

What Deaner Was Talking About?

Ash

The wash is out
It's hanging up
And all I have
Is nothing
Nothing to do
Nothing to say
I think I must be dreaming
The sun comes up and I'm all washed out
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about
I don't think I will ever return again my friend
If I was king
I'd wear a ring
And never hurt my people
I'd stay alert
And dress to kill
I might even slip you something
The sun comes up and I'm all washed out
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about
I don't think I will ever return again my friend

Songwriters

MICHAEL MELCHIONDO JR., AARON FREEMAN

Published by
Lyrics © DOWNTOWN MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>