

# Crawling Up A Hill

Katie Melua

Every morning (a)bout half past eight,  
My Mummer wakes me says,  
"Don't be late",  
Get to the office, tryin' to concentrate,  
My life is just a slow train crawling up a hill.

So I stop one day to figure it out,  
I'll quit my job without a shadow of a doubt,  
To sing the blues that I know about,  
My life is just a slow train crawling up a hill.

Minute after minute,  
Second after second,  
Hour after hour goes by,  
Working for a rich girl,  
Staying just a poor girl,  
Never stop to wonder why.

So here I am in London town,  
A better scene I'm gonna be around,  
The kind of music that won't bring me down,  
My life is just a slow train crawling up a hill.

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