Payday In a Pub

Cold Chisel

I spent my lunch hour
Watching middleage businessmen, readin' a lot
And dreaming of the things they never had
They make you feel so bad
They make you feel so sad
They make you feel so low

They try to tell me
What I'm doing ain't right
They try to tell me
What I do ain't right
They make you feel so bad
They make you feel so sad
They make you feel so low

Trying, crying
Crying about all the lovin' you promised to me
If you see me, while you free me
Just tell me your leavin', you won't be coming back to me
Come back to me

If you see me, free me
Don't leave me hanging 'round your doorstop no more
I've been trying, I've been crying
Been trying and crying
Just gotta get back to you
Just to get back to you

Still I'm trying
Every single day of my life
Everytime I try to see you
You step out of line
It makes you feel so bad
It makes you feel so sad
It makes you feel so alone