

Washerwoman

Cliff Richard

Washerwoman, washerwoman, washerwoman
Working in the noon day sun
Doing what your mother's done

Washerwoman, washerwoman, washerwoman
Men folk, busy mending nets
Children playing with their pets

If you take a look around you
At the clothiers there on the ground
You maybe notice that they get them very clean

If you mention automation
They'll reply with indignation
There is just no fascination
In a washing machine

(Break of day till setting sun, woman's work is never done,
Work our fingers to the bone, but you never hear us moan)

Washerwoman, washerwoman, washerwoman
Laughing gaily all the while
You look lovely when you smile

Washerwoman, washerwoman, washerwoman
Thankful for the end of day
Work is done, now it's time for play