
I draw the line
I count the times
You burnt me
You burnt me