Christy Moore, The Deportees Club

At the Arrividerci Roma night club bar and grill Standing in the fiber glass ruin, watching time stand still All your troubles you'll confess To another faceless, backless dress Schnapps, Chianti, Porter and Ouzo Pernod, vodka, Sambuca, I love you so poor deportee There's a fading beauty talking in riddles Rome burns down and everybody fiddles The poor deportee But a thousand dollars won't buy you a Yankee wife, alas There's a thousand years of history Drowned in that whiskey glass Now, I wish that she was mine I could have been a king in 6/8 time, poor deportee Schnapps, Chianti, Porter and Ouzo Pernod, vodka, Sambuca, I love you so poor deportee It's a brittle charm, but the lady's had enough Still she wrote her number on your paper cuff It's hard to know when to start and when to stop Her pillow talk is nothing more than talking shop When I came here tonight my pockets were overflowing She stole my return ticket and I didn't even know it I prayed to the saints and all the martyrs For the secret life of Frank Sinatra And all of these things have to come to pass In America the law is a piece of ass, deportee Schnapps, Chianti, Porter and Ouzo Pernod, vodka, Sambuca, I love you so Poor deportee Schnapps, Chianti, Porter and Ouzo Pernod, vodka, Sambuca, I love you so, deportee I love you so poor deportee