

Lisbon

Pere Ubu

At Nervous Charlie's Fireworks & Beer
my baby told me
she will not drink whiskey
I have been informed
she will not be warmed
And in Lisbon, it seems,
there was a carful of dreams--
all of them nameless,
some of them shameless

At Nervous Charlie's Fireworks & Beer
my baby told me
she will not drink whiskey
Its dark liquid flame
does not appeal to her
And in Lisbon, it seems,
there was a carful of dreams--
all of them nameless,
some of them shameless

At Nervous Charlie's Fireworks & Beer
my baby done told me
she does not feel frisky
I have been informed
she will not be warmed
by dark liquid eyes, which do not appeal to her
But in Lisbon, it seems,
there was a carful of dreams--
all of them nameless,
some of them shameless