

Hal Ketchum, Five O'Clock World

Up every morning just to keep a job
Gotta fight my way through the husslin' 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 (yodel)

Tradin' my time for the pay I get
Livin' on the money that I ain't made yet
Gotta keep going, gotta make my way
But I live for the end of the day

Cause 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 girl who waits, I know
To ease my troubled mind, yeah (yodel)

In the shelter of her arms everything's okay
She talks and the world goes slippin' away
I know the reason I can still go on
When every other reason is gone

Cause in my five o'clock world she waits for me
Nothing else matters at all
Cause everytime my baby smiles at me
I know that it's all worthwhile, yeah (yodel)