

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
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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