

## Payday In a Pub

Cold Chisel

I spent my lunch hour  
Watching middleage businessmen, readin' a lot  
And dreaming of the things they never had  
They make you feel so bad  
They make you feel so sad  
They make you feel so low

They try to tell me  
What I'm doing ain't right  
They try to tell me  
What I do ain't right  
They make you feel so bad  
They make you feel so sad  
They make you feel so low

Trying, crying  
Crying about all the lovin' you promised to me  
If you see me, while you free me  
Just tell me your leavin', you won't be coming back to me  
Come back to me

If you see me, free me  
Don't leave me hanging 'round your doorstep no more  
I've been trying, I've been crying  
Been trying and crying  
Just gotta get back to you  
Just to get back to you

Still I'm trying  
Every single day of my life  
Everytime I try to see you  
You step out of line  
It makes you feel so bad  
It makes you feel so sad  
It makes you feel so alone