

The Proclaimers, Blood On Your Hands

There's blood on your hands from somewhere new
Wash it away, wash it away
Blood on your hands from somewhere new
Wash it away, wash it away
There's blood on your hands from somewhere new
Your latest succes must be pleasing you
Blood on your hands from somewhere new
Sleep tight

There's blood on your hands from your victims bodies
Wash it away, wash it away
And blood on your hands from your martyrs bodies
Wash it away, wash it away
The blood on your hands from yuor victims bodies
And the blood on your hands from your martyrs bodies
Looks he same shade of red to me
But sleep tight

But even in your dreams
You can't get your hands clean
Will they clean them in paradise?
Do you think they'll clean them in paradise?

Sleep tight

But even in your dreams
You can't get your hands clean
Will they clean them in paradise?
Do you think they'll clean them in paradise?

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