

Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning

By:George Lambert

Music by Irving Berlin

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning.

Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed

For the hardest thing of all is to hear the master call:

"You've got to get up! You've got to get up!

You've got to get up this morning!"

Some day I'm not gonna answer his call;

Some day I'm gonna remain in bed.

I'll telephone up to the boss and ask him if he'll come across.

If not, I'll never get out of bed.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning;

Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed.

When I think about the pay that he gives me every day,

I hate to get up, I hate to get up, I hate to get up in the morning!

Some day, I'm not gonna answer his call;

Some day I'm gonna remain in bed.

I'll send him out an S.O.S. and tell him I am gonna rest

And spend the rest of my life in bed.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning;

Oh, how I love to remain in bed.

When I think about my job and the boss, the great big slob,

I hate to get up, I hate to get up, I hate to get up in the morning.

Some day I'm gonna forget all my troubles

And stay in bed every day till 10:00.

I'll tell the boss I am a Wob, and if he wants to take my job,

Well, then, I'll never get out of bed.