

## Vogues

### "% O'clock World"

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Words and Music by Allen Reynolds

Up every mornin' just to keep a job  
I gotta fight my way through the hustling mob  
Sounds of the city poundin' in my brain  
While another day goes down the drain (yeah, yeah)  
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  
(SCAT: oh-de-lay-ee-ee, etc )  
Tradin' my time for the pay I get  
Livin' on money that I ain't made yet  
I've been goin' tryin' to make my way  
While I live for the end of the day (yeah, yeah)  
Cuz it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows  
No one owns a piece of my time  
There's a long-haired girl who waits, I know  
To ease my troubled mind, yeah  
(SCAT: oh-de-lay-ee-ee, etc )  
In the shelter of her arms everything's OK  
When she talks then the world goes slippin' away  
And I know the reason I can still go on  
When every other reason is gone, (yeah, yeah)  
In my five o'clock world she waits for me  
Nothing else matters at all  
Cuz every time my baby smiles at me  
I know that's it's all worthwhile, yeah  
(SCAT: oh-de-lay-ee-ee, etc ) to end

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