

Oh Roxy, don't you love me?
Is it because I'm American?
Maybe it's because I don't grope you and your friends
Like the fool behind you now dancing halfway down your pants

Somewhere near the border of Spain and France
A bottle of bad red wine in my head
Sixty francs to look like a fool and dance
Mechanics understand not what I said
Thinkin' 'bout the time that I had, how sad
Her one-word shirt describes my plight in red
And her name is a reoccurring theme

Start a move that everyone knows, the awkward pose
And in the meantime, her eyes finding me
Reluctantly I start the approach, her eyes, they glow
But it's not glee, it's fear - that's why she flees
Sing of girls I wish that I knew
Her eyes rung true, her one-
word shirt now stabbing sparkling blue
And her name is a barely flickering flame

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Roxy's spinnin' around, or is it me that's down?
How many fingers do I see? Is it three by now?
Stands on top of the stairs and screams for who? Who cares?
All that matters now is my eyes like Apollo's, become clear.

Somewhere near the border of pain and romance,
Her name is undetermined as of yet
Potential for a Roxy again has always been
The hardest part to get out of my head
Comes full circle all in the end, I hope
Could one-word shirts in songs be just a joke?
And her name is a never-ever-ending game

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Why do I gotta be American?
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