

## The Deportees Club

Christy Moore

At the Arrividerci Roma night club bar and grill  
Standing in the fibre-glass ruin watching time stand still  
All your troubles you'll confess  
To another faceless, backless dress  
Schnapps, Chianti, Porter and Ouzo  
Pernod Vodka, Sambuca, I love you so poor deportee  
There's a fading beauty talking in riddles  
Rome burns down and everybody fiddles  
The poor deportee

But a thousand dollars won't buy you a yankee wife, alas  
There's a thousand years of history  
Drowned in that whiskey glass  
Now I wish that she was mine  
I could have been a king in 6/8 time - poor deportee  
Schnapps, Chianti, Porter and Ouzo  
Pernod Vodka, Sambuca, I love you so poor deportee

It's a brittle charm, but the lady's had enough  
Still she wrote her number on your paper cuff  
It's hard to know when to start and when to stop  
Her pillow talk is nothing more than talking shop

When I came here tonight my pockets were overflowing  
She stole my return ticket and I didn't even know it  
I prayed to the saints and all the martyrs  
For the secret life of Frank Sinatra  
And all of these things have to come to pass  
In America the law is a piece of ass - deportee

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