

Laundry

Lera Lynn

I fold your shirts like in the stores
Lay your sweaters out to dry
Who ever knew that old JCPenney's job
Would someday help me thrive?

And as I match up all the socks
I remember why
I swore I'd never do someone else's laundry
No, I'd never be a wife

I'm still sexy
In the right light
In your clean laundry
On the right night

Everyone wants hope and sun
But what I can supply
Is doing someone else's laundry
Sitting, wondering why we're alive

It's cute when the young girls
Sing all sad and agonize
Don't you wanna hear
My midlife existential strife?
It's the saddest kind

But I'm still sexy
In the right light
In your clean laundry
On the right night