

The Proclaimers, Five O'Clock World

Up every mornin' just to keep a job
I gotta fight my way through the hustling mob
Sounds of the city poundin' in my brain
While another day goes down the drain (yeah, yeah)

But it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows
No one owns a piece of my time
And there's a five o'clock me inside my clothes
Thinkin' that the world looks fine, yeah

(SCAT: oh-de-lay-ee-ee, etc)

Tradin' my time for the pay I get
Livin' on money that I ain't made yet
I've been goin' tryin' to make my way
While I live for the end of the day (yeah, yeah)

Cuz it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows
No one owns a piece of my time
There's a long-haired girl who waits, I know
To ease my troubled mind, yeah

(SCAT: oh-de-lay-ee-ee, etc)

In the shelter of her arms everything's OK
When she talks then the world goes slippin' away
And I know the reason I can still go on
When every other reason is gone, (yeah, yeah)

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

(SCAT: oh-de-lay-ee-ee, etc)