

Don't Call Me Early in the Morning

The Irish Rovers

Don't call me early in the morning,
Call me what you want to but leave me alone.
Don't call me early in the morning,
Just leave me till the cows are coming home.

A man or a woman they need their relaxation
From rising always at the dawn
And the heart of the matter tomorrow is a Saturday
And I'll be lying on.

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Sad the lad that can't rest contented
He has it all but must have more.
He fills himself with pills to retire with a million,
But falls asleep at sixty-four.

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Fair is fair and I've done my share,
My nerves are getting on my nerves.
If you don't have a pillow of the white swan's feather,
I'll do with a corner for my head.

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Call me what you want to but leave me alone.
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Just a gentle warning for tomorrow morning,
No big noises near my room.
Cars with no exhaust, Chickens with the hooping cough,
And milkmen that whistle out of tune!

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