

Head Count

The Copyrights

look up, the cloudless sky is falling
and you can't tell
wise up, leave while the leaving's good
it served you well
I know it's all too much to bear

line up, single file in a line that stretches
all through town
I know I'm in denial but if we sing loud then
we still make sound

sized up, taken for what it's worth
and that's not much
sing loud till hearts and heads are empty
our only crutch
I know it's all too much to bear

how many of us are there?