

Waiting for the Clothes to Get Clean

Darrell Scott

Takes the laundry from the trunk
She goes to get changed
And she loads the clothes into the machine
And she just rearranged
It's darks with the darks
And whites with whites
She says for all to hear
So goes to sit down in the car
To drink this can of beer
And he watches through the window
As she reads her magazine
Waiting for the clothes to get clean
She see's a young man watching her
Who saw her through a book
Then he knows just what he's thinking
He can tell by that wild eye look
And he wait's to see her notice
Then he turns the radio down
But she keeps on dreaming about movie stars
And doesn't even look around

Then he matches them as lovers
Forbidden as can seen

Waiting for the clothes to get clean
Waiting for the clothes to get clean
Ohhh

She's waving by the window
So he can help her fold
And he crushes out his cigarette
And steps in from the cold
Let's fold the clothes in silence
As if there is nothing wrong
And when they driving back home
He say's what took so Goddamn long
They are shining through a window
Brightest moon she's ever seen

Waiting for the clothes to get clean
Waiting for the clothes to get clean
Uhhh
Ohhh
Yea
Yeah