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*If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?*

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## Irving Berlin's Song Altered A Bit Or Working Woman's Blues

*Based On My EPA Job Back in 1995 By Lois Homer*

Oh how I hate to get up in the morning  
Especially at 5:30 every day  
My head feels like a stuffed cabbage  
My eyes won't open all the way  
I gotta get up, I gotta get up in the morning  
I gotta move fast or they'll sure fire me without warning

Oh how I hate to get up and do situps (found a better ab exercise)  
Especially when they don't seem to work  
My muscles ache while I keep in shape  
The whole damn routine, I want to shirk  
I do my situps, I do my pushups, I think I am nuts in the morning  
If I stop for a week, my clothes won't zip up without warning

Oh how I hate to get into the shower  
Like clockwork, the water changes to cold  
I wash as quickly as I can  
I wonder why I feel so old  
I gotta dry off, I gotta get dressed in the morning  
I gotta get ready, my train comes early without warning

Why does my hair have to look like a haystack?  
How can I have acne at my age?  
My eyeliner smears, eyelashes I lack  
I feel just like I belong in a cage  
I gotta dress quick, I gotta eat fast in the morning  
I gotta clean up the dishes because food sticks on the plates without warning

Mort rushes me up to the Skokie Swift Train  
The platform is filled to the max with folks  
The motorman sings a familiar refrain  
"Get all aboard fast, these doors will close"  
But we riders all know the doors open and close for ten or twelve times in the morning  
Unless someone's nose gets caught in the doors without warning

For twelve long minutes the Skokie Swift crawls on  
The Evanston Express riders are all mad  
They push off the Swift at Howard Street  
With shoving and banging and I'm so glad  
I didn't get bumped, I didn't get tripped, I'm all in one piece in the morning  
Evanston Express folks, they'll step on your head without warning

Oh how I hate the el ride in the morning  
Oh how I hate to wait for my train

It finally comes, my toes are frozen,  
The platform is filled with people insane  
They're gonna be late, they're gonna be docked for this morning  
Your el can be late and crowded and cold without warning

Oh how I hate to be badgered by peddlers  
Oh how they try to scam you alive  
They run up the aisles ignoring the hecklers  
Asking for money, disturbing your ride  
They gotta earn dough without going to work in the morning  
They come up to you selling bibles, gold chains without warning

Finally I make it to my destination  
I step over briefcases and some toes  
Then I climb the el stairs and then I spot  
A homeless woman slumped in a doze  
She doesn't get up, she hasn't a job in the morning  
I rush by her fast just in case she wakes up without warning

When I get into my office, I'm tired  
Getting to work has been no fun  
I don't even care if I get fired  
I can't wait until this day is done  
Again there's that battle with the RTA every morning (Mort's help)  
That same old mad rush, that insane rat race without warning

I try to do a good job but I'm lazy (at that hour)  
My boss screams like hell at me every time  
I try hard to please her but she's crazy  
All she does is complain and whine  
I gotta move fast, gotta cover my butt in the morning  
Gotta hide my mistakes or they'll fire me without warning