

Who's Counting

Ronnie Milsap

I guess you wonder what's become of me?
Well, I'm doing fine
I've just got so much to do I lose track of time
I come home and go to sleep
I get up and go to work
And before I know it I've marked
Another day off my calendar.

It's been one year, two months
Three weeks and four days without you
Four hundred fifty long nights of thinking about you
The lonely hours and minutes keep mounting
But who's counting?

I go out to see a show when I can squeeze one in
But sometimes a game of solitaire takes all weekend
I listen to the radio or watch TV till it goes off
The rest of the time I just sit around staring at the clock.

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Four hundred fifty long nights of thinking about you
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But who's counting?

Who counts the nights of a walking the floor
And who keeps track of tears anymore
I for one don't have time to waste
It doesn't matter to me that tomorrow makes, tomorrow makes.

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Three weeks and four days without you
Four hundred fifty long nights of thinking about you
The lonely hours and minutes keep mounting
But who's counting?...