

## Rod Stewart "Italian Girls"

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At the touring motor show  
I was dreaming of a mobile  
That couldn't be mine  
Not without lyin'

Was I feeling kind a silly  
When I stepped in soakin' beer  
Down the cola machine?  
Oh, stayin' seventeen

Well she claimed, she was a killer  
And she owned a flood lit villa  
A little aways from the main highway  
Oh take me way down yonder

She was tall, thin and tarty  
And she drove a Maserati  
Faster than sound  
I was heaven bound

Although I must have looked a creep  
In my army surplus jeep  
Was I being too bold  
Before the night could get old?

No, no, no, no, no, no

She proved me so wrong

Oh the Italian girls sometimes hold them religious  
habits  
In front of your eyes just to get you tied  
Ah but not my little Bella  
?Cause I did not have to tell her  
I'd rather you go with the morning sun  
She made me so tired

She took me way, way, away down yonder  
Till I was gone with the morning sun on my back

Gotta get on back there soon as I can  
Take me there

And I miss the girl so bad, oh yeah  
Wait a minute

She broke my heart  
She broke my heart  
She broke my heart

Gotta get on back there soon as I can  
I miss the girl, I miss the girl  
I miss the girl so bad  
I was a lot better off

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