

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

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Oh, I know I don't thrill you, I hope I don't kill you, welcome
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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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