

Fall, The "Marquis Cha-Cha"

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He can never go home
He can never go home
Stranded in South America
Nothing to go home for
Just another Brit in the bar
Hernandez Fiendish comes over to me
Offers a job as broadcaster
That's how I came to be
Marquis Cha Cha
He can never go home
But is O.K. by him
The generals have many enemies
And them I single out
What does it concern about me?
Good riddance to my native country
It never did a thing for me
It's a better life here
And I am not a traitor
Marquis Cha Cha
He can never go home
Now here is his show
Hey you people over there
And those in sea and air
It has been theirs for years
It is a good life here
Football and beer much superior
Gringo gets cheap servant staff
Low tax and a dusky wife

Intelligentsia
Although your radio has been jammed
I heard talk about by chance
You educated kids know what you're on about
You've been oppressed for years
I hear Rosso-Rosso over there
And you have cha-cha clubs
You should hear the rosso-rosso stuff
I understand you
I'm from a town called
Mmmm
Marquis Cha Cha

He can never go home
He can never go home
One point is made here
The scourge of rosso-rosso
So what if I do propaganda?
After a few steins I feel better
But that broken down fan
They never fix it, them dumb Latins
There's a bayonet beside my head
There's a guard in the annex
Marquis Cha Cha
He never did go home

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