

# Clifford T. Ward, Stains

If you were here with me

You'd know how your love stains

I got ink all on my fingers

From words I can't explain

This solitary life is turnin' me about

My thoughts they all seem tainted

And the stains they won't come out

Been too long inside a colour that was fast

Now the dye 's run out, stainin' up my past.

It's not too late

T' put this heart of mine in some shape

Come and wash away this heartache, and pain

Don't let it stain.

If you were here with me

You'd know your love still stains

Traces of your make-up

Pillow cases, eyebrow crayons

Broken glasses, cryin' tears and fingers bled

Down upon the carpet where the green turned into red

It's been too long inside a house that's full o' you

With nothin' left to show - memories seeping through.

It's not too late

T' put this heart of mine in some shape

Come and wash away this heartache, and pain

Don't let it stain.

Walkin' aimlessly from room to room

Where the air is stained with your perfume

Pictures on the wall

Seem to shine no more  
And the colours are no longer true.

It's not too late  
T' put this heart of mine in some shape  
Come and wash away this heartache, and pain  
Don't let it stain.

It's not too late  
T' put this heart of mine in some shape  
Come and wash away this heartache, and pain  
Don't let it stain.

(Repeat and fade).