Wash My Hands

Meredith Brooks

Wash my hands, of crimes
Pour the water over, my skin, my spine
Cleanse my soul and ease my mind
I've been fixed on all the damage done
Why do I always forget how far I've come

I'm done dying for the past
I'm done dyin' for the past

Say all's forgiven now
Let's call it even, shall we
Can't you judge me for my love and not mistakes I've made
I swear by who I am and not by yesterday

In between black and white I disappear
Circle round the stone until I landed here