

Bic Runga, Counting The Days

Counting the days on the calendar
Strange how they bleed into each other
All that I need
Is a day with you
Pencil me in on your Saturday
Taking my leave
Should I be waylaid please wait for me

On a day with you
Maybe for now an hour will do
Remember my dear this time last year
The sunsets were late and the days were long
And the nights were filled with song
The nights were filled with song

Strolling the street we're strangely complete
Let's stay awake till the morning comes
We don't need anyone
We don't need anyone

Wasting my life at the traffic lights
Getting nowhere
Trapped in the turnstiles
Stay within reach
Of a day with you
Maybe for now and hour will do