

Your heart is served cold
Your sights are set in perfect stone,
And when you go you go alone,
And when you stand you're on your own,

I wash the streets from your skin when you come home
I wash the streets from your skin when you come home

We're nothing like friends,
You have no time to lend,
And if you're guilt then I'm the shame,
And if I'm hurt then you're the blame

You wash my trace from your skin and you leave again
You wash my trace from your skin and you leave again

Random laid plans, 5 days of one night stands,
And when you go you go alone
You walk the cross you made your own

I wash the streets from your skin when you come home
I wash the streets from your skin when you come home

Streets from your skin
Streets from your skin
Streets from your skin
Streets from your skin