

# Welcome to the Working Week

[Elvis Costello](#)

Now that your picture's in the paper being rhythmically admired  
And you can have anyone that you have ever desired  
All you gotta tell me now is why, why, why, why? Welcome to the working week  
Oh, I know it don't thrill you, I hope it don't kill you  
Welcome to the working week  
You gotta do it till you're through, so you better get to it All of your family had to kill to survive  
And they're still waitin' for their big day to arrive  
But if they knew how I felt, they'd bury me alive Welcome to the working week  
Oh, I know it don't thrill you, I hope it don't kill you  
Welcome to the working week  
You gotta do it till you're through, so you better get to it I hear you sayin', "Hey, the city's alright"  
When you only read about it in books  
Spend all your money gettin' so convinced  
That you never even bother to look Sometimes I wonder if we're livin' in the same land  
Why d'you wanna be my friend  
When I feel like a juggler running out of hands? Welcome to the working week  
Oh, welcome to the working week

Lyrics provided by

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