

Paul Kelly And The Messengers

"No You"

Visit "[No You](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

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!

Visit [Paul Kelly And The Messengers](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.