You asked me so where have you been
Let me think now let me see
I stood once where Hitlers feet
had stood when he made his speech
In Nuremburg in thirty eight
When he tried to build the perfect race
He said black man ain't gonna run
Alongside our perfect sons

There was Dallas too, the library
The place they ended Kennedy
We stood where Oswald took his shot
In my opinion there's a bigger plot
Costners back and to the left
The picket fence the better bet
Paris came and summer went
The tunnel's now a flower bed

The famous turf that made Jeff Hurst
The vodka stops to quench my thirst
The Golden Gate stroke Alcatraz
And the fat man failed to get us passes
Jimmys corner in Raging Bull
De Niros jokes and bottled pills
Elvis tales from Mr Woodward
Any Richard Burton if you could

Tourists stare at tourist stops
One more picture one more God
Another top up for a change
It makes you think, it makes you sane
Talking more about yourself
There's a mirror too, have a check
Cheques are always passing through
Some depart but a lot come too

Restaurant talk or pick your teeth
You bite your tongue or chew your meat
Sleep or drink or drink to sleep
And one more week and we will meet
We'll talk of what we haven't done
Since we departed back a month
We argue why we have to shout
All in all it's nice to be out.