

# 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