# 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

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