The Moody Blues, Lunch Break

I see it all through my window it seems,
Never failing, like millions of bees.
Pull out the drawer, no time to be won,
Only to do, what can be done.

Peak hour, peak hour, peak hour.

Minds are subject to what should be done,
Problem solved, time cannot be won.
One hour a day, one hour a night,
She's trying to be, ooh,
Home, in full flight.

Peak hour, peak hour, peak hour.

It makes me want to run out and tell them,They've got time.
Take a step back out and look in,
I've found out, I've got time.

Minds are subject to what should be done,
Problem solved, time cannot be won.
One hour a day, one hour a night,
She's trying to be, ooh,
Home, in full flight.

Peak hour, peak hour, peak hour.