

# 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