

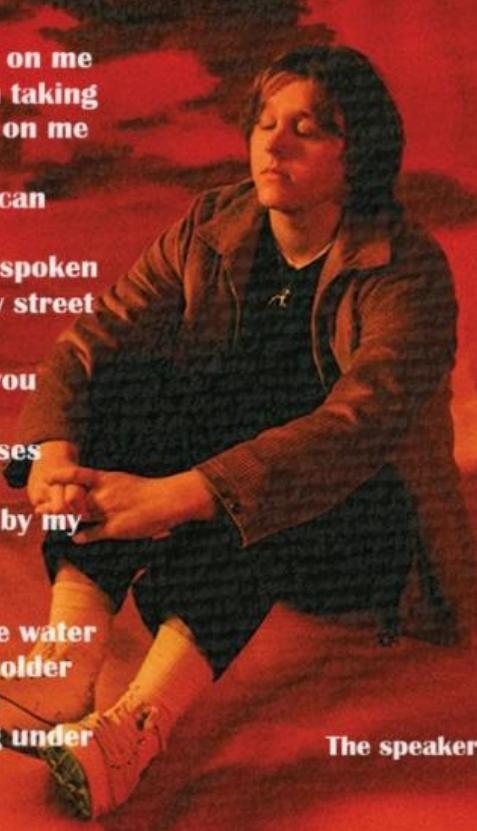
Counting days, counting days

Since my love up and \_\_\_\_\_ lost on me  
And every \_\_\_\_\_ that I've been taking  
\_\_\_\_\_ you left feels like a waste on me  
I've been \_\_\_\_\_ on to hope  
That you'll \_\_\_\_\_ when you can  
find some peace  
'Cause every \_\_\_\_\_ that I've heard spoken  
Since you \_\_\_\_\_ feels like a hollow street

I've been told, I've been told to get you

But I hope I never \_\_\_\_\_ the bruises  
that you left behind  
Oh my lord, oh my lord, I need you by my  
side

There must be \_\_\_\_\_ in the water  
'Cause every day, it's \_\_\_\_\_ colder  
And if only I could \_\_\_\_\_ you  
You'd keep my \_\_\_\_\_ from going under



By the brighter side

Well, there must be something in  
the tide

Maybe I, maybe I'm just being blinded

Of what we had because it's  
over

The speaker hopes they never forget  
the pain their love caused.

The speaker doesn't feel like holding  
their love would help them stay afloat.

The speaker feels like he's nothing to their loved one.