

Band, The

"When I Paint My Masterpiece"

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Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble
Ancient footprints are everywhere
You could almost think that your seeing double
On the cold, dark night on the Spanish Stairs
Gotta hurry on back to my hotel room
Where I got me a date with a pretty little girl from
Greece
She promised she'd be there with me
When I paint my masterpiece

Oh, the hours we spent, inside the Coliseum
Dodging lions, and a-wasting time
Oh those mighty kings of the jungle, I could hardly
stand to see'em
Yes it sure has been a long, hard drive
Train wheels a-running thru the back of my memory
When I ran on a hilltop following a pack of wild geese
Someday everything is gonna sound like a rhapsody
When I paint my masterpiece
Sailing round the world in a dirty gondola
Oh to be back in the land of, Coca-cola
Well I left Rome, and landed in Brussels
On a plane ride so bumby that I almost cried
Clergy men in uniform, and young girls pulling mussels
Everyone was there to greet me when I stepped inside
Newspaper men eating candy
Had to be held down by big police
Someday, its gonna be different
When I paint my masterpiece

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