

Sweeedeedee

Cat Power

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"

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