

Sweeedeedee

Hurley, Michael

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