

## Ten

### The Greeting Committee

I'm with a boy in a hotel bed  
I play with his hair. He sleeps in my lap  
We trade stories of heartbreak bits  
We say we're too in love for sex

I'm losing you and it's freeing  
I'll leave myself for this feeling  
I'll count to ten. You won't see me  
I'll count to ten

I'm with a boy in his arms again  
I thought of you and then I didn't  
This one's for me and I mean it  
That boy is a mirror for believing

I'm losing you and it's freeing  
I'll leave myself for this feeling  
I'll count to ten. You won't see me  
I'll count to ten

It's kind of nice to feel alright again  
It's kind of nice to feel alright again  
It's kind of nice I feel alright