

Grass Roots

"When I Paint My Masterpiece"

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Oh, the streets of rome are filled with rubble,
Ancient footprints are everywhere.
You can almost think that youre seein double
On a cold dark night on the spanish stairs.

Got to hurry on back to my hotel room,
Where Ive got me a date with botticellis niece.
She promised that shed be right there with me
When I paint my masterpiece.

Oh, the hours Ive spent inside the coliseum,
Dodging lions and wastin time.
Oh, those mighty kings of the jungle,
I could hardly stand to see em,
Yes, it sure has been a long hard climb.

Train wheels runnin thru the back of my memory,
When I ran on the hilltop following a pack of wild geese.
Someday, everything is gonna be smooth like a
rhapsody,
When I paint my masterpiece.

Sailin round the world in a dirty gondola,
Oh, to be back in the land of coca-cola!

I left rome and landed in brussels,
On a plane ride so bumpy that I almost cried.
Clergymen in uniform and young girls pullin muscles,
Everyone was there to greet me when I stepped inside.

Newspapermen eating candy
Had to be held down by big police.
Someday, everything is gonna be different
When I paint my masterpiece.

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