

Hugh Jackman

"At The End Of The Day"

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At the end of the day you're another day older,
and thats all you can say for the life of the poor.
It's a struggle, it's a war, and there's nothing that
anyones giving
one more day standing about what is it for?
One day less to be living.

At the end of the day, you're another day colder,
and the shirt on your back doesn't keep out the chill.
And the righteous hurry past, they dont hear the little
ones crying,
and the winter is coming on fast, ready to kill.
One day nearer to dying.

At the end of the day, there's another day dawning,
and the sun in the morning is waiting to rise.
Like the waves crash on the sand,
like a storm that will break any second,
there's a hunger in the land.
There's a reckoning still to be reckoned,
and there's gonna be hell to pay, at the end of the day.

At the end of the day you get nothing for nothing,
sitting flat on your bum doesnt buy any bread.
And there's children back at home, and the children
have got to be fed,
and your lucky to be in a job and in a bed.
And we're counting our blessings
Have you seen how the foreman is fuming today?
With his terrible breath and his wandering hands
All because little Fantine won't give him his way
Take a look at his trousers
You see where he stands

And the boss he never knows
that his foreman is always in heat
If Fantine doesn't look out
watch how she goes
she'll be out on the street

At the end of the day, it's another day over,

with enough in your pocket to last for a week.
Pay the landlord, pay the shop,
keep on grafting as long as your able.
Keep on grafting till you drop,
or its back to the crusts off the table.
Well you've got to pay your way, at the end of the day.
And what have we here little innocent sister
Come on Fantine let's have all the news
Dear Fantine you must send us more money
Your child needs a doctor there's no time to lose

Give that letter to me, it is none of your business
With a husband at home and a bit on the side.
Is there anyone here who can swear before God
She has nothing to fear, she has nothing to hide?

(Fighting sounds)

Will someone tear these two apart
What is this fighting all about?
This is a factory not a circus
Now come on ladies settle down
I run a business of repute
I am the mayor of this town
I'll look to you to sort this out
Be as patient as you can
Now someone say how this began
At the end of the day she's the one who began it
There's a kid that she's hiding in some little town
There's a man she has to pay
You can guess where she picks up the extra
You can bet she's earning her keep sleeping around
And the boss wouldn't like it
Yes it's true there's a child
and that child is my daughter
And her father abandoned us leaving us flat
Now she lives with an inkeeper man and his wife
And I pay for the child
What's the matter with that?

At the end of the day she'll be nothing but trouble
And there's trouble for all where there's trouble for one
While we're earning our daily bread
She's the one with her hands in the butter
You must send the slut away
Or we're all gonna end in the gutter
It's us who'll have to pay
At the end of the day

I might have known the bitch could bite
I might have known the cat had claws

I might have guessed your little secret
Ah yes the virtous Fantine
Who keeps herself so pure and clean
You'd be the cause I had no doubt
Of any trouble here about
You play a virgin in the light
But need no urgin' in the night
She's been laughing at you while she's having her men
She'll be nothing but trouble again and again
You must sack her today! (Sack the girl today!)
Right my girl! On your way!

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