

223-1000
Wash our hands

We wash our hands
We try to get clean
But we cannot wash away the mean
We cannot wash away to sorrow
It haunts us today and tomorrow

We wash our hands
We say we're done
But we are back with the sun
Like doggies to their puke return
Will we ever really learn

We wash our hands
an empty phrase
We stumble back in our listless haze
The memories remain intact
Of all in life we feel we've lacked

To wash your hands
Of all before
Even those you once adored
An island as Paul Simon said
Sparkling hands, a soul that's dead

The more i try to scrub the blood from underneath my nails
The more i try against life's inertia to blindly rail
The more i realize that i cannot control where 'er i land
Even as i scour every inch of every hand