

Full Service "Laundry On The Line"

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My clothes are wet
The sun is high
I hang my laundry on the line so it can dry
I pin the shoulders
I pin the waists
I pin an extra just in case the wind blows

All my shirts go floating down, they're scattered
Scattered on the dusty ground, all around

Hang my laundry on the line

My head is heavy
My body sighs
I twist my hand around me as I clutch my side
Stare off at troubles
Lean on my cane
I think of all my children that have left me

All my shirts go floating down, they're scattered
Scattered on the dusty ground, all around

Hang my laundry on the line
Hang my laundry on the line

Whispers in the clouds
Shimmering
Swimming all around
Whispers in the clouds
Shimmering
Swimming all around

I open up my arms and let
My ears believe in it
I'm weeping now my cheeks are wet
I sing along with it
I open up my arms and let
My ears believe in it
I'm weeping now my cheeks are wet
I sing along with it
Then I see my laundry on the line

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