

# Katie Melua, Crawling Up The Hill

Every morning (a)bout half past eight,  
My Mummer wakes me says,  
"Don't be late",  
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,  
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