

The Prodigals "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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