

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