

# Sweeedeedee

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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  
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

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