Washing Machine

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 leavingsitting in her kitchen at night
she listened to the washing machine
just wishing that she could leave
but there were so many loads to cleanshe 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 darkone day soon this is all gonna end
one day soon maybe it'll all beginHe'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 machineshe 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 darkone day soon this is all gonna end
one day soon maybe it'll all beginwhat a fine mess
pretty fine indeed
but it's just too much for me
for me and my washing machine

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