

## Elvis Costello "The Deportees Club"

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In the Arrivederci Roma nightclub, bar and grill  
Standing in the fibreglass 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

Tatty beauty talking in riddles  
Rome burns down, everybody's on the fiddle  
Two thousand dollars for a wife and some class  
A thousand years drowned in a chaser glass

How I wish that she was mine  
I could have been a King in Six Eight Time  
Schnapps, Chianti, Porter and Ouzo  
Pernod vodka, Sambuca, I love you so, deportee

It's a brittle charm but she's had enough  
Still she wrote her number on his paper cuff  
You don't know where to start or where to stop  
All this pillow talk is nothing more than talking shop

When I came here tonight, my pockets were  
overflowing  
They took my return ticket without me even knowing  
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

I'm a deportee, I'm a deportee, I'm a deportee  
I'm a deportee, yeah, I'm a deportee, yeah  
I'm a deportee  
I'm a deportee

Schnapps, Chianti, Porter and Ouzo  
Pernod vodka, Sambuca, I love you so  
Schnapps, Chianti, Porter and Ouzo  
Pernod vodka, Sambuca, I love you so  
Schnapps, Chianti, Porter and Ouzo  
Pernod vodka, Sambuca, I love you so

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