

Every Fucking City

Paul Kelly

A

We argued on the channel train to Paris

E

The vin rouge helped us make it sweet again

Bm

But by the time that we got down to Lyon

A

Everything I said was wrong

E

And you cursed me in the rain

A

We split up for a while in Barcelona

E

We met up six days later in Madrid

Bm

I was hoping that the break would

make things go a little better for us

A

E

And for a little while it almost did

D

Now I'm in a bar in Copenhagen

A

And I'm tryin' hard to forget your name

G

E

And I'm staring at the label on a bottle of Cerveza

A

And every fucking city feels the same

A

You said to call you when I got to London

E

A French girl told me that you'd left a note

Bm

I said to her 'I like your accent'

And she thought I sounded funny

A **E**

So we ended up drinking in Soho

A

Foolishly I followed you to Dublin

E

Like a ghost I walked the streets of Temple Bar

Bm

And all the bright young things

were throwing up their Guinness in the gutters

A **E**

And once I thought I saw you from afar

D

Now I'm in a nightclub in Helsinki

A

And they're playing La Vida Loca once again

G

And I can't believe I'm dancing to this crap

E

but I'm a chance here

A

And every fucking city sounds the same

(Modulate up one step to B)

B

At a cafe in the port of Amsterdam

F#

An email from you said you'd gone to Rome

C#m

For a minute I thought "maybe"

but my funds were running low

B

F#

And anyway it sounded like you weren't alone

B

So I headed north until I got to Hamburg

F#

A chilly city suits a troubled soul

C#m

And on the Reeperbahn

I paid a woman far too much

B

F#

To kick me out before I'd even reached my goal

E

Now I'm in a restaurant in Stockholm

B

And the waiter here wants me to know his name

A

And I can order sandwiches

F#

in seven different languages

B

But every fucking city looks the same

A

F#

Arrivederci, au revoir, auf wiedersehen, hasta la vista ... baby

B

Every fucking city's just the same