

Back In The Laundromat

Wall of Voodoo

(OR: An inebred 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....

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