

England Dan And John Ford Coley, Falling Stars

Seems like this train's moving oh so slow
Or maybe I'm just in a hurry
For hours I've sat in this chair alone
My eyes like the weather are blurry
And I thought all the way about the things we had done
I hope I can help you remember
That night after night when the sun had gone
We sat on the beaches, counting the falling stars, stars
Counting the falling stars

The rain and the cold must be hard for you
There's nothing here I would have traded
And all of these things we were going through
Would now all be gone if you'd waited
So most often I think about the times in the past
I hope I can help you remember
That night after night when the sun had gone
We sat on the beaches, counting the falling stars, stars
Counting the falling stars
Falling stars
Counting the falling stars