

Get Up (feat. Tumi)

Chinese Man

When I was young and under ten
A silly wee fool was I
The morning that I left the school
I heard my mother cry
Get up, get out, you lazy lout
Get into your working clothes
Up to your knees in oil and grease
And a grindstone to your nose
I bought me a clock, a pretty good clock
To help me to tell the time
It awakened me every morning
With a very poetic rhyme
I married me a wife, a pretty good wife
And kept her many a year
Come what may, she'd begin each day
By whispering in my ear
Now some get to lie as long as they like
They're luckier men than me
I never get to lie very long
I'm only four foot three

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