

It's Five O'Clock Somewhere

The sun is hot and that old clock is movin' slow, and so am I
Work day passes like molasses in winter time, but it's July
Getting paid by the hour and older by the minute
My boss just pushed me over the limit
I'd like to call him something, I Think I'll just call it a day

Pour me something tall and strong.
Make it a hurricane, before I go insane
It's only half past twelve. But I don't care
It's five o'clock somewhere

This lunch break is gonna take all afternoon, half the night
Tomorrow morning I know there'll be hell to pay but, hey, that's all right
I ain't had a day off now, in over a year my Jamaican vacation's gonna start right
here
If the phone's for me you can just tell them I just sailed away

And Pour me something tall and strong. Make it a big boy drink i don't wanna
think
Make it a hurricane, before I go insane
It's only half past twelve. But I don't care
It's five o'clock somewhere

I could pay off my tab, pour myself in a cab
And be back to work before two
At a moment like this, I can't help but wonder
What would Jimmy Buffett do

Pour me something tall and strong
Make it a hurricane, before I go insane
It's only half past twelve, but I don't care

Pour me something tall and strong
Make it a hurricane, before I go insane
It's only half past twelve. But I don't care, no i don't care
It's five o'clock somewhere