

Racing with the Clock

Doris Day

Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up, hurry up
Can't waste time, can't waste time, can't waste time, can't waste time
When you're racing with the clock
When you're racing with the clock
And the second hand doesn't understand
That your back may break and your fingers ache
And your constitution isn't made of rock

It's a losing race when you're racing with the
Racing racing racing with the clock

Hurry up, girls
Seconds are ticking
Seconds are ticking
Hurry up

Hurry up, hurry up
Hurry up, hurry up
Can't waste time, can't waste time
Hurry up, hurry up
Can't waste time
Hurry up, hurry up
Can't waste time

When you're racing with the clock
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When will old man Hasler break down
And come up with our seven and a half cent raise?

How in hell can I buy me a swell new second hand car
On that salary he pays?

What do you think of the new superintendent?

He's cute

He'll never last. Ha!

He's kind of fresh for a new superintendent

I like a man with spunk

You like a man period

All right, girls. Cut out the laughing
Cut out the laughing
Tempus fugit
Tempus fugit

Waste - waste - waste!!!

Hurry up

Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up, hurry up
Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up, hurry up
Can't waste time - can't waste time
Can't waste time - can't waste time
When you're racing with the clock
When you're racing with the clock
And the second-hand doesn't understand
That your back may break and your fingers ache
And your constitution isn't made of rock
It's a losing race when you're racing with the
Racing racing racing with the clock
Can't waste time
Racing racing racing racing racing racing
Racing racing racing racing racing racing
With the clock