

## 9 Till 5

Skrewdriver

Another Monday morning, another day  
Come Friday evening, when you collect your pay

Chorus:  
Like working from nine till five  
Making a mess of my mind

I'm filing papers, in long gray drawers  
And my brain's disintegrating, what a bore

(Repeat Chorus)

Well I do think civil servants and bankers are real wankers

Well the boss is knockin' me, he said come on quick  
Well my temper's rising, I said you make me sick

(Repeat Chorus) x2

If you don't get out of that, you need your head examined