

## Count Me Out

Fiddler's Green

You want me to stay but Im far away  
Our time is gone  
You say Im the one whos changing all the time

And I guess you are right  
You say Im not the guy I used to be  
It makes me proud  
Cause youre a prisoner of your own yesterday  
Im far away

Take a good look around this is my home town  
I dont live here no more  
The same old streets and stupid faces - nothing changes  
Its a Sunday morning  
Theyre washing their cars  
Nobodys home  
Yesterday is just like tomorrow  
Same old sorrow

You better Count me out

Maybe Im wrong, just another wayward son  
As long as I run  
I dont know but feel Im on my way  
Making my day  
On my own

When you think Im the one to play it cool  
When you think Im the fool you better count me out  
You better think twice and treat me nice  
Cause otherwise you better count me out