

Kelly Paul

"Every Fucking City"

Visit "[Every Fucking City](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Kelly Paul](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.