

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 drainBut 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, yeahTadin' 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 dayAnd 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, yeahIn 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 goneIn 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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