

## **Love As Laughter "Cleaning Man"**

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I was the cleaning man  
I was the cleaning man  
Listened to the radio play 'Cowgirl in the Sand'  
When I was the cleaning man

I was the cleaning man  
After everyone had come  
To talk and drink and dance  
I could see the evening scene reflecting in the cans

Now echoes of the empty room return with loneliness  
And in the darkness of the night  
I take the devil's hand  
When I was the cleaning man

I was death's hand  
I was heroin  
To somebody I shouldn't have been

I was heroin  
I was death's hand  
I was the thief who stole all those women and men  
I stood at the funerals of relatives and friends  
And like a Midas eye wishing my greed and curse  
would end

When I was the cleaning man  
When I was the cleaning man  
When I was the cleaning man

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