The Worker's Train

Cab Calloway

The eight-fifteen is the worker's train,
The eight-fifteen, and I'm off again,
The eight-fifteen is an awful pain;
Wish I didn't have to travel on the eight-fifteen!

The eight-fifteen going off uptown,
The eight-fifteen sort of brings me down,
The eight-fifteen always makes me frown,
Got to get up early for the daily eight-fifteen.

I'm happy on Sunday,
'Cause I can stay in bed till ten;
When I think of Monday,
I suffer 'cause I know that's when I get:

The eight-fifteen through the tunnel way,
The eight-fifteen, think I'll quit today,
The same routine, but I need the pay,
Better hurry, can't afford to miss the eight-fifteen!

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