

# The Deportees Club

Elvis Costello

In the Arrivederci Roma nightclub, bar and grill  
Standing in the fibreglass ruins watching time stand still  
All your troubles you confess  
to another faceless backless dress  
Schnapps chianti porter and ouzo  
Pernod vodka sambuca I love you so  
Deportee  
Tatty beauty talking in riddles  
Rome burns down everybody's on the fiddle  
Two thousand dollars for wife and some class  
A thousand years drowned in a chaser glass  
How I wish that she was mine  
I could have been a King in Six Eight Time  
Schnapps chianti porter and ouzo  
Pernod vodka sambuca I love you so  
Deportee

It's a brittle charm but she's had enough  
Still she wrote her number on his paper cuff  
You don't know where to start or where to stop  
All this pillow talk is nothing more than talking shop

When I came here tonight my pockets were overflowing  
They took my return ticket without me even knowing  
I pray to the saints and all the martyrs  
For the secret life of Frank Sinatra  
But none of these things have come to pass  
In America the law is a piece of ass  
I'm a deportee