

Back In the Laundromat

Wall of Voodoo

(OR: An inebriated and slightly inbred white male is smitten by an overweight white woman he sees while passing the Fluff'n Fold Coin Op Laundry.) I found five dollars on the street.

Bought myself a bite to eat.

I paid the check, left the tip.

I found I had a dollar left,

so I put four quarters in the

Wurlitzer in the corner,

and I pressed E-9, E-9, E-9, E-9, E-9,

and put my hands on the box

to hear it play ten times-goin

"Junglejunglejunglejungle boogie.

Junglejunglejunglejungle boogie.

Junglejunglejunglejungle boogie." Well they juggled my ass out
the fifth time it came up.

I was walking down the street,

still singing my ass off.

Walkin' and a lookin' in the

windows that I'm passin'.

Admiring my reflection

and my bad assin'.

But as I pass that laundromat

I got to stop 'cause I been hit. Way in the back, way in the back,
back in the back, of the laundromat.

Way in the back, way in the back,

way in the back, of the laundromat.

I'm gonna rope me the fatted calf

back in the back, of the laundromat. There sat a woman with her hair in a net.

She had a smoke white face, posey blue eyes,

twenty pounds extra, just my size.

TV Guide Magazine, reading it absorbedly.

Sitting unwomanly, she couldn't see

what I could see; her yellow Bermudas,

thighs of silk like a golden sunrise

on a sea of milk....

Well I got my comb, laid my hair back slick.

I walked on in, I was badder'n shit.... Way in the back, way in the back,
back in the back, of the laundromat.

Way in the back, way in the back,

back in the back, of the laundromat.

I'm gonna rope me the fatted calf
back in the back, of the laundromat.

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