

# Get Up (feat. Tumi)

## Chinese Man

When I was young and under ten  
A silly wee fool was I  
The morning that I left the school  
I heard my mother cry  
Get up, get out, you lazy lout  
Get into your working clothes  
Up to your knees in oil and grease  
And a grindstone to your nose  
I bought me a clock, a pretty good clock  
To help me to tell the time  
It awakened me every morning  
With a very poetic rhyme  
I married me a wife, a pretty good wife  
And kept her many a year  
Come what may, she'd begin each day  
By whispering in my ear  
Now some get to lie as long as they like  
They're luckier men than me  
I never get to lie very long  
I'm only four foot three

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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