

Counting

Cults

Every night I sit home alone
Sittin' by my radio
I'm just hopin' that something good will come on
But it never does
Hours away back in the street
Sally's out with some man she's met
She is just hopin' that somethin' good will come along
But it never does

I'm still hopin'
That someone could tell me
I sit here prayin' that somebody knows
I keep on wishin' that some could tell me
Exactly what I'm gonna do

So late at night
I make up games
I try to make the silence play
What harm could it do
Sometimes I try and call you
I seen 'em come I seen 'em go
Some are faster now some not so
You know Sally she ain't a bit of fun anymore

I'm still hopin'
Hopin' someone could tell me
I sit here prayin' that somebody knows
I keep on wishin' that someone could tell me
Exactly what I'm going though

So every night I'm home alone
Just sittin' by my radio
Just hopin' that somethin' good will come along
But it never does

I'm still hopin' that someone could tell me
I sit here prayin' that somebody knows
I keep on wishin' that someone could tell me
Exactly what I'm doin' here