Rotterdam

Words & Music by Paul Heaton & David Rotheray

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1. And the women tug their hair like they're tryin' to prove it won't fall out...
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

And all the men are gargoyles, dip
long in Irish stout. The
(1, 3.) whole place is pickled, the people are pickles for sure, and
no one knows if they done more here than they ever would do in a
jar.
This could be
Rotterdam or anywhere, Liverpool or Rome, 'cause

Rotterdam is anywhere, anywhere anywhere anywhere

lone, anywhere alone.

1.

2. And
D. & al Coda

The

Coda

a - ny - where a lone. This could be Rot ter - dam or a - ny - where.

Li - ver - pool or Rome, 'cause Rot ter - dam is a - ny - where.
Verse 2:
And everyone is blonde
And everyone is beautiful.
And when blonde and beautiful are multiple
They become so dull and dutiful.
And when faced with dull and dutiful
They fire a warning flare,
Pedal khaki personality
With red underwear.