

Elvis Costello, Deportee

In the Arrivederci Roma nightclub, bar and grill
Standing in the fiberglass ruins watching time stand still
All your troubles you confess to another faceless, backless dress
Schnapps, chianti, porter and ouzo
Pernod, vodka, sambuca - I love you so
Deportee

There's a tatty beauty talking in riddles
Rome burns down and everybody fiddles
Deportee
But a thousand dollars won't buy you a Yank, you wife, alas
There's a thousand years of history ground in this chaser glass
And how I wish that she was mine
I could have been the King in Six Eight Time
Deportee

Oh, it's a brittle charm, but she's had enough
Still she wrote her name upon his paper cuff
And you don't where to start or where to stop
All this pillow talk is nothing more than finally talking shop

When I came here tonight my pockets were overflowing
They took my return ticket without me even knowing
Well, I pray to the saints and all the martyrs
For the secret life of Frank Sinatra
But none of these things have come to pass
In America the law is a piece of ass
Deportee

So it's Schnapps, chianti, porter and ouzo
Pernod, vodka, sambuca - I love you so
Deportee
Deportee
Poor Deportee