Ashbury Heights, Die By Numbers

I lie awake at night and whisper Communicating with my fingers Your remote vocabulary Makes life less ordinary

And we know it's all a joke But still we kind of hope That all our tragedies Amount to something

Wash your hands in a new generation's blood

Wash your hands now Wash your hands now

Wash your hands in a new generation's love

Wash your hands now Wash your hands now

I lie alone in bed and wonder If there is love behind a number Can broken words and stolen kisses Fulfill my lovelorn desperate wishes