

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.

 **LIVEWORKSHEETS**