

Twin Tub Twin

King Creosote

Thought that I was doing good
I made her laugh a little woodenly
She said "You strike me as somebody, who's four loads behind on
the wash, you need a little wifey"
Well I went home, to draw the line
To cut to the chase counted up
Well she was right...
One in the twin tub, two in the basket, one on the floor still
waiting to be asked in

I met her again her laugh no less wooden
She'd varnished on a smile like something bad had just happened
In fact it had, I found out much later
Now she was listening, if not just slightly listing
I told her she was right, twin tub and basket, two on the floor
just waiting to be asked in
But I'd been busy, worked out on a mangle
To my surprise she said, you I could handle

Things sometimes work out
It all comes out in the wash
But if it don't then there's no harm done (2x)