

## Clean Like Tomorrow

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Life can be handsome, worn  
And still be forlorn, still be forlorn  
This lonely heart lies in the doorway  
And pages torn, pages torn  
And she works in a factory  
There's no yearning  
Like a woman scorned, a woman scorned

The days of disgrace and unwashed sorrow  
I need a love, clean like tomorrow  
I need a love, I need a love  
I need a love, clean like tomorrow

Scrawl and scratch in the neighbor patch  
Now drinkin' wine, drinkin' wine  
In the moonlight trap, you pay rent to stand  
In the earthquake line, in the earthquake line

I cannot see the men with no faces  
They got the dirty minds  
Yeah, they got their dirty minds

The days of disgrace and unwashed sorrow  
I need a love, clean like tomorrow  
I need a love, I need a love  
I need a love, clean like tomorrow

I got the lotteries (lotteries), slot machines  
It's a mean old mess. It's a mean old mess  
Ten million hands, they are unemployed  
They must fight, they must fight  
Well, they always makes me laugh  
I never cry, now, I, I don't know why

The days of disgrace and unwashed sorrow  
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I need a love, clean like tomorrow