

## 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)