

XTC, Washaway

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 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

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

See how they wander
To kill time in droves they squander
Money in centres
That feed on the mind, oh bother
It just gets you down

Washaway washaway washerette
Business as usual at the uptown launderette

Washaway washaway the dirt
Wash it
Washaway the dirt