

Yoskar Sarante

"Handwasher"

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Never wanted more
From my local store
A chance to be by myself
Be on the right side of the shelf
But for every drink I serve
Sure wish I had callous nerve
Cause for every sandwich I know
There's a sack of shit to be dosed
Wash my hands in shame
4000 times a day
And when I make it on home
There's a smell that always stays
I know the regulars well
From every stale grill I sell
From bainmaries to cold tea
I'm the service that you need

There's a poison in my drink
It's gonna take each good thought I could think
There's a poison I know

Wash my hands in shame
4000 times a day
For while I service your greed
I'm just dying to be clean

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