

Four Bitchin' Babes "Italy And France"

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I had a dream, I was going to France
My bags were packed
With four books, romance
I got on the plane, and then I found
I was not Paris but Italy-bound
I was not Paris but Italy-bound
All of my friends were on the right flight
What would I do? I hadnt packed right
Its not what I'd planned,
My mind spun around
I was not Paris but Italy-bound
I was not Paris but Italy-bound
We landed in Rome, I had to make
The best of what seemed a colossal mistake
But it turned out, as it unwound
I loved Italy, I was spellbound

I loved Italy, I was spellbound
When I got home,
My friends talked of France
They shared their stories;
I watched while they danced
I was sad I'd not been there,
But then I'd rebound
I was glad I was Italy, not Paris-bound
Because I loved Italy, not Paris, I found
Now I have a child whos not the same
As other children, and it's like my dream
Its not what I'd planned,
But as it's unwound
I m glad I am Italy, not Paris-bound
Because I love Italy, not Paris, Ive found

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