Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning

Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning
(Irving Berlin, 1918.)

The other day I chanced to meet a soldier friend of mine.
He'd been in camp for sev'ral weeks and he was looking fine.
His muscles had developed and his cheeks were rosy red.
I asked him how he liked the life, and this is what he said:

cho: Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!
Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed!
For the hardest blow of all is to hear the bugler call,
"You've got to get up. You've got to get up.
You've got to get up this morning."
Someday I'm going to murder the bugler.
Someday they're going to find him dead.
I'll amputate his reveille and stomp upon it heavily*
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

A bugler in the army is the luckiest of men.
He wakes the boys at five and then goes back to bed again.
He doesn't have to blow again until the afternoon.
If ev'rything goes well with me, I'll be a bugler soon. (Chorus)

Oh, boy! The minute the battle is over --
Oh, boy! The minute the foe is dead,
I'll put my uniform away and move to Philadelph-eye-ay
And spend the rest of my life in bed!

[*Although not in the original lyrics, this verse is sometimes repeated with the following line substituted: "And then I'll get that other pup, the guy who wakes the bugler up."]

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