

Roland J. Bowman

"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 collar, 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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