

Bruce Dickinson

"I'm In A Band With An Italian Drummer"

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[C. Dale]

[Skunkworks-sessions, 1996]

[CHORUS:]

I'm in a band with an Italian drummer
and all the girls just fall in his lap
I'm in a band with an Italian drummer
But for a foreigner he's quite a nice chap

He just cooks pasta, always faster
He smokes with his father, makes good carbonara
His cock's too long to fit in this song
He shaves his legs and always thinks about sex
His hands have blisters, don't trust him with your
sisters
He talks baloni and eats rigatoni
His name's on his sticks, he's got smelly armpits
And when he plays his drums it sounds like this

[REPEAT CHORUS]

He's really Italian, hung like a stallion
He never takes a rest from chasing breasts and legs
He hates Peter Criss but he still likes Kiss
And when he plays his drums it sounds like this

[REPEAT CHORUS]

"The characters described in this song are fictitious
and
any similarity to real people living or dead is entirely
coincidental and unintentional"

[REPEAT CHORUS]

He's really Italian, he's hung like a stallion
His cock's too long to fit in this song
He shaves his legs, always thinks about sex
His hands have blisters, don't trust him with your
sisters

He talks baloni and eats rigatoni

His name's on his sticks, he's got smelly armpits
when he plays his drums...

...do you know someone like this

I'm in a band with an Italian drummer
I'm in a band with a foreign chap (Repeat in infinity)

"You know son, it's like this you see.
We met him down the pub one day and eerm...
he looked a bit of a geezer at the time.
Ha! It was only when we gave him a fucking saxophone
that he discovered he was a fucking drummer didn't
he!
Fucking cunt!
So we got rid of his saxophone and eerm...
put these drums there instead. And eerm...
he was a star really.
And there's nothing we can do about it really."

I'm in a band, in a band, in a band...

"Hey, are you fucking talking to me, aye?"

Minchia! Minchia! Minchia! E' come se metti del
peperoncino nel culo di una porta che scoreggia nuvole
di nero.
E poi c'era una vacca... lo non ho capito che dice
questo
ragazzo inglese... Non mi ricordo.

Ehi Vito, ma che cazzo dice, eh ?!
E te l'ho detto, io non capisco una minchia questo
ragazzo straniero.

...fucking talking to you, aye!!! Ah, think so!
Andate a 'fanculo !!!"

"Dick! Dick! Dick!
It's like if you put some pepper in the ass of a door
that farts black clouds.

And then there was a cow... I don't understand what this
english boy is saying... I don't remember.

Ehi Vito, what does that dick say, eh ?
And I told you, I don't understand this stranger boy.

...fucking talking to you, aye!!! Ah, think so!

Fuck off !!!"

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