Five O'clock World

Vogues

Up ev'ry morning just to keep a job
I gotta fight my way through the hustling mob,
Sounds of the city pounding 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,
Thinking that the world looks fine. Yeah! Adalee!

Trading my time for the pay I get
Living on the money that I ain't made yet,
Gotta keep goin' 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! Adalee!

In the shelter of her arms ev'rything's o.k.
She talks and the world goes slipping away,
And I know the reason I can still go on
When ev'ry other reason is gone.
In my five o'clock world she waits for me,
Nothing else matters at all.
'Cause ev'ry time my baby smiles at me,
I know that it's all worthwhile, yeah

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written by Reynolds, Allen
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