

Frank Sinatra "We Open In Venice"

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A troupe of strolling players are we
Not stars like L. B. Mayer's are we
But just a simple band who roams about the land
Dispensing father of frivolity

Mere folks who give distraction are we
Yes and give attraction are we, oh, shut up, San
But just a crazy group, that never seeks to soup
Around a pack of little on a leash
Well, here we go, back to the home country again

We open in Venice, we next play Verona
Then on to Cremona, lots of laughs in Cremona, eh
boys
Our next jump in Parma, that dopy mopie menace
And Mantua and Padua and then we open again,
where?

We open in Venice, we next play Verona
Then on to Cremona, lots of bars in Cremona
Our next jump is Parma, that tearless fearless menace
And Mantua and Padua, then we open again, where?

We open in Venice, we next play Verona
Then on to Cremona, lots of money in Cremona
Our next jump in Parma, that's ingie pingie menace
Then Mantua, then Padua and then we open again,
where?

We open in Venice, we next play Verona
Then on to Cremona, lots of players in Cremona
Our next jump in Parma, that heartless artless menace
Then Mantua, then Padua, the we open again, where?

Oh, let me see now, I got a map, let's pick out
someplace
Well, just don't dicado back on the line now
Oh, let's take the first canyon out of here
As a matter fact if we hurry we can beat the sack
For the chef's out there waiting for us
Goodbye boys, gida, gida, gida

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