

Wash Away (Some Desert Night)

Acroma

Thirty-two years never learned a thing
Spent too much time on cold dark streets
Selling her body her soul for the almighty dollar
If there's a god somewhere watching me she says,
"Damn him for making me weak; but strong enough
At the same time to live so long in hell"

She can wash away the dirt and stains
Tastes of the impure
Wash away the dirt and stains
And wind up on the floor
She can sell her body sell her soul
Forget what it's all for
And pretend that she don't care when they call her
A dirty whore

Twenty-six years and I'm still here
Collecting baggage scars and fear
Selling my body my soul for the almighty dollar
Sometimes I think that I just might
Tumbleweed some desert night
Leave this all behind and start a life
That's not a lie

And wash away the dirt and stains
The taste of the impure
Wash away the dirt and stains
And find a place to grow again
Or walk away, just walk away
And start a life that's more
And go where I don't feel like another
Dirty whore

Sometimes at night it feels like I could walk away
Leave it all behind and start a life that's not a lie
Sometimes I think that we could all just walk away
Leave it all behind leave it all behind

Going to leave some desert night going to start a brand new day
Going to leave some desert night going to start a brand new day
Going to wash it away going to wash it away