

## Adjusted

# "The Dirt You Can't Wash Away"

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Father I beg can you help cuz it seems I can't help myself

I still feel the pain from these scars,  
I wish karma wouldn't hit so hard

A hurricane came through the door and left confusion  
by my side

And the words that made me think left a bad taste in  
my mouth

I'm listening but can't hear a sound

Except the sound of you in my mind

Guilt has decided to stay; I'm the dirt I can't wash away

I was forgiven for my faults then cleaned the wounds  
by adding salt

And this time I'm not so sure cuz we've been down this  
road before

With closed eyes I see them clear; all the memories  
that we've shared

That I lost along with my pride but I hope you know that  
I tried

Now with foggy eyes I stare at the bottom of a glass

Filled me up with numbness to get a different point of  
view

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