

The Band

"When I Paint My Masterpiece"

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D A D A E

(no chord) A D A

Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble,

E A D

ancient footprints are everywhere.

A D A

You could almost think that your seeing double,

E A

On the cold, dark night on the Spanish Stairs.

E A

Gotta hurry on back to my hotel room,

E A D

Where I got me a date with a pretty little girl from
Greece.

A D A

She promised she'd be there with me,

E A

When I paint my masterpiece.

D A D A E

(no chord) A D A

Oh, the hours we spent, inside the Coliseum.

E A

Dodging lions, and a-wasting time,

D A D A

oh those mighty kings of the jungle, I could hardly
stand to see'em

E A

Yes it sure has been a long, hard drive.

E A

Train wheels a-running thru the back of my memory,

E A D

When I ran on a hilltop following a pack of wild geese,

A D A

Someday everything is gonna sound like a rhapsody

E A

When I paint my masterpiece.

Am C#m

Sailing round the world in a dirty gondola,

D Bb E D C#m D E

Oh to be back in the land of, Coca-cola.

D A D A

Well I left Rome, and landed in Brussels,

E A

On a plane ride so BUMPY that I almost cried,

D A D A

Clergy men in uniform, and young girls pulling
mussels,

E A

Everyone was there to greet me when I stepped inside,

E A

Newspaper men eating candy,

E A D

Had to be held down by big police.

A D A E A

Someday, its gonna be different, When I paint my
masterpiece.

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