

Vertical Horizon, Wash Away

An old man lying by the road
Black is night
He's got his finger on the trigger
An easy target in sight
He's got no future, no family tree
He's got a three dollar bottle
And he drinks 'till he can't see
All night, all night.....

A young girl waiting on a line
Eight a.m., she's got a six month old burden
Willpower's withering thin
An unwed mother beaten by her trade
Each week her welfare reminds her
Of mistakes she never made
Oh no.....

Chorus
Now what has that to say about tomorrow
What has that to show for today
Noah thought to build an ark
Before the heavens washed it all away
Away...

A baby crying through a dream
An afterthought
Mother is seething for pleasure
After the poison is bought
His eyes are tainted, staggered is his breath
Oh God, he's addicted
Addicted to death
Oh, no...

Chorus