

## Paul Kelly

### "No You"

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Paul Kelly (Mushroom Music)  
I woke up with all my clothes on  
Cigarette smoke in my hair  
Unglued my eyes and saw a dirty room  
Spilling ashtray by my bed  
Empty bottle on the chair  
No one else was there  
I was ready in two minutes flat  
Just washed my face and combed my hair  
I had an eight-twenty-five train to catch  
I was out there  
Flying thought the front door  
Then I hit the air!  
No you! No you! No you! No you!  
No you, no you, no you!  
I was sucked into the subway  
Like an ant into a hole  
I stood in the crowded carriage  
Shoulder to shoulder  
The wheels began to roll  
A tattoo in my soul  
I do not lack good companions  
To pick a man up when he's down  
We go to the track on Saturdays  
Spread our money 'round  
I go up and down  
And every single sound says  
No you! No you! No you! No you!  
No you, no you, no you!

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