NINE TO FIVE

```
F#<sup>11</sup>/E |
                       G/E \mid F^{\pm 11}/E \mid G/E \mid F^{\pm 11}/E \mid G/E
Intro:
                                                                      l Em
                                       Em/G
            I'm sitting on a bus to my nine-to-five
                              Em/G
            An angel singing songs at my side
                                       Em/G
                                                 Em/F#
            Watching all the people as we speed by
            On this hamster's treadmill called life.
                                     Em/G
            Gotta go to work, gotta earn your crust
                                    Em/G Em/F#
            Finding satisfaction in a life of lust
                              Em/G
                                       Em/F#
            Ain't got time for love nor trust
            On this crazy treadmill called life.
                C
Chorus:
            Oh what's it all about?
            Tell me, where's the fun?
            Now I don't mean to scream and shout
                                             (Fin – last time)
            But there's a change coming on.
            F^{\#11}/E \mid G/E \mid F^{\#11}/E \mid G/E \mid F^{\#11}/E \mid G/E
                                                                      l Em
            Work, work, work to get a little pay
            If I earn enough I can retire some day
            Get a good pension, yeah, that's the way
            On this greedy treadmill of life.
            Days turn into weeks and months, it's all just the same
            And everybody seems to play the same sad game
            Who made the rules, tell me, who's to blame
            For this incessant treadmill called life?
Chorus:
            Oh what's it all about? . . .
            They say that's just the way it is, but I don't agree
Bridge:
            'Cos working every hour God sends just ain't for me
            Now I don't mind grafting even doing long hours
                                                                  Bm
            But me, I work to live, and not the other way round
```

Oh what's it all about? . . . (x2)

Chorus: