

# The Kinks, Rush Hour Blues

He gets up early about seven o'clock,  
The alarm goes off and then the house starts to rock.  
In and out of the bathroom by seven-o-three,  
By seven-ten he's downstairs drinking his tea.  
So put a shine on your shoes,  
Put on your pin-striped suit.  
Can't lose those early-morning-can't-stop-yawning,  
Push and shoving rush hour blues.

Wife:  
Darling are you ready?  
You'll be late for the bus!

Star:  
Don't rush me baby  
While I'm using my brush.

Wife:  
Get a move on darling  
You're cutting it fine.

Star:  
Cool it baby  
I've got plenty of time.

So put a shine on your shoes  
Put on your pin-striped suit.  
Can't lose those early-morning-can't-stop-yawning  
Push and shoving rush hour blues.

Soon I'll be just one of the commuters  
Waiting for the subway train.  
I'll be rushing up the stairs  
And in the elevator.  
By the time that I get there  
I'm gonna feel like a mole in the ground  
I'll be caught in the crush  
I'll be pushed and be shoved,  
And I'll be trying to get the subway train.  
I'll be fighting with my brief case  
And my umbrella,  
Every morning and every night.  
Some people do it every day of their lives.

Wife:  
Read the paper later  
You'll be caught in the queues.

Star:  
Don't rush me baby  
While I'm reading the news.

Wife:  
Darling get a move on  
You're cutting it fine.

Star:  
Cool it baby  
I've got plenty of time.

A quick cup of coffee and a slice of  
toast and the Star (or should we say,  
Norman?) is off to do battle with the  
rush hour queues and traffic jams.

In the rush hour queues  
No one gives a damn.  
No one knows where I'm going to  
No one knows who I am.

I'm sitting in my office  
In the metropolis  
I'm just part of the scenery,  
I'm just part of the machinery.  
Chained to my desk on the 22nd floor,  
I can't break out through the automatic door,  
I'd jump out the window but I can't face the drop  
I'm sitting in a cage with an eye on the clock.

I'm ready to start paying my dues,  
I've got to lose those early-morning-can't-stop-yawning,  
Push and shoving, rush hour blues.

Well I'm ready to start paying my dues,  
I've got to lose those early-morning can't-stop-yawning,  
Push and shoving rush hour blues.