

# I'm So Much Cleaner

(I'm a Believer)

My poor hands were sore and red from washing them.  
Seemed the soap we used just ate them up.  
Alcohol was out there,  
I just got some in.  
I needed something new to save my skin.  
And now I squirt my hands,  
And I'm so much cleaner.  
Not a bug, is left on my skin.  
Alcohol:  
It made my skin soft; it did not rip off everyday.

I assumed that everyone was washing them,  
Nurses, doctors and the other staff.  
Then we had the outbreak,  
In everyone it seems.  
MRSA haunted all my dreams.  
And now I squirt my hands,  
And I'm so much cleaner.  
Not a bug, is left on my skin.  
Alcohol:  
it works much quicker, I don't need to dicker, with a sink.  
• Instrumental (sort of)  
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