Stereophonics, Nice To Be Out

He asked me "so where have you been?"
Let me think now let me see.
I stood once where Hitler's feet had stood when he made his speech
in Nuremburg in '38 he tried to build the perfect race,
he said "black man ain't gonna run alongside our perfect sons."
It was Dallas to the library, the place they ended Kennedy.
I stood where Oswald took his shot, in my opinion there's a bigger plot.
Costners back into the left, the picket fence, the better bet.
Paris came and Summer went, the tunnel's now a flower bed.
The famous turf that made Geoff Hurst, the vodka stops to quench my thirst.
Golden gate stroke Alcatraz and the fat man failed to get us passes.
Jimmy's corner in Raging Bull,
De Niro's jokes and bottled pills.
Elvis tales from Mr. Woodward, any Richard Burton if you could?
The tourists stare at tourist stops. One more picture, one more god.
Another top up for a change, it makes you think, it makes you sane.
Talking more about yourself, there's a mirror to have a check.
Cheques are always passing through, some depart but a lot come too.
Restaraunt talk of pick your teeth. You bite your tongue or chew your meat.
Sleep to drink or drink to sleep, one more week and we will meet.
We'll talk of what we haven't done since we departed back a month.
We argue why we have to shout.
All in all, it's nice to be out.