

Twothirtyeight "Coin-Laundry Loser"

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So tired, you could sleep with the light on
With the stereo blasting in you ear
You know you're tired when your senses fail

I'm a coin-laundry, loser with a degree
I'm the car alarm in an '83 Pontiac, painted black

Keep the loved, ones posted
Someday they will have to come and bail you out
Hold your breath, count to ten
Save your cursing for the navy wing nut

So caught up in being noteworthy
The average ghost is haunting someone else
You know you're wired when your senses fail

I'm a coin-laundry, loser with a degree
I'm the car alarm in an '83 Pontiac, painted black

Keep the loved, ones posted
Someday they will have to come and bail you out
Hold your breath, count to ten
Save your cursing for the navy wing nut

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