

whitewash

Drunk Hands

This night never happened
If it's alright with you
And not a word of our weakness
So much as a clue
Well, there's a place outside
I'm glad to play no part
The fairest arms can tally up
The faintest stars
Wash away my weekend
Shatter my sight
Come on sweet amnesia
You're needed here tonight
And take a seat in the shadows
Forget it as it goes
Well, dissipate in the morning air
All you know if you find out
You'll find every lie you might
I was nowhere near last night
Whitewash everything in sight

And these suspicions have been long drained dry
Our persistence holds them here
A maze of bars and rented rooms remain
Enough to make you almost look away
And this night never happen
If it's alright with you
Another for the collection
Of things we didn't do
That private party is over
Thank God we get new starts
The fairest arms still tally
Up the faintest stars
When it comes down
In a clear and certain light
I was nowhere near last night
I was nowhere near last night
Whitewash everything in sight
Whitewash everything in sight
Everything in sight, everything

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