

## Neapolitan Girl

### The Divine Comedy

Through the rubble of the bombed out streets  
Through the squalor and the poverty  
Walks a proud Neapolitan girl  
With a head of thick black curls  
She doesn't care 'bout right or wrong  
Just about where the next meal's coming from

Innocence can often be  
Another one of war's casualties  
But innocence can be restored  
With a visit to the Professore  
For ten thousand lire he  
Can find mislaid virginity

His dirty needle leaves a trail of scars  
And keeps her at the peak of her sexual powers

She takes him riding on the 133  
Through the city to the cemetery  
Where the Neapolitan girls go  
Down behind the headstones  
Oh the quickening breath and muffled cries  
As life and death become entwined

Now baby, just pretend you don't see 'em  
Lusting in the mausoleum

Lola has a lover in the city bank  
And Lola has a lover in the British ranks

Well Lola has them over in the middle of the day  
Cause Lola makes the neighbours all jealous that way  
She doesn't care 'bout right or wrong  
Just about where the next meal's coming from  
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