

# Joe Walsh, Welcome To The Club

Standin' in the runway  
Wavin' at the plane  
There goes everything you own  
You called home collect  
And they didn't know your name  
Starin' at the telephone

You thought he was a doctor  
Now he says he's not  
But the noises seem to tell for sure  
And according to the symptoms  
It isn't all you got  
A shame they haven't found a cure

Didn't know the reason  
You start to feel the rub  
You know it isn't easy  
Well, welcome to the club  
Well, you thought they'd take it lightly

They're actin' kinda rash  
Caught you in a loadin' zone  
So they smile very politely  
Relieved you of your cash  
Suddenly you're all alone

You play the double agent  
You bug eachother's phone  
You got the place surrounded  
There ain't nobody home

It's gettin' hard to please 'em  
You start to feel the rub  
You know it isn't easy  
Well, welcome to the club  
Come on and join us in the club