

# 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 disco/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 getting/running low  
And anyway it sounded like you weren't alone

So I headed north and ended up in/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

Arriverdeci, au revoir, aufwiedersen, hasta la vista  
Yeah, every fucking city's just the same

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