

Quicksilver Messenger Service

"Welcome To The City"

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Two dollar tips and the lipstick cigarettes
Get yourself a job with your fingertips
Too many tickets for the backseat matinee
Two hours later and you're looking for another face
Don't ask for love
Don't ask for pity
Don't ask for me
Welcome to the city
Four hundred dollars bus a room in the city
With a whole lot of people and a hole in the ceiling
Freeze in the winter, die in the summer
Seventeen kids next door without a mother
Hey, if you see me coming up the stairs
Please don't confuse me with someone who cares
Welcome to the city...I'm glad you made it, baby
I'm really...
You got some letter, it's a recommendation
Your best friend's ex sent a copy to the station
And he knows some agent through a distant realtion
An inside connection with a map and directions
Ah, too bad you came
Too bad you waited
Too bad for you
You're over-educated
Welcome to the city...I'm glad you made it, baby
I'm really glad
Don't ask for love
Don't ask for pity
Don't ask for me
Welcome to the city

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