Sweedeedee

Hurley, Michael

You wash them clothes
Sweedeedee
And hang 'em on the line
I can see by the wayYou wash them clothes
Cookin' must be fine
I'm with you in the morning
'Til the break of dayI know everybody
Has a little hard luck sometimes
I know lately, I've been havin' mineWe used to live
In a fleabag apartment
You know the kindAnd he come home
And he'd say to me
"We gotta leave, leave, leave the city"You wash them clothes
Sweedeedee
And hang 'em on the line
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