

Five Oâ€™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,

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