Wash of Water

Edith Frost

Tears are the ocean
The ocean is blood
A flood in our souls
And now you've washed me down again
Oh noI started to twine
A line around you
It's cut with every goodbye
With every time i've felt the wash of water
Hotter and hotterNow i cry the ocean
And that's where i'll go
Until i run dry
Cause i'll be tossed around again
Whoah ohI started to tie
My knots around you
They're cut with every goodbye
With every time i've felt the wash of water
Hotter and hotterI started to twine
A line around you
It's cut with every goodbye
With every time i've felt the wash of water
Hotter and hotter

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