

# Wash Me Clean

Bebo Norman

Wash me clean again  
And take me down in your water  
And try to make me understand  
Cause in this life that I live  
I might have grown a little harder  
But so have these times

Where we just war with words  
And fight for rights to take a life  
In the name of peace  
But we cannot hide behind our picket fences,  
Abortion lines, and warn defences  
I don't' understand

Touch and go, it survives  
In this land of our fathers  
The bleeding and the needing  
Are left behind

You say one name out aloud  
While inside you feel another  
But there is some comfort in pleasing the crowd  
So you just raise your hands up to the sky  
And scream a verse that will make them cry

But when those politics  
They don't stick around  
Those words fight back  
They'll take you down  
And you won't understand

So lord search my soul  
And find the need to break this stone  
And plant a seed and find me  
Find a place for me inside