

# Bowling For Soup, 5 O'Clock World

Up every mornin' just to keep a job  
I gotta fight my way through the busslin' mob  
Sounds of the city poundin' in my brain  
While another day goes down the drain  
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  
Holiday, yeah  
Tradin' my time for the pay I get  
Livin' on money that I ain't made yet  
Gotta keep goin', gotta make my way  
But I live for the end of the day  
And it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows  
No one owns a piece of my time  
And there's a long haired hippie girl who waits, I know  
To ease my troubled mind, yeah  
Holiday, yeah  
In the shelter of her arms everything's okay  
She talks and the world goes slippin' away  
And I know the reason I can still go on  
When every other reason is gone  
In my five o'clock world she waits for me  
Nothin' else matters at all  
'Cause every time my baby smiles at me  
I know that it's all worthwhile, yeah  
Holiday, yeah, holiday, yeah