

Clean

Amanda Somerville

Finish me
Push me off the ledge
So hard to read
So hard to make a call on what you do or say
It's not my place to do so, anyway

A magnet pulls
It sings the air
I'm torn in two
I'm watching your fingers painting shadows with the beat
Longing for your hands to reach out for me
And don't you know
I need to come clean

Indiscreet
I've got something to say
Giving away my dirty deed
Is it indiscreet
I've got nothing to lose
To tell you you're the liquid of my dreams
I need to come clean
Taunting me
I'd say you were there
We're stumbling
We're walking a tightrope made of high voltage wire
We're melting as we tend to our fires

You're whispering
I don't want to hear
You're mumbling
You see how I fight to claw my way further down
The need to bury my secret is strong
And yet I know
I need to come clean

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Heaven help me
Will I ever be clean of this
Mortally afflicted
Heaven help...
But leave a light on so you can watch me sin

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Glistening
We dance in the rain
So easy now
So hard to pull the brake once you're on the ride
You'll get to know me from the inside
I need to come clean