**It's Five O' Clock Somewhere by Alan Jackson**

**(With Jimmy Buffet)**

The sun is hot and that old clock is movin' slow,  
And so am I.  
Work day passes like molasses in wintertime,  
But it's July.  
I'm gettin' paid by the hour, and older by the minute.  
My boss just pushed me over the limit.  
I'd like to call him somethin',  
I think I'll just call it a day.  
  
**Pour me somethin' tall and strong,  
Make it a "Hurricane" before I go insane.  
It's only half-past twelve but I don't care.  
It's five o'clock somewhere.**  
Oh, this lunch break is gonna take all afternoon,  
And half the night.  
Tomorrow mornin', I know there'll be hell to pay,  
Hey, but that's all right.  
I ain't had a day off now in over a year.  
My Jamaican vacation's gonna start right here.  
If the phone's for me,  
You can tell 'em I just sailed away.  
  
**And pour me somethin' tall and strong,  
Make it a "Hurricane" before I go insane.  
It's only half-past twelve but I don't care.  
It's five o'clock somewhere.**I could pay off my tab,  
put myself in a cab,  
And be back to work before two.  
At a moment like this I can't help but wonder,  
What would Jimmy Buffett do?  
  
Funny you should ask, Alan. I'd say,  
  
**Pour me somethin' tall and strong,  
Make it a "Hurricane" before I go insane.  
It's only half-past twelve but I don't care.  
  
Pour me somethin' tall and strong,  
Make it a "Hurricane" before I go insane.  
It's only half-past twelve but I don't care.  
  
He don't care.  
I don't care.**  
It's five o'clock somewhere.