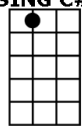


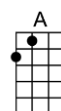
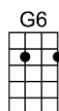
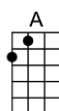
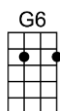
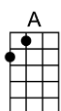
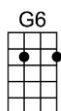
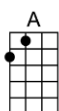
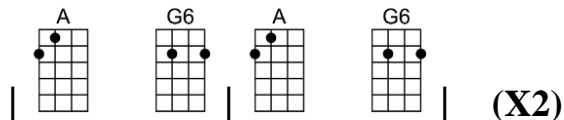
SING C#



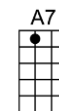
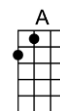
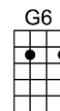
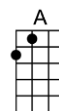
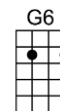
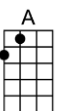
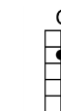
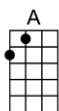
FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD - Allen Reynolds

4/4 1...2...1234

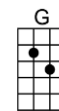
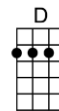
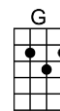
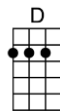
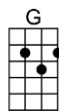
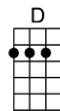
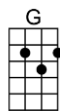
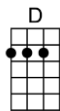
Intro:



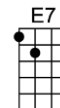
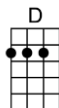
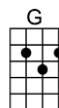
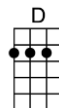
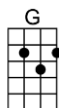
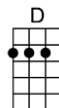
Up every morning just to keep a job, I gotta fight my way through the hustlin' mob



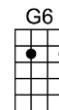
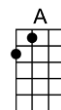
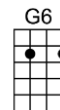
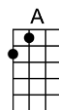
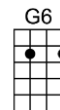
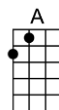
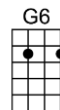
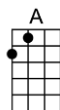
Sounds of the city poundin' in my brain, while an-other day goes down the drain



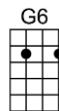
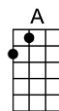
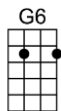
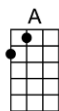
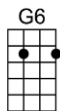
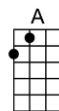
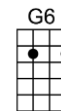
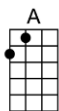
But it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows, no one owns a piece of my time



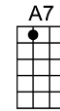
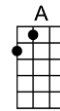
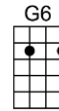
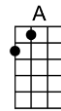
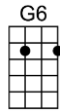
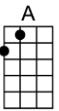
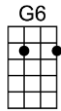
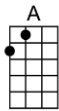
And there's a five o'clock me in-side my clothes, thinkin' that the world looks fine, yeah



Ada -lahee-hee, hee, yeah

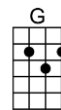
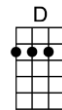
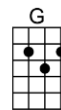
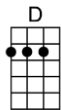
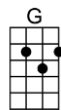
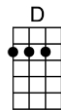
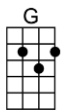
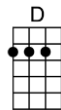


Tradin' my time for the pay I get, livin' on money that I ain't made yet

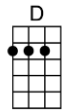
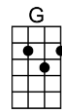
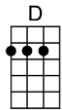
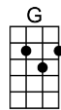
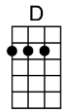


Gotta keep goin', gotta make my way, but I live for the end of the day

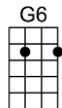
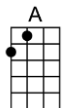
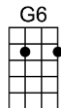
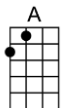
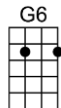
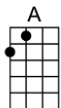
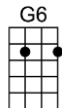
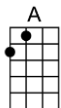
p.2. Five O'clock World



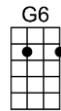
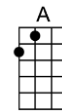
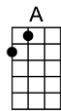
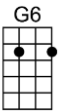
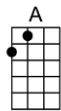
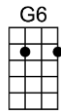
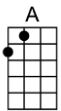
'Cause it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows, no one owns a piece of my time



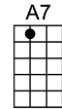
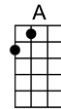
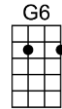
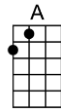
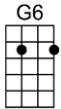
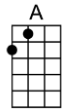
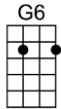
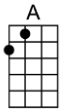
And there's a long-haired girl who waits, I know, to ease my troubled mind, yeah



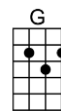
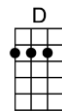
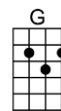
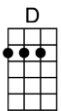
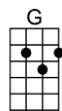
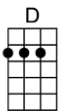
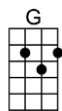
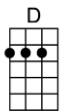
Ada -lahee-hee, hee, yeah



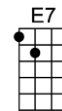
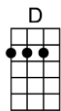
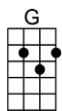
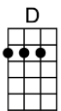
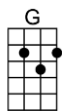
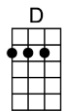
In the shelter of her arms every-thing's OK, she talks and the world goes slippin' a-way



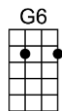
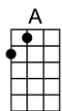
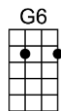
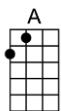
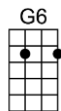
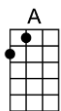
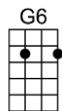
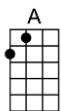
And I know the reason I can still go on, when every other reason is gone



In my five o'clock world she waits for me, nothing else matters at all



'Cause every time my baby smiles at me, I know that its all worth-while, yeah



Ada -lahee-hee, hee, yeah

(repeat, fade)

FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD-Allen Reynolds

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | A G6 | A G6 | (X2)

A G6 A G6 A G6 A G6
Up every morning just to keep a job, I gotta fight my way through the hustlin' mob

A G6 A G6 A G6 A A7
Sounds of the city poundin' in my brain, while a-nother day goes down the drain

D G D G D G D G
But it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows, no one owns a piece of my time

D G D G D E7
And there's a five o'clock me in-side my clothes, thinkin' that the world looks fine, yeah

A G6 A G6 A G6 A G6
Ada-lahee-hee, hee, yeah

A G6 A G6 A G6 A G6
Tradin' my time for the pay I get, livin' on money that I ain't made yet

A G6 A G6 A G6 A A7
Gotta keep goin', gotta make my way, but I live for the end of the day

D G D G D G D G
'Cause it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows, no one owns a piece of my time

D G D G D E7
And there's a long-haired girl who waits, I know, to ease my troubled mind, yeah

A G6 A G6 A G6 A G6
Ada-lahee-hee, hee, yeah

A G6 A G6 A G6 A G6
In the shelter of her arms every-thing's OK, she talks and the world goes slippin' a-way (it slips away)

A G6 A G6 A G6 A A7
And I know the reason I can still go on, when every other reason is gone

D G D G D G D G
In my five o'clock world she waits for me, nothing else matters at all

D G D G D E7
'Cause every time my baby smiles at me, I know that its all worth-while, yeah

A G6 A G6 A G6 A G6
Ada-lahee-hee, hee, yeah (repeat, fade)