

All the cities in the world
And so very little time and
So many different girls...
All you have to do is find them.
There's a wealth of opportunity you make your plans accordingly.
A pity but the pretty ones are usually more touristy.
Say, how'd you like to run away from these machines?
Everywhere the spies are printing out your dreams.
Seven stops in seven different countries, seven page itineraries
Memories thick as bloody marys, jesus, jospeh, bloody hell!

Right now we're here in Boston
In love with downtown crossing
New York will still be there in the morning
Come back to bed my darling

I had Julian and Steve,
You had Julia and Jeanette.
You wear your terror on your sleeve
For all the men I haven't met... yet.
I had Oliver in Potsdam you had Eleanor in Amsterdam
We're keeping score so carefully we've missed the state we're in completely
Honestly your foot is out the door and I've got scores of offers
Elsewhere and keep both feet planted firmly in the air!
And tomorrow you can totally erase me from your mind,
No, really, everything is fine, because

Right now we're here in Boston
In my apartment in the south end
Forget your friends in London
Come back to bed my darling

You can put the details in a letter
The more embarrassing the better
Right now I can be happy if I choose to
I know that in the morning I will lose you....
And maybe you'll go mad
And maybe ill go gray
And pack up to Berlin
Or maybe it won't matter anyway
We'll find out that your mom was right and you'll admit you're really gay
And maybe ill wake up
In a city far away
Or maybe we'll make up
And buy a house and have a couple kids and Labrador and microwave
But anyway

Right now we're here in Boston
In Eden where you almost pulled your pants down
Don't worry who these jokes will all be lost on
Come back to bed my darling
There is nothing in the world that we can count on
Even that we will wake up is an assumption
But I know for a fact that I loved someone
And for about a year he lived in Boston...