

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 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 not 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