

# Edith Frost, Wash Of Water

Tears are the ocean  
The ocean is blood  
A flood in our souls  
And now you've washed me down again  
Oh no

I started to twine  
A line around you  
It's cut with every goodbye  
With every time i've felt the wash of water  
Hotter and hotter

Now i cry the ocean  
And that's where i'll go  
Until i run dry  
Cause i'll be tossed around again  
Whoah oh

I started to tie  
My knots around you  
They're cut with every goodbye  
With every time i've felt the wash of water  
Hotter and hotter

I started to twine  
A line around you  
It's cut with every goodbye  
With every time i've felt the wash of water  
Hotter and hotter