

Foreign Affair

Tom Waits

When traveling abroad in the continental style
It's my belief one must attempt to be discreet
And subsequently bear in mind your transient position
Allows you a perspective that's unique And though you'll find your itinerary's a blessing and a curse
Your wanderlust won't let you settle down
And you'll wonder how you ever fathomed that you'd be content
To stay within the city limits of a small Midwestern town Most vagabonds I knowed don't ever want to find the
culprit
That remains the object of their long relentless quest
The obsession's in the chasing and of the apprehending
The pursuit you see and never the arrest Without fear of contradiction "bon voyage" is always hollered
In conjunction with a handkerchief from shore
By a girl who drives a rambler and furthermore
Is overly concerned that she won't see him anymore Planes and trains and boats and buses
Characteristically evoke a common attitude of blue
Unless you have a suitcase and a ticket and a passport
And the cargo that they're carrying is you A foreign affair juxtaposed with a stateside
And domestically approved romantic fancy
Is mysteriously attractive due to circumstances knowing
It will only be parlayed into a memory

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