Dirty Piece of Work

John T. Wurzer -118 bpm

Intro – G-Am-C-Am (2x) Verse: G-Am-D-C-G (2x) Chorus: Em-Bm-Em-D-G-Am-D-C-G

Let’s see what’s going on at the store next door.

The clock stopped in the laundromat, can’t sleep there anymore

It’s a dirty piece of work and the room keeps spinning round

The clothes aren’t any cleaner, they keep dripping on the ground

I started out just dancing with a shadow on the wall

The sun went down; I found I wasn’t dancing here at all

It’s a dirty piece of work and the sky is caving in

The floor don’t get not cleaner and my blood is running thin

Chorus:

I’ve been trying to find wisdom in this marketplace of fear

The silence rings like thunder much too dry to shed a tear

It’s a dirty piece of work and I will slave away tonight

My thoughts aren’t any cleaner and there is no end in sight

It’s Friday afternoon and the work week is to blame

The skies are leaking raindrops while my heart is leaking pain

It’s a dirty piece of work, but someone has to do it

Try to scrub it cleaner, maybe put a shoulder to it

The ambiance is nothing and the atmosphere a mess

The waitresses wear hot pants, and the bartender wears less

It’s a dirty piece of work, and there ought to be a law

To make it all seem cleaner, or at least require a bra

Chorus

Amber took a greyhound, toward the dark side of a star

She could have been a model, but the trainwreck left a scar

It’s a dirty piece of work, and so now she shakes her hips

Wishes she were cleaner, hustles drinks and works for tips

Rico raised eyebrows cause he had no time to share

His baseball cap is stained with bad decisions everywhere

It’s a dirty piece of work but with two young boys at home

His wife, she gets no cleaner; she’s got poison in her bones

Chorus

Megan is unhappy with the job and with the pay

She hates the horny customers, she hopes they’ll pass away

It’s a dirty piece of work, and she’s weary of the grind

She’ll never get no cleaner, and she’ll probably lose her mind.

Chorus

So now it’s time to leave here, drive, and find another place

One foot follows the other, must keep going, run the race

It’s a dirty piece of work, and I never asked for more

Let’s see what’s going on at the Laundromat next door