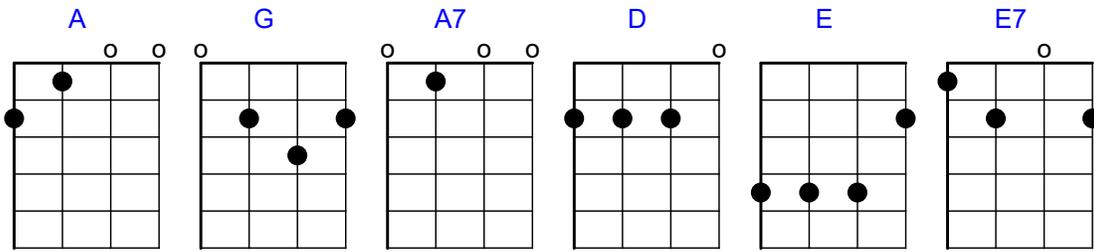


Five O'Clock World

The Vogues



A G A G

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 theres a five o'clock me inside my clothes,
 Thinkin' that the world looks fine, yeah.

A G A G A G A G
 Ada.lay.ee.hee, ee..yeah

Tradin' my time for the pay I get, Livin' on money that I ain't made yet
 Gotta keep goin' tryin' to make my way, While I live for the end of the day. 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 long-haired girl who waits, I know, To ease my troubled mind, yeah

A G A G A G A G
 Ada.lay.ee.hee, ee..yeah

c:solos (if desired)

A G (X7) A A7
 D G (X7) E E7

A G A G

In the shelter of her arms everything's okay. She talks and the the world goes slippin' away.
 And I know that's 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
 Cause every time my baby smiles at me, I know that's it's all worthwhile.

A G A G A G A G (X3)
 Ada.lay.ee.hee, ee..yeah