

Paul Kelly "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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