

Workin' at the Car Wash Blues – Jim Croce

Well, I had just got out from the county prison
Doin' ninety days for non-support
Tried to find me an executive position
But no matter how smooth I talked

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They wouldn't listen to the fact that I was a genius
The man say, "We got all that we can use"
Now I got them steadily depressin', low down mind messin'
Working at the car wash blues

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Well, I should be sittin' in an air conditioned
Office in a swivel chair
Talkin' some trash to the secretaries
Sayin', "Hey, now mama, come on over here"

Instead, I'm stuck here rubbin' these fenders with a rag
And walkin' home in soggy old shoes
With them steadily depressin', low down mind messin'...

You know a man of my ability
He should be smokin' on a big cigar
But till I get myself straight I guess I'll just have to wait
In my rubber suit a-rubbin' these cars

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Well, all I can do is a shake my head
You might not believe that it's true
For workin' at this indoor Niagara Falls
Is an undiscovered Howard Hughes

So baby, don't expect to see me
With no double martini in any high-brow society dos
Cause I got them steadily depressin'...

So baby, don't expect to see me
With no double martini in any high-brow society dos
Cause I got them steadily depressin'...

Yeah I got them steadily depressin'...