

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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