

## Elvis Costello "Deportee"

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In the Arrivederci Roma nightclub, bar and grill  
Standing in the fiberglass ruins watching time stand  
still

All your troubles you confess to another faceless,  
backless dress

Schnapps, chianti, porter and ouzo  
Pernod, vodka, sambuca - I love you so  
Deportee

There's a tatty beauty talking in riddles  
Rome burns down and everybody fiddles  
Deportee

But a thousand dollars won't buy you a Yank, you wife,  
alas

There's a thousand years of history ground in this  
chaser glass

And how I wish that she was mine  
I could have been the King in Six Eight Time  
Deportee

Oh, it's a brittle charm, but she's had enough  
Still she wrote her name upon his paper cuff  
And you don't where to start or where to stop  
All this pillow talk is nothing more than finally talking  
shop

When I came here tonight my pockets were overflowing  
They took my return ticket without me even knowing  
Well, I pray to the saints and all the martyrs  
For the secret life of Frank Sinatra  
But none of these things have come to pass  
In America the law is a piece of ass  
Deportee

So it's Schnapps, chianti, porter and ouzo  
Pernod, vodka, sambuca - I love you so  
Deportee  
Deportee  
Poor Deportee

