

Car Wash

Art of Dying

Ooh, ooh, you might not ever get rich
But let me tell ya, it's better than diggin' a ditch
There ain't no tellin' who you might meet
A movie star or maybe even a Indian Chief
(Workin')

At the car wash
Workin' at the car wash, girl
Come on and sing it with me
(Car wash)

Sing it with the feelin' ya'll
(Car wash, girl)

Some of the work gets kinda hard
This ain't no place to be, if you planned on bein' a star
Let me tell you it's always cool
And the boss don't mind sometimes, if ya act the fool

At the car wash
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Talkin' about the car wash, girl
Come on ya'll and sing it for me
(Car wash)

Ooh, ooh, ooh
(Car wash, girl)
(Work and work)

Well, those cars never seem to stop coming

(Work and work)
Keep those rags and machines humming
(Work and work)

My fingers to the bone
(Work)

Can't wait till it's time to go home
(Hey, get your car washed today)

Fill up and you don't have to pay
Come on and give us a play
(Do the wash, right away)

(Car wash)
Talkin' 'bout the car wash

Car wash, girl
Come on ya'll, let's sing it with me

(Car wash)
Sing it with feelin', ya'll
(Car wash, girl)
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
(Car wash)
Never seem to stop comin'
What'd I say?
Keep those rags and machines hummin'

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