

Skrewdriver, 9 Till 5

Another Monday morning, another day
Come Friday evening, when you collect your pay

Chorus:
Like working from nine till five
Making a mess of my mind

I'm filing papers, in long gray drawers
And my brain's disintegrating, what a bore

(Repeat Chorus)

Well I do think civil servants and bankers are real wankers

Well the boss is knockin' me, he said come on quick
Well my temper's rising, I said you make me sick

(Repeat Chorus) x2

If you don't get out of that, you need your head examined