Welcome to the Working Week

No Fun At All

[Originally by Elvis Costello]Now that your picture's in the paper being rhythmically admired 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 I don't thrill you, I hope I don't kill you, welcome to the working week
You gotta do it till you're through it so you better get to itAll of your family had to kill to survive
And they're still waiting for their big day to arrivebut if they knew how I felt
They'd bury me aliveWelcome to the working week
Oh, I know I don't thrill you, I hope I don't kill you, welcome to the working week
You gotta do it till you're through it so you better get to itI 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 lookSometimes I wonder if we're living 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 [x2]

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