

# 5 O'clock World

Julian Cope

Up every morning just to keep a job  
I have to work my way through the hustlin mob  
The sounds of the city poundin in my brain  
While another day goes down the drain

But when you try so hard just to be someone  
To be someone you want to be  
All my hangups putdowns caveats  
There's something else to beleive

Yeah Yeah  
It's a 5 o'clock world when the whistle blows  
And I'm telling to you  
And it's the 5 o'clock shadow when the missile blows  
I thank god for you

Working so hard for the pay I get  
Livin on money that I ain't made yet  
Five bucks a copy just to be myself  
When I'd rather be somebody else

Yeah, Yeah  
Well it's a 5 o'clock world when the whistle blows  
And I'm telling to you  
And it's the 5 o'clock shadow when the missile blows  
I thank god for you

I know a place  
Where we can hide from the human race outside  
The count downs started  
And your bags are packed  
We leave this planet tonight my dear  
Let's ride  
Yeah yeah yeah

In the shelter of her arms everything's OK  
She smiles and the world goes whistling away  
She gives me reason to carry on  
When every other reason is gone

Yeah Yeah  
But it's a 5 o'clock world when the whistle blows  
And I'm telling to you  
And it's a mighty small planet when the missile blows  
I thank god for you

It's a 5 o'clock world when the whistle blows  
And I'm telling to you  
And it's a mighty small planet when the missile blows  
I thank god for you  
Thank god for you