

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 it All of your family had to kill to survive

And they're still waiting 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 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 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
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]

Lyrics provided by

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