

# Cat Power, Sweeedeedee

You wash them clothes  
Sweeedeedee  
And hang 'em on the line  
I can see by the way  
You wash them clothes  
Cookin' must be fine  
I'm with you in the morning  
'Til the break of day  
I know everybody  
Has a little hard luck sometimes  
I know lately, I've been havin' mine  
We used to live  
In a fleabag apartment  
You know the kind  
And he come home  
And he'd say to me  
"We gotta leave, leave, leave the city"  
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