

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Dollar Alarm Clock

Dollar Alarm Clock  
(John Healy)

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal, maybe land in a prison,  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

Chorus: The faithful alarm clock;  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented:  
It beats the slave -driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented;  
It never gets hungry, it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing;  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load;  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive,  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

tune: Old Oaken Bucket  
From IWW Songbook, 1918  
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