Washing Machine

Michelle Branch

Your eyes they look so bright, a funky flair in my appetite
But there's no room for you, my feet are on the ground
And my head is in the clouds but you still can't break through
Whatcha gonna doI'm not just gonna stand around
Waiting for my lips to be read
Falling through the cracks in the ground
My feelings need to be saidFlowing like water in a crimson melody
The orange plastic sun is shining and the truth so hard to see
The rain of your existence if falling down on me
And the soap suds spread like a disease, from my washing machineI'm not just gonna stand around
Waiting for my lips to be read
Falling through the cracks in the ground
My feelings need to be saidI'm not just gonna stand around, waiting for you
Falling through the cracks in the ground
And I'm hoping that you'll make your next move
That you'll make your next moveI'm not just gonna stand around
Waiting for my lips to be read
Falling through the cracks in the ground
My feelings need to be said

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