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, yeahTradin' 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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