

Clubland

Costello, Elvis; Metropole Orkest

With a handful of backhanders and a bevy of beauty
You're going off limits, going off duty
Going off the rails, going off with booty
They tell tales of fiction found on all the criminal types
Lead to a higher ranking man or a face with thin red stripes
The boys next door
The mums and dads
New weds and nearly deads
Have you ever been had in Clubland?
There's a piece in someone's pocket to do the dirty work
You've come to shoot the pony, they've come to do the jerk
They leave him half way to paradise
They leave you half way to bliss
The ladies' invitation never seemed like this
The boys next door
The mums and dads
New weds and nearly deads
Have you ever been had in Clubland?
The long arm of the law
Slides up the outskirts of town
Meanwhile in Clubland
They are ready to pull them down
Hey
The right to work is traded in
For the right to refuse admission
Don't pass out now, there's no refund
(When)
Did you find out what you were missing?
The crowd is taking forty winks minus ten percent
You barely get required sleep to go lingering with contemptment
Thursday to Saturday, money's gone already
Some things come in common these days
Your hands and work aren't steady
The boys next door
The mums and dads
New weds and nearly deads
Have you ever been had in Clubland?

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