

# I Wish That They'd Sack Me

Chumbawamba

Six in the morning don't want to wake  
Sun laying low and the world sleeping late  
Hate like the river runs heavy and deep  
Oh I wish that they'd sack me and leave me to sleep

Five days from seven the week's hardly mine  
The alarm clock's gone over to enemy lines  
Waste my time working for cowards and creeps  
Oh I wish that they'd sack me and leave me to sleep

Rain strikes the window heralds the day  
Rain won't you wash these eight hours away?  
Rain feeds the river runs heavy and deep  
Oh I wish that they'd sack me and leave me to sleep

Birds at my window sing in the dawn  
By the time that I'm home all this day will be gone  
Spend my life sowing what others will reap  
Oh I wish that they'd sack me and leave me to sleep

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