

# Five O'Clock World

[Hal Ketchum](#)

Up every mornin' just to keep a job  
I gotta fight my way through the busslin' mob  
Sounds of the city poundin' 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  
Thinkin' that the world looks fine, yeah  
Holiday, yeah Tradin' my time for the pay I get  
Livin' on money that I ain't made yet  
Gotta keep goin', gotta make my way  
But I live for the end of the day And 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 hippie girl who waits, I know  
To ease my troubled mind, yeah  
Holiday, yeah In the shelter of her arms everything's okay  
She talks and the world goes slippin' away  
And I know the reason I can still go on  
When every other reason is gone In my five o'clock world she waits for me  
Nothin' else matters at all  
'Cause every time my baby smiles at me  
I know that it's all worthwhile, yeah  
Holiday, yeah, holiday, yeah

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