

Ron Sexsmith, Counting On Time

Who gets to heal what's broken?
Who has the last word spoken?
Everyone knows
That the answer of course is time
And if I've disappointed you
And you're all disjointed
All I can do
Is to hope and pray
That you'll come around someday
And I'm counting on time
I'm counting on time
To heal these wounds
To see you through...
There was a time
When I was always around
Then I was carried along
On the sea of dreams I guess
In the pursuit of something better
I lost the one thing
That you can never replace
And now your face
Is on my mind
So I'm counting on time
I'm counting on time
To heal these wounds
To see me through
Oh it seems
I'm always working towards it
With nothing to show for it
Nothing but time
Who gets to heal what's broken?
Who has the last word spoken
Everyone knows
That the answer of course is time
Oh sweet time