

## Italian Lightning

Brian Fallon

The central boys landed safely  
In the arms of the Irish girls  
While the hometown lots ready their nooses and their knots  
Hang their preconceptions on  
While the political lions and tigers and bears  
Decided which of the cubs they'd be crucifying  
And who'll take the fall at the end of it all  
They'll just say it was Italian lightning

Now Mary she wakes up vacant  
From them long nights with the fashionistas  
Who were deadly as strangers and lovely as angels  
And always just dying to meet ya  
My country what have you done to your girls?  
The devil at the details or something a bit more exciting  
And you can find them at the mirrors and on the weights of the  
scales  
Blame it all on Italian lightning

Now me I just stick to the boardwalk  
Driving up and down these Avenues  
I found some work on LaRaine  
Thanks to little Irish Grace  
I was hard up and home for the season  
I was walking last night with Miss Mary  
We saw the flames shooting right out of them buildings  
Maybe it was time, maybe it was despair  
That got up in the soul of that city

Since the Ferris wheels don't spin and the casino's caving in  
Maybe she never healed from the riots or the fighting  
But I heard ya, Wiggs, quoting Davish saying  
"Maybe it was just Italian lightning, probably Italian lightning"