

Bebo Norman, Wash Me Clean

Wash me clean again
And take me down in your water
And try to make me understand
Cause in this life that I live
I might have grown a little harder
But so have these times

Where we just war with words
And fight for rights to take a life
In the name of peace
But we cannot hide behind our picket fences,
Abortion lines, and warn defences
I dont' understand

Touch and go, it survives
In this land of our fathers
The bleeding and the needing
Are left behind

You say one name out aloud
While inside you feel another
But there is some comfort in pleasing the crowd
So you just raise your hands up to the sky
And scream a verse that will make them cry

But when those politics
They don't stick around
Those words fight back
They'll take you down
And you won't understand

So lord search my soul
And find the need to break this stone
And plant a seed and find me
Find a place for me inside