

Ray Charles, Dear Old Syracuse

This is a terrible city.
The people are cattle and swine.
There isn't a girl I'd call pretty
Or a friend that I'd call mine.
And the only decent place on earth
Is the town that gave me birth.

You can keep your Athens,
You can keep your Rome,
I'm a hometown fellow
And I pine for home,
I wanna go back, go back
To dear old Syracuse.
Though I've worn out sandals
And my funds are low,
There's a light that's burning in the patio,
I wanna go back, go back
To dear old Syracuse.
It is no metropolis,
It has no big Acropolis,
And yet there is a quorum
Of cuties in the forum.
Though the boys wear tunics that are out of style
They will always greet me with a friendly smile.
I wanna go back, go back
To dear old Syracuse.

Both the Nile and Danube
Are a silly bore.
I've a hometown river
That assaults my door.
I wanna go back, go back
To dear old Syracuse.
When a man is lonely
It is good to know
There's a red light burning in the patio.
I wanna go back, go back
To dear old Syracuse.
Wives don't want divorces there,
The men are strong as horses there,
And should a man philander,
The goose forgives the gander.
When the search for love becomes a mania,
You can take the night boat to Albania.
I wanna go back, go back
To dear old Syracuse.