

Irving Berlin

"Oh How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning 1918"

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I've been a soldier quite a while
And I would like to state
The life is simply wonderful
The Army food is great
I sleep with ninety-seven others in a wooden hut
I love them all
They all love me
It's very lovely but

Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning
Oh! How I'd love to remain in bed

For the hardest blow of all
Is to hear the bugler call
Ya gotta get up
Ya gotta get up
Ya gotta get up this morning

Someday I'm going to murder the bugler
Someday they're going to find him dead

I'll amputate his reveille
And step upon it heavily
And spend the rest of my life in bed

[alternate lines in 2nd chorus:]
And then I'll get that other pup
The guy who wakes the bugler up

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