

Garbo

The Pogues

Saint-Tropez in the golden days of the gorgeous Brigitte Bardot
Heaven's night is burning bright at the gates of El Dorado
I tasted sin among the bins down at Alvarado
Melbourne's sweet, the sunny streets, the beauty of the garbo

In and Out
Catch me if you can
All the lovely sheilas love the garbo man

By the crack of dawn, as the day is born and the world is all a
slumber
And amidst the dreams and unborn schemes and the rolls of distant
thunder
If you should stir, you'll hear a word that will fill your heart
with wonder
As the garbo trucks take away the muck of last night's puke and
chunder

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Follow me among the shit me boys stinking all and rough
They'll never dump anything useful but they surely dump enough
I got me end away me boys a couple of times last night
But now I'm on the truck once more, I'm head to toe in shite
I'm shitfaced and I'm stoned, I want to be alone
But all the lovely Sheilas love a garbo man

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