

# Five O'clock World

## The Vogues

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  
But its a five oclock world when the whistle blows  
No one owns a piece of my time  
And theres a five oclock me inside my clothes  
Thinkin that the world looks fine, yeah  
Tradin my time for the pay I get  
Livin on money that I aint made yet  
Ive been goin tryin to make my way  
While I live for the end of the day  
Cuz its a five oclock world when the whistle blows  
No one owns a piece of my time, and  
Theres a long-haired girl who waits, I know  
To ease my troubled mind, yeah  
oh my lady, yeah  
oh my lady, yeah  
In the shelter of her arms everythings 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,  
In my five oclock world she waits for me  
Nothing else matters at all  
Cuz every time my baby smiles at me  
I know thats its all worthwhile,  
yeah oh my lady,  
yeah oh my lady, yeah, fade.....

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