Sadie

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 time for her daughter

Ahh Sadie, the cleaning lady Her aching knees not getting any younger Well her red detergent hands, have for years not held a man's And time would find her heart 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 bored dear old Sadie Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady

Ahh 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

Ahh Sadie, the cleaning lady Her aching knees not getting any younger Well her red detergent hands, have for years not held a man's And time would find her heart in spite of hunger

Ahh, scrub your floors, do your chores, dear old Sadie Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady Can't afford to get bored dear old Sadie Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady

Ahh Sadie, the cleaning lady Her Sam was what she got, hook, line and sinker To her sorrow and dismay, she's still working to this day Her Sam turned out to be a nervous figure

Ahh, scrub your floors, do your chores, dear old Sadie Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady Can't afford to get bored dear old Sadie (fade)