

# Washing Machine (Reloaded)

Amy LaVere

she walked through the park in the dark  
her best friend was her own heart beat  
with every little step she'd take  
she'd get one step closer to leavingsitting in her kitchen at night  
she listened to the washing machine  
just wishing that she could leave  
but there were so many loads to cleanshe could hear it in her head sometimes  
like the change that she was saving in a jar  
and the chains on the front porch swing  
were creaking like steps in the darkone day soon this is all gonna end  
one day soon maybe it'll all beginHe'd tell it to her all the time  
he was the best thing she'd ever see  
oh he was stomping up and down the hall  
but she could still hear the washing machineshe could hear it in her head sometimes  
like the change that she was saving in a jar  
and the chains on the front porch swing  
were creaking like steps in the darkone day soon this is all gonna end  
one day soon maybe it'll all beginwhat a fine mess  
pretty fine indeed  
but it's just too much for me  
for me and my washing machine

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