

## **Prodigals, The "Green Card"**

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Manhattan you're so beautiful in your winter's twilight  
sky  
Your streets are full and buzzing, yeah it's Christmas  
time again  
I'm looking out my window on the 27th floor  
My view's a hundred taxis, I'm stuck here once again

Ireland how I miss you at old Christmas time  
when the lads are coming home from the corners of  
the world  
Talling stories of their travels as they knock the  
Guinness down  
I'd really like to see you all, haven't got the bloody card

Ireland how I miss you, once again this year  
From a subway car to an uptown bar, have a happy new  
year

You can get anything you want here, well if you're in  
the know  
From pickle-flavored gumballs to a thousand hand  
grenades  
But if you want a green card well you'd better think  
again  
'Cause the bureaucratic bullshit makes you want to  
shoot the lot  
pom pom pom!

Ireland how I miss you, once again this year  
From a taxi cab going down fifth ave,  
hope the summer's good this year

I've called a hundred lawyers, politicians just a few  
but the answer that they give me always seems to be  
the same  
"If you want a green card, better find yourself a wife  
I'm sorry son, you're stuck here, better try again next  
year"

Ireland how I miss you, once again this year  
So I'll raise my glass and I'll take a chance,

and I'll see you all next year.

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