

# Acroma, Wash Away (Some Desert Night)

Thirty-two years never learned a thing  
Spent too much time on cold dark streets  
Selling her body her soul for the almighty dollar  
If there's a god somewhere watching me she says,  
&quot;Damn him for making me weak; but strong enough  
at the same time to live so long in hell&quot;

She can wash away the dirt and stains  
Tastes of the impure  
Wash away the dirt and stains  
And wind up on the floor  
She can sell her body sell her soul  
Forget what it's all for  
And pretend that she don't care when they call her  
A dirty whore

Twenty-six years and I'm still here  
Collecting baggage scars and fear  
Selling my body my soul for the almighty dollar  
Sometimes I think that I just might  
Tumbleweed some desert night  
Leave this all behind and start a life  
That's not a lie

And wash away the dirt and stains  
The taste of the impure  
Wash away the dirt and stains  
And find a place to grow again  
Or walk away, just walk away  
And start a life that's more  
And go where I don't feel like another  
Dirty whore

Sometimes at night it feels like I could walk away  
Leave it all behind and start a life that's not a lie  
Sometimes I think that we could all just walk away  
Leave it all behind leave it all behind

Going to leave some desert night going to start a brand new day  
Going to leave some desert night going to start a brand new day  
Going to wash it away going to wash it away