

## Paul Janz "Every Fucking City"

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We argued on the channel train to Paris
The vin rouge helped us make it sweet again
But by the time that we got down to Lyon
Everything I said was wrong and you cursed me in the rain

We split up for a while in Barcelona We met up six days later in Madrid

I was hoping that the break would make things go a little better for us

And for a little while it almost did

Now I'm in a bar in Copenhagen

And i'm trying hard to forget your name

And I'm staring at the label on a bottle of cerveza

And every fucking city feels the same

You said to call you when I got to London

A French girl told me that you'd left a note

I said to her "I like your accent" and she thought I sounded funny

So we ended up drinking in Soho

Foolishly I followed you to Dublin

Like a ghost I walked the streets of Temple Bar

And all the bright young things were throwing up their

Guinness in the gutters

And once I thought I saw you from afar

Now I'm in a nightclub in Helsinki

And they're playing La Vida Loca once again

And I can't believe I'm dancing to this crap but I'm a chance here

And every fucking city sounds the same

At a cafe in the port of Amsterdam

An E-mail from you said you'd gone to Rome

For a minute I thought maybe but my funds were running low

And anyway it sounded like you weren't alone

So I headed north until I got to Hamburg

A chilly city suits a troubled soul

And on the Reeperbahn I paid a woman far too much

To kick me out before I'd even reached my goal

Now I'm in a restaurant in Stockholm

And the waiter here wants me to know his name

And I can order sandwiches in seven different

languages
But every fucking city looks the same
Arriverderci, au revoir, aufwiedersen, hasta la vista
baby
Yeah, every fucking city's just the same

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