

Broken-Hearted Janitors

"5 and 8"

Visit "[5 and 8](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

5 o clocks overrated
The night leaves me jaded
There's nothing on tv
You're everything to me
And I'd wish this would pass
But you're at the bottom of every glass

Why can't I have a happy hour?
Hell, why can't I have two?
When did everything turn sour?
I'll take another shot
And drown the thought
Of you

8 a.m. is overrated
Who wants to live when night has faded?
I sit in traffic on the freeway
Wishin that you'd stay
And I sit back to yawn
And embrace the dawn

Gimme a tall one
Hell, gimme two
Too bad you had to run
Tonight I'll take another shot
And drink away the thought
Of you

Why can't I have a happy hour?
Hell, why can't I have two?
When did everything turn sour?
I'll take another shot
And drown the thought
Of you

Visit [Broken-Hearted Janitors](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.