

Clean White Love

Lisa Mitchell

I left the keys in the car
I left the door ajar
I didn't want to be alone

These are the days and the nights
of these sweet humbling heights
and I know it used to be home

Whisk me away
I'll be yours for a day
in heavenly fields which we roam

A woah ah oh you're my clean white love
A woah ah oh you're my clean white love
What are you doing?
What you doing, what ya doing to me?
What are you doing to my head?

A woah ah oh you're my clean white love
A woah ah oh you're too clean white love.
I give my heart on the morning of November 6th
Oh, everybody's looking for a fix

Hey...

Sell me a sign
I'll cut the telephone line
Just to keep the quotations alive

Oh you're bleeding me dry
but the feeling is blind
and I know you're looking divine.

Sell me it straight
Oh, it might be too late
Keep on breaking the rules

Oh...

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Oh, everybody's looking for a fix

Oh.... Oh a oh....

And this love is diseased
there's a cure
I need that medicine
to get to the core

Remember this place

It's left to the fates
but it's kind to be cruel

Oh...

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In my heart on the morning of November 6th
Oh, everybody's looking for a fix

Ohhh... ah ohhh.....