

At The End Of The Day

At the end of the day you're another day older
And that's all you can say for the life of the poor
It's a struggle, it's a war
And there's nothing that anyone's giving
One more day standing about, what is it for?
One day less to be living

At the end of the day you're another day colder
And the shirt on your back doesn't keep out the chill
And the righteous hurry past
They don't hear the little ones crying
And the plague is coming on fast, ready to kill
One day nearer to dying

At the end of the day there's another day dawning
And the sun in the morning is waiting to rise
Like the waves crash on the sand
Like a storm that'll break any second
There's a hunger in the land
There's a reckoning still to be reckoned and
There's gonna be hell to pay
At the end of the day

At the end of the day you get nothing for nothing
Sitting flat on your bum doesn't buy any bread
There are children back at home
And the children have got to be fed
And you're lucky to be in a job
And in a bed
And we're counting our blessings

Have you seen how the foreman is fuming today?
With his terrible breath and his wandering hands?
It's because little Fantine won't give him his way
Take a look at his trousers, you'll see where he stands
And the boss, he never knows
That the foreman is always on heat
If Fantine doesn't look out

Watch how she goes
She'll be out on the street
At the end of the day it's another day over
With enough in your pocket to last for a week
Pay the landlord, pay the shop
Keep on grafting as long as you're able
Keep on grafting till you drop
Or it's back to the crumbs off the table
You've got to pay your way
At the end of the day

And what have we here, little innocent sister?
Oh, come on Fantine, let's have all the news
Dear Fantine you must send us more money
Your child needs a doctor
There's no time to lose

Give that letter to me
It is none of your business
With a husband at home
And a bit on the side
Is there anyone here
Who can swear before God
She has nothing to fear?
She has nothing to hide?

What is this fighting all about?
Will someone tear these two apart
This is a factory, not a circus
Now, come on ladies, settle down
I am the mayor of this town
I run a business of repute

Deal with this foreman
be as patient as you can

Yes Monsieur Madeline

I might have known the b could bite
I might have known the cat had claws
I might have guessed your little secret
Ah yes, the virtuous Fantine
Who keeps herself so pure and clean
You'd be the cause I had no doubt
Of any trouble hereabout

You play a virgin in the light
But need no urgin' in the night
She's been laughing at you
While she's having her men
She'll be nothing but trouble again and again
You must sack her today
Sack the girl today
At the end of the day
Right my girl, on your way!