

## Counting

No-Man

you swallowed your pride,  
moved back to the town you knew -  
the place where you'd hide,  
when it all seemed too much for you.

when you're up,  
you long to see real faces. (counting)  
when you're down,  
you wish the world would run aground. (counting)

closing the door,  
you pull down the dusty blinds.  
rubbing your eyes,  
you find ways to kill the time.

it's seven-o'clock, then it's quarter to eight,  
you'd get out of the house,  
but you've left it too late again.

when you're up,  
you want to hear real voices. (counting)  
when you're down,  
you wish the world would make no sound. (counting)

when you're up,  
you try to find real love again. (counting)  
when you're down,  
you wish the world could not be found. (counting)