

# Welcome To The Working Week

No Fun At All

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 arrivebut if the  
y knew how I felt  
They'd bury me alive

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I hear you sayin "hey, the city's alright" when you only read a  
bout it in books  
Spend all your money gettin' so convinced that you never even b  
other to look

Sometimes I wonder if we're living in the same land  
Why'd you want to be my friend when I  
Feel like a juggler running  
Out of hands?

Welcome to the working week  
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