

## Embalmer

### "The Underwear Song"

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I am down to my last pair of underwear  
And it seems to me that it's long past time to do  
laundry.  
I swear, I never do anything until I absolutely have to,  
Until everything is "past due."  
These deadlines seem to dominate my day  
I am subjected to their power; I am their prey  
They are looming, lurking, laughing in my face  
As I squirm in these ripped-up, granny "gotchies" in  
disgrace  
The last pair of underwear is always the worst  
They never quite fit your full fanny  
I am the first to admit that I don't like the way it feels  
When things don't fit!  
So why do I let things get this bad?  
It seems to me that I have had my share of: Underwear  
Crises.  
When I let things get this bad I am forced to reassess  
I am drowning in my sorrows, my passions, my mess  
Childish? I guess, but fruitful nonetheless.  
Because I am standing at the washing machine  
I am poised, I am ready to clean these undergarments.  
They are sprinkled with a fresh clean smelling  
detergent  
I am poised, I am ready for change  
I am poised, I am really needing this change  
I am poised, I really wish I had more change  
Because I am down to my last quarter  
And the machine takes four more  
Guess it's time to resign? Or redefine!!  
WHO NEEDS UNDERWEAR ANYWAY??  
The last pair of underwear is always the worst  
They never quite fit your full fanny  
I am the first to admit that I don't like the way it feels  
When things don't fit!  
So why do I let things get this bad?  
It seems to me that I have had my share of: Underwear  
Crises.  
I'm going to lift my head up from despair  
Look at me change!

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