

## Stewart Rod

### "Italian Girls"

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I've got two and more to show  
I was dreaming of a mobile  
that couldn't be mine not without lying  
Was I feeling kind a silly  
when I stepped in soaking beer down the cola machine  
Oh, staying seventeen  
Well she claimed she was a killer  
and she owned a flood lit villa  
a little away from the main highway  
Oh take me way down yonder

She was tall, thin and tart  
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  
She proved me so wrong

Oh the Italian girls sometimes hold their 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  
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

