

# 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 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

Lyrics provided by

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