

Elvis Costello, The Deportees Club

In the Arrivederci Roma nightclub, bar and grill
Standing in the fibreglass 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
Tatty beauty talking in riddles
Rome burns down everybody's on the fiddle
Two thousand dollars for wife and some class
A thousand years drowned in a chaser glass
How I wish that she was mine
I could have been a King in Six Eight Time
Schnapps chianti porter and ouzo
Pernod vodka sambuca I love you so
Deportee

It's a brittle charm but she's had enough
Still she wrote her number on his paper cuff
You don't know where to start or where to stop
All this pillow talk is nothing more than talking shop

When I came here tonight my pockets were overflowing
They took my return ticket without me even knowing
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
I'm a deportee