It All Comes Out In the Wash

sElf

Miracle man - such pitiful hands
Undermining my plans and truths
Don't need no television
Telling me what should be done
Neither should youAll I want from life
Is a car that I can drive
Home from work - late at night
From my 9 to 5
And If I don't survive
I guess all I want from life
Is to know that I tried before I diedSetting the scene
Ripped from a magazine from the day before
Such pointless info
Over and Over and Over again
Your fumbling to make amends
Just let it go
Now it's in the way that you shake your head at me
Now it's in the way that you make your bed for me-chorus-

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