

# James Reyne, Counting On Me

One could go to jail  
For taking drugs all night  
I do believe the sea - bird's flown  
Two is in the ground  
Boy he turned off that light  
When everything was so home - grown  
Three was such a terrier a tearaway  
As bloody blue as she can get  
Four would sing so easy  
With his cowboy sway  
Dan Hicks could just walk on the set

Bridge ~  
I never said I was faultless  
But I refuse to take the blame  
You know one thing's doubtless  
We were all friends by name  
Free spirits all turn out the same

Chorus ~  
The living and the dead  
The traffic in your bed  
Count it all out  
What do you see  
The money that you owe  
The love you didn't show  
Somewhere tonight  
They're counting on me

Five he tore the town up  
With a trick and a gun  
He rolled the car on Fisherman's Bend  
I always bore the mantle  
Of the fortunate one  
A story that will never end  
A story that will never end

Bridge

The living and the dead  
The traffic in your bed  
Count it all out  
What do you see  
The money that you owe  
The love you didn't show  
Somewhere tonight  
Somewhere  
They're counting on me

Bridge

The living and the dead  
The traffic in your bed  
Count it all out now  
What do you see  
The money that you owe  
The love you didn't show  
Somewhere tonight  
Somewhere tonight  
They're counting on me