

Crawling Up a Hill

John Mayall

Every morning (a)bout half past eight,
My Mama wakes me says,
"Don't be late",
I get to the office, tryin' to concentrate,
My life is just a slow train crawling up a hill.
So I stop one day to figure it out,
I'll quit my job without a shadow of a doubt,
To sing the blues that I know about,
My life is just a slow train crawling up a hill.
Minute after minute,
Second after second,
Hour after hour goes by,
Working for a rich girl,
Staying just a poor girl,
Never stop to wonder why.
So here I am in London town,
A better scene I'm gonna be around,
The kind of music that won't bring me down,
My life is just a slow train crawling up a hill.
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