

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

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