

Roky Erickson

"Dry Cleaners"

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I work every day, at a dry cleaning store. Pressin' pants and sortin clothes, and a whole lot more. Dresses, pants, and blouses, skirts and worn-out jeans. Sweaters coats and shirts in starch, they all come clean.

But I really hate to do my laundry. I hate that dirty nasty laundry.

I never had no good luck if you know what I mean. With a rinsin' saokin'spinnin' heavy loaded machine. Soap and bleach, hot water fabric softener too. Eats rings around you coller, make your clothes look like new. But I really hate to do my laundry. I hate that dirty nasty laundry. I hate that dirt nasty laundry, yes I do.(instl brk)

She threw me in the dryer with a female touch. Then took me to the cleaners cause I wouldn't do much. She said I'll launder all your money for a weddin' ring. Now all I got is dirty clothes and a case of static cling.

But I really hate to do my laundry. I hate that dirty nasty laundry.

Finally after all these years I made a stand. Now I wash and rinse and soak and do my clothes by hand. Then I take a rope and hang her on the line to dry. And even though her screams are loud they still can hear me cry. I really hate to do my laundry. I hate that dirty nasty laundry, Yes I do.(instl break) end.

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