

Coin-Laundry Loser

Twothirtyeight

So tired, you could sleep with the light on

With the stereo blasting in you ear

You know you're tired when your senses failI'm a coin-laundry, loser with a degree

I'm the car alarm in an '83 Pontiac, painted blackKeep 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 nutSo caught up in being noteworthy

The average ghost is haunting someone else

You know you're wired when your senses failI'm a coin-laundry, loser with a degree

I'm the car alarm in an '83 Pontiac, painted blackKeep 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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