

# 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 leaving sitting in her kitchen at night  
she listened to the washing machine  
just wishing that she could leave  
but there were so many loads to clean she 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 dark one day soon this is all gonna end  
one day soon maybe it'll all begin He'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 machine she 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 dark one day soon this is all gonna end  
one day soon maybe it'll all begin what a fine mess  
pretty fine indeed  
but it's just too much for me  
for me and my washing machine

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