

Ashbury Heights, Die By Numbers

I lie awake at night and whisper
Communicating with my fingers
Your remote vocabulary
Makes life less ordinary

And we know it's all a joke
But still we kind of hope
That all our tragedies
Amount to something

Wash your hands in a new generation's blood

Wash your hands now
Wash your hands now

Wash your hands in a new generation's love

Wash your hands now
Wash your hands now

I lie alone in bed and wonder
If there is love behind a number
Can broken words and stolen kisses
Fulfill my lovelorn desperate wishes