

Edith Frost, Wash Of Water

Tears are the ocean
The ocean is blood
A flood in our souls
And now you've washed me down again
Oh no

I 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

Now i cry the ocean
And that's where i'll go
Until i run dry
Cause i'll be tossed around again
Whoah oh

I 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 hotter

I 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