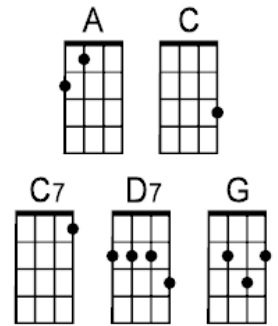


Working at the Carwash Blues Jim Croce

Well, I had just got out from the county prison doin' 90 days for non-support
Tried to find me an executive position but no matter how smooth I talked
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'
workin' at the car wash blues



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

<Chorus>

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
Well all I can do is shake my head, you might not believe it's true
For workin' at this end of Niagara Falls is an undiscovered Howard Hughes
So baby, don't 'spect to see me with no double martini
In any high-brow society news

<Chorus 2x>