

No-Man, Dry Cleaning Ray

dry cleaning ray,
at the end of the day,
always knows what to say,
always knows what to play

it's the same old song
with the same old bits

thirty years without a hit.

dry cleaning ray
says he's wasting away,
feeling red turn to grey,
watching overcoats fray.

it's the same old thing
it's the same old shit

thirty years without a hit.