

# 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