

Counting

Tilt

Johnny is counting his fingers again
He told me death was his only friend
He's so meticulous yes he will send you
Clear out of your head
Johnny he lives in a tiny room
Stacked to the rafters with doom and gloom
Digging through piles of papers and things
Looking for something obsessing his brain

And no one can catch him he's on a run
The next one could kill him, He's having fun
And no one can catch him he's on a run

Johnny he's talking in tongues again
Scratching his red irritated skin
So irreversibly around the bend he's clear out of his
head
Johnny he lives in a tiny room
Stacked to the rafters with doom and gloom
digging through piles of papers and things
Looking for something obsessing his brain

Now he sees a face no one else can see in the grain of an
oaken door
And it's speaking to him woodenly and it shakes him to
the very core
Out the door up the hill and down the primrose path
Furies nipping at his heels in the wake of his aftermath