

## Devoted Few "Counting Cars"

Visit "[Counting Cars](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

distance makes the heart grow weak  
i've stopped listening when you speak  
i can't even hear myself think anymore

phone call wakes the drunkard sleep  
it's your voice, we don't agree  
i've been trying to make some sense out of this mess

counting cars on collins st  
and we'll set our watches to the beating of the city  
and it's cold so we'll agree  
to run all the way back to your house now you run  
backwards

morning bells to wake the dead  
now there's static in my head  
i don't look to see the daggers i know you have in your  
eyes

and after all our time's been spent  
with these ghosts they're all hell bent  
i've been trying to make some sense out of this mess  
we've made

counting cars on collins st  
and we'll set our watches, we will set our watches to the  
beating of the city  
and it's cold so we'll agree  
to run all the way back to your house now you run  
backwards

come follow me, don't look backwards, you will find  
your way home after

Visit [Devoted Few](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.