

Workin' At The Carwash Blues

Words & Music:
Jim Croce

G
Well, I had just got out from the county prison
D7
Doin' ninety days for non-support.
D7
Tried to find me an executive position, but no matter how smooth I talked,
G
They wouldn't listen to the fact that I was a genius.
C Am
The man say, "We got all that we can use."
G D C G
Now, I got them steadily depressin', low-down, mind-messin',
G C G
Working 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.
With them steadily depressin', low-down, mind-messin',
Working at the car wash blues.

C G
You know a man of my ability, he should be smokin' on a big cigar.
G C
But 'til I get myself straight I guess I'll just have to wait
D7
In my rubber suit, rubbin' these cars.

Well, all I can do is a shake my head, you might not believe that it's true.
For workin' at this end of Niagara Falls is an undiscovered Howard Hughes.
So, baby, don't expect to see me
With no double martini in any high-brow society news.
'Cause I got them steadily depressin', low-down, mind-messin',
Working at the car wash blues.

INSTRUMENTAL HALF-VERSE:

So, baby, don't expect to see me
With no double martini in any high-brow society news.
'Cause I got them steadily depressin', low-down, mind-messin',
Working at the car wash blues.
Yeah, I got them steadily depressin', low-down, mind-messin',
Working at the car wash blues.

