Washaway

Xtc

Mother's in the kitchen steaming up the window panes
Smell of boiling cabbage comes up from an open drain
But no amount of scrubbing could ever shift a gravy stain
Washaway, washaway, washaway washerette
Washaway, washaway every dirty stain you get
Streets lay deserted, no one feels exerted
Sat on their couches with loose change in their pouches
They couldn't spend it if they tried, oh no
In comes Mr. Softee dressed up like and ice cream cone
Ringing for his supper, heading for a stately home
But a thousand Yorkshire puddings, couldn't make his business boom
Washaway, washaway, washaway washerette
Washaway, washaway every dirty stain you get
See how they wander to kill time in droves they squander
Money in centers that feed on the mind, oh bother
It just gets you down
Washaway, washaway, washaway washerette
Business as usual at the uptown launderette
Washaway, washaway, washaway, washaway the dirt
Washaway, washaway, wash it, wash it, wash it
Wash it, wash it, wash it, washaway the dirt

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/