

Darren Hanlon**"2 Days In A Foreign City"**

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A telegram requesting rendezvous
Ones here on business, others passing through
A reply sent to sender 'neath the weight of a postage
stamp

Let's not forget how we doled out our blames like
blessings from a pope
We took each other's names in vain and washed our
mouths with soap
So find the rusty razors hidden in the birthday cake
For old times' sake

But it sounds as good a place as any
Though I'd meet you on the moon
It might be two days in a foreign city
But to me it's just two days with you

Elope from Mexican restaurant booth, they cleared the
plate
And on past ancient buildings majest and ornate, don't
even break
Another place and time a humble room we shared
For less we could have cared

But it sounds as good a place as any
Though I'd meet you on the moon
It might be two days in a foreign city
But to me it's still two days with you

A palace with 500 rooms, how do they keep them
clean?
All empty as the catacombs, it's not easy being Queen
How she does miss her mother since she went to meet
her maker
Call the royal undertaker

And it sounds as good a place as any
Though I'd meet you on the moon
It might be two days in a foreign city
But to me it's just two days with you
Days with you

Days with you
Days with you

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