

# Ray Charles, Dear Old Syracuse

This is a terrible city.  
The people are cattle and swine.  
There isn't a girl I'd call pretty  
Or a friend that I'd call mine.  
And the only decent place on earth  
Is the town that gave me birth.

You can keep your Athens,  
You can keep your Rome,  
I'm a hometown fellow  
And I pine for home,  
I wanna go back, go back  
To dear old Syracuse.  
Though I've worn out sandals  
And my funds are low,  
There's a light that's burning in the patio,  
I wanna go back, go back  
To dear old Syracuse.  
It is no metropolis,  
It has no big Acropolis,  
And yet there is a quorum  
Of cuties in the forum.  
Though the boys wear tunics that are out of style  
They will always greet me with a friendly smile.  
I wanna go back, go back  
To dear old Syracuse.

Both the Nile and Danube  
Are a silly bore.  
I've a hometown river  
That assaults my door.  
I wanna go back, go back  
To dear old Syracuse.  
When a man is lonely  
It is good to know  
There's a red light burning in the patio.  
I wanna go back, go back  
To dear old Syracuse.  
Wives don't want divorces there,  
The men are strong as horses there,  
And should a man philander,  
The goose forgives the gander.  
When the search for love becomes a mania,  
You can take the night boat to Albania.  
I wanna go back, go back  
To dear old Syracuse.