

Del Amitri, Wash Her Away

Eyes like a slash across her face
Lips I'd kill a man to taste
Whatever this stuff is, I'm buying
Whatever it does, I'll do it 'til I'm dying
I can't wash her away
It's getting under my skin
I can't wash her away
I can feel her closing in
Hands like a carnival of queens
Hair like a heart attack of dreams
A voice so soft you could cut it with a kiss
Screams so small you could hold them in your fist
Little white fingertips running up your back
Little needling scores where her nails leave a track
I can't wash her away
She's living in my skin
I can't seem to wash her away
I can feel her closing in
Eyes like a slash across her face
Lips so damn sweet you'd cut your tongue out for a taste
Whatever this stuff is, I'm buying
If she's nothing but a coffin least she's good enough to die in
She's a ballroom full of dancing chairs
She's a child in disguise hiding bullets in her hair
A voice so soft you could cut it with a kiss
Screams so small you could hold them in your fist
Every one night stand is a six week stretch
Craving her arms twisted up around your neck
Skin so white, a heart so pure
If you opened up her veins you'd see the light run through her