

Counting Down the Days

Sara Haze

Excuse me, your killing me
With your heartbreak and wild signs
Your out there working, for something to open my eyes
Holding your hand up to the light only blocks it away, hey

I'm counting, down the days
Love seems strange to me,
To me

Once I've folded, joking with the ups and downs
Hocus pocus
No where to be found
Holding your hand up to the light only blocks it away, hey
Coughing excuses, the smoke and the mirrors

I'm counting, down the days
Love seems strange to me,
To me

Coughing excuses, the smoke and the mirrors

I'm counting, down the days
Love seems strange to me,
To me

I'm counting, down the days
Love seems strange, to me,
To me