

# Self, It All Comes Out In The Wash

Miracle man - such pitiful hands  
Undermining my plans and truths  
Don't need no television  
Telling me what should be done  
Neither should you

All I want from life  
Is a car that I can drive  
Home from work - late at night  
From my 9 to 5  
And If I don't survive  
I guess all I want from life  
Is to know that I tried before I died

Setting the scene  
Ripped from a magazine from the day before  
Such pointless info  
Over and Over and Over again  
Your fumbling to make amends  
Just let it go  
Now it's in the way that you shake your head at me  
Now it's in the way that you make your bed for me

-chorus-