

## Loudon Wainwright "Underwear"

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You know when I know just how much I care  
When I'm carefully folding your clean underwear  
I see it's all worth it though sometimes it sure hurts  
Putting back in the bureau drawer all my t-shirts  
I find the foundation, the reason, a basis  
Stuffing the pillows back into their cases

We suffer slings, withstand buffets and shocks  
It's so clear separating then mating the socks  
Stretching the fitted sheet onto the bed  
I recall hairs we've split, blood and tears that we've  
shed  
But love feels secure dear somehow I discover  
Slipping the duvet into its warm cover

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