

The Devoted Few "Counting Cars"

Visit "[Counting Cars](#)" on 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 [The Devoted Few](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.