

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

American Without Tears No. 2 (Twilight Version)

Par Elvis Costello

Album : Blood And Chocolate (Disc Two)

December 1965 in Caracas

When Arnie LaFlamme took his piece of the pie

When he packed up the casino chips, the IOU and the abacus

And switched off the jukebox in a "A Fool Such as I"

He was a leg man who was open to offers

But he couldn't get her off his mind as he passed the tourist office

And as he entertained himself singing just like Sammy Davis Junior

He toyed with a trip to Miami

For money like that, he could have sweet talk in her ear

Now they don't speak any English

Just American without tears

It was an idea that he dandled on his knee

And nursed it like his coffee cup

When he couldn't find any other way

It always seemed to come to him

While the day was dipping down

And the sun was like a light bulb

Being swallowed by a clown

He took her for everything

He took her for his only one

He took her out of Coventry and over to Idaho

But the war wound that he carried home

Wasn't really visible

When the bullets were forgotten

She lived dowdy, down and miserable

And she seemed to be crying for year after year

She says, "You don't speak any English

Just American between the tears."

"Arnie," she said to me, "Will you turn down the radio

You haven't slept a wink since we came to Havana

When're you going to get the strength to go over to Florida?

All you ever listen to is the Voice of America"

It was the story of a young English poppet

Who took up with a soldier boy

And thought she would profit

Just like me she found out what true love is about

Anyway she's in New Orleans it would never work out

Oh she seemed to be crying for year after year

Now you don't speak any English

Just American between tears

Just American without tears

For you seem to be crying for year after year

Now you don't speak any English

Just American without tears

Just American without tears

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