

Dead Milkmen "Laundromat Song"

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One, two, one, two
One, two, three, four

Soap and quarters and bleach and laundry
Are words I use at the laundromat
Reading the news, and watching the people
That's what I do at the laundromat

At the laundromat my heart grows fat
Ah, ah
My clothes get dry, I stop and sigh
Ah, ah
Dreaming, screaming

There's a girl washing her clothes
I'm in love but nobody knows
She looks sixteen or seventeen
My mind grows dirty when my clothes get clean

She's so young and tall
Ah, ah
I'm gonna give her my all, or borax
Ah, ah
Dreaming, screaming

I'm not a subtle guy
I'll go to her and sigh
If I don't see you again my love
I'll most surely die
Dreaming, screaming

Clothes go round and round
And my heart goes up and down
She's drying her jeans
In separate machines

She's loading up her granny cart
Ah, ah
Goin out the door; it's breaking my heart
Ah, ah
Dreaming, screaming

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