

Five O'Clock World, by The Vogues

E D E D
Up every morning just to keep a job

E D E D
I gotta fight my way through the hustling mob

E D E D
Sounds of the city pounding in my brain

E D E
While another day goes down the drain

A D A D
But it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows

A D A D
No one owns a piece of my time

A D A D
And there's a five o'clock me inside my clothes

A B7
Thinking that the world looks fine, yeah

E D E D
Trading my time for the pay I get

E D E D
Living on money that I ain't made yet

E D E D
I'm going to try to make my way

E D E
While I live for the end of the day

A D A D
'Cuz it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows

A D A D
No one owns a piece of my time, and

A D A D
There's a long haired girl who waits, I know

A B7
To ease my troubled mind, yeah

E D E D E D E
oh my lady, yeah
E D E D E D E D
oh my lady, yeah

E D E D
In the shelter of her arms everything's OK
E D E D
When she talks then the world goes slipping away
E D E D
And I know the reason I can still go on
E D E
When every other reason is gone

A D A D
In my five o'clock world she waits for me
A D A D
Nothing else matters at all
A D A D
'Cuz every time my baby smiles at me
A B7
I know that it's all worthwhile

E D E D E D E
oh my lady, yeah 3x