

ANNIE HAYWOOD

Annie Haywood works her way through other people's houses
And when she leaves she keeps the keys in the pocket of her trousers.
She cleans for a priest and a businessman and several working mothers
And what she knows of each of them she does not tell the others.
They talk to her about themselves but all they know of Annie:
She bought her daughter's wedding dress and now she's twice a granny.

(Chorus)

She clears up other people's mess
More perfectly than they would;
For making so much happiness
Three cheers for Annie Haywood.

The darkest corners of their lives are an open book to Annie
The dust and cobwebs out she drives from every nook and cranny.
She does their loos, puts out their waste and cleans their deep fat fryer,
She makes no judgement on their taste in books or night attire.
Long days at the office are not nice, with all the grief that's in there
But coming home is paradise the day that Annie's been there.

(Chorus)

Annie's a master-craftsman with every home appliance,
She has no boss or agency but she's never short of clients.
For just one week in every year Annie makes a trip
She takes a small apartment and she leaves it like a tip.
She also leaves a small bouquet of roses and verbena
And a neatly written note to say thank you to the cleaner.

(Chorus)

Allan Richardson