

## Clifford T. Ward "Stains"

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If you were here with me  
You'd know how your love stains  
I got ink all on my fingers  
From words I can't explain  
This solitary life is turnin' me about  
My thoughts they all seem tainted  
And the stains they won't come out  
Been too long inside a colour that was fast  
Now the dye 's run out, stainin' up my past.

It's not too late  
T' put this heart of mine in some shape  
Come and wash away this heartache, and pain  
Don't let it stain.

If you were here with me  
You'd know your love still stains  
Traces of your make-up  
Pillow cases, eyebrow crayons  
Broken glasses, cryin' tears and fingers bled  
Down upon the carpet where the green turned into red  
It's been too long inside a house that's full o' you  
With nothin' left to show - memories seeping through.

It's not too late  
T' put this heart of mine in some shape  
Come and wash away this heartache, and pain

Don't let it stain.

Walkin' aimlessly from room to room  
Where the air is stained with your perfume  
Pictures on the wall  
Seem to shine no more  
And the colours are no longer true.

It's not too late  
T' put this heart of mine in some shape  
Come and wash away this heartache, and pain  
Don't let it stain.

It's not too late

T' put this heart of mine in some shape  
Come and wash away this heartache, and pain  
Don't let it stain.

(Repeat and fade).

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