

# You Am I, Handwasher

Never wanted more  
From my local store  
A chance to be by myself  
Be on the right side of the shelf  
But for every drink I serve  
Sure wish I had callous nerve  
Cause for every sandwich I know  
There's a sack of shit to be dosed  
Wash my hands in shame  
4000 times a day  
And when I make it on home  
There's a smell that always stays  
I know the regulars well  
From every stale grill I sell  
From bainmaries to cold tea  
I'm the service that you need

There's a poison in my drink  
It's gonna take each good thought I could think  
There's a poison I know

Wash my hands in shame  
4000 times a day  
For while I service your greed  
I'm just dying to be clean