SONG TITLE : Washing Machine

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There’s a rush in the pipes like blood in the veins And my washing machine starts to shake

It shudders and judders all over the floor And I’m waiting for something to break

But it soon settles down to a steadier pound As the laundry is washed through & through

And each soiled garment that swims into sight Reminds me a little of you

**And they go round and round and round in my washing machine**

**And I go round and round and round in life’s crazy scheme**

**And the suds bubble up like the thoughts in my head that pop**

**Whenever I dream of you.**

There’s the shirt that I wore for our wedding I still put it on occasionally

The cuffs are a little bit frayed but I turn up the sleeves so no-one can see

It reminds me of all our friends and relations who predicted it wouldn’t last long

And I have to admit that it would have been nice if we’d managed to prove them all wrong.

That old pair of jeans with the holes in the knees suddenly flop into view

They’re faded with time to a dull sort of grey when they used to be indigo blue

And that was the colour of Emily’s eyes the day she came into my life

I suppose our affair would have been more successful if I’d told her I had a wife.

And look there’s the panties you found in my pocket when I cam home late from a do

I remember the murderous look in your eye and the scar on my head from your shoe

They’d been left on the seat of a taxi I caught and I’d thought they were my handkerchief

Well you didn’t believe a word about that and now Annabel thinks I’m a thief.

And there are the sheets that we had on our bed the last time we slept together

I’ve washed out the ghosts that lurk in the weave, the stains and the faint smell of leather

And gone are the hairs of brown mixed with red plus a couple of Jennifer’s blonde ones

Most important of all - I’ve washed out the memories, except for one or two fond ones.

And there are the socks I forgot to remove the last time we made love

It wasn’t so much of a tender embrace - more like a push and a shove

And all those affairs that I had, you should know were a cry for attention of sorts

And after it all I can say it was you that occupied most of my thoughts.

With a jerk and a stutter the spin cycle starts it’s centrifugal extraction

The clothes are all flung to the edge of the drum as if drawn by magnetic attraction

And just like our love they are strained and drained and the cleansing water is forced free

Now lifeless and limp they are hung out to dry just like me when you finally divorced me.

And there is the sweater I wore on the night my drunk friends and I stole a bus

It got a bit stuck under Lower Street bridge - the authorities did make a fuss

We all got away except Brian who stopped at the back of the bus for a leak

We haven’t seen him for a couple of years but they say he gets out in a week.