

Every Fucking City

Paul Kelly

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
And for a little while it almost did
Now I'm in a bar in Copenhagen
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
Yeah, 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
Yeah, every fucking city's just the same