

XTC "Washaway"

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Mother's in the kitchen steaming up the window panes
Smell of boiling cabbage comes up from an open drain
But no amount of scrubbing could ever shift a gravy
stain

Washaway, washaway, washaway washerette
Washaway, washaway every dirty stain you get

Streets lay deserted, no one feels exerted
Sat on their couches with loose change in their pouches
They couldn't spend it if they tried, oh no

In comes Mr. Softee dressed up like an ice cream
cone
Ringing for his supper, heading for a stately home
But a thousand Yorkshire puddings, couldn't make his
business boom

Washaway, washaway, washaway washerette
Washaway, washaway every dirty stain you get

See how they wander to kill time in droves they
squander
Money in centers that feed on the mind, oh bother
It just gets you down

Washaway, washaway, washaway washerette
Business as usual at the uptown launderette

Washaway, washaway, washaway, washaway the dirt
Washaway, washaway, wash it, wash it, wash it
Wash it, wash it, wash it, washaway the dirt

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