

Count to Ten

Dala

On a bus and staring out, and all these people move without
A clue
I have the time to wonder if, it matters much and all of this
Is beautiful
We bring up children hoping they, will grow up to do good some
day
Like us
But what's the point why should they try? We're all the same we
laugh and cry

And when it reaches for our door,
the rich will lie cold like the poor,
Each moment spent for good or not,
And all the lovely things we've got,
The sweetest child, the world's worst jerk,
The pointless jobs and heart-filled work,
And all awards and talents lost,
we all are blank and so the cost of life is...

(one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine...ten)

I wonder how the ones survive, believe in only what's alive
Why wait?
I hope my joy will help me when, I close my eyes and count to t
en..
I'm gone.

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Each moment spent for good or not,
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The pointless jobs and heart-filled work,
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S...

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