

Sadie (The Cleaning Lady)

John Farnham

Sadie, the cleaning lady,
With trusty scrubbing brush and pale of water,
Worked her fingers to the bone,
For the life she had at home,
Providing at the same for her daughter.

Oh Sadie, the cleaning lady,
Her aching knee's not getting any younger,
Well her red detergent hands,
Have for years not held a mans,
And time would find her hard in spite of hunger.

Scrub your floors, do your chores,
Dear old Sadie,
Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady.
Can't afford to get board,
Dear old Sadie,
Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady.

Oh Sadie, the cleaning lady,
Her female mind would find a way of trapping,
Though as gentle as a lamb,
Sam the elevator man,
So she could spend the night by tv napping,

Oh Sadie, the cleaning lady,
Her aching knee's not getting any younger,
Well her red detergent hands,
Have for years not held a mans,
And time would find her hard in spite of hunger.

Scrub your floors, do your chores,
Dear old Sadie,
Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady.
Can't afford to get board,
Dear old Sadie,
Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady.

Oh Sadie, the cleaning lady,
Her Sam was what she got for crying and singing.
To her solo and dismay,
She's still working 'till this day,
Her sam then that to be another singer.

Scrub your floors, do your chores,
Dear old Sadie,
Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady.