

I'm So Unclean

Evans The Death

I haven't washed in four days
And I've had no good reason

My dressing gown is my choice
Of apparel for this season

So I stare at the cat for a while
And the minutes have changed into miles

I can't face the thought of getting up
And I shan't open the door

And I certainly won't draw the curtains
What would I do that for?

So I stare at the cat for a while
And the minutes have changed into miles
And I'm too tired to walk

When I'm watching the shopping channel
I will think of you.

When I'm making a sandwich
I will think of you.

When I try and get to sleep
I will think of you.

Lyrics submitted by Kevin Hartman.

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