

Ash, What Deaner Was Talking About

Your washings out
It's hanging out
And all I have is nothing
Nothing to do
Nothing to say
I think I must be dreaming

[Chorus:]
The sun comes out
And I'm all washed out
Is this what Deaner was talking about?
And I don't think I will ever return again my friend

If I was king
And wore a ring
I'd never hurt my people
I'd stay alert
And dress to kill
I might even slip you something

[Chorus (x2)]
I don't think I will ever return again my friend [x2]