

# 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 do I'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 Flowing 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 machine I'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 I'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 move I'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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