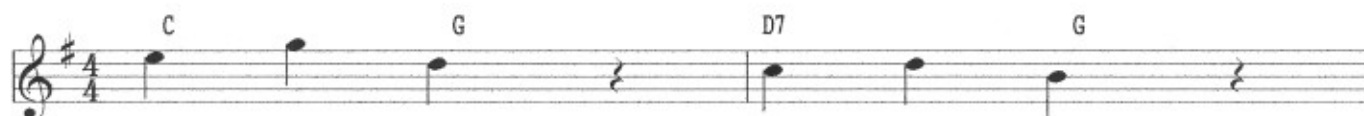


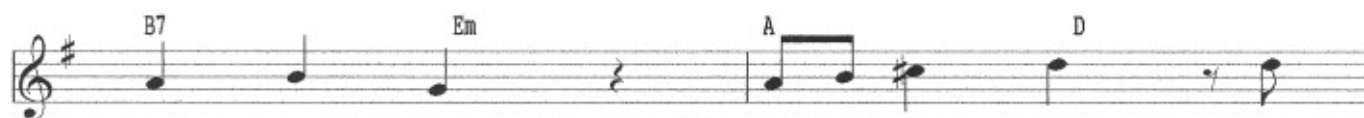
SIX-TILL-TWO

© PRS - D Evardson

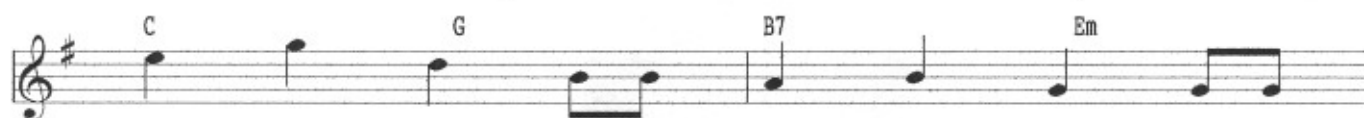
♩=120



CHORUS: Morn- ing shift, six- till- two.



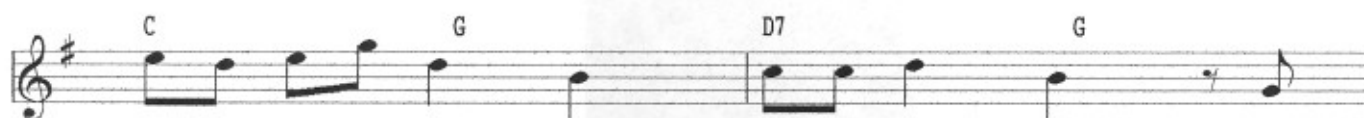
I feel cold, how a- bout you? Me



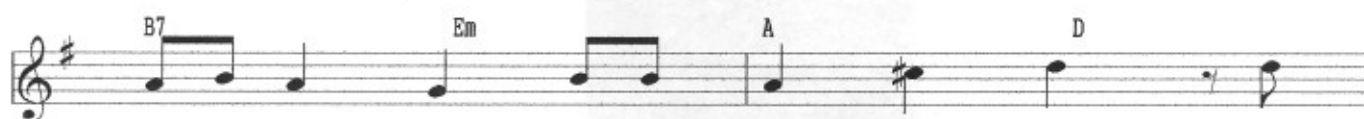
face is red and me legs are blue, in me



wel- lies & me tur- ban on the six- till- two.



VERSE: Feb- ru- ar- y morn- ing, could- n't be worse. You



leave your warm bed and you don't half curse. You



creep out the house; you make no fuss, then yer



run- ning like a grey- hound for the ear- ly bus.