

# I'm in a Band With an Italian Drummer

Bruce Dickinson

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 balogna and eats rigatoni  
His name's on his sticks, he's got smelly armpits  
And when he plays his drums it sounds like this

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's really Italian, he's 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

I'm in a band with an Italian drummer  
and all the girls just fall in his lap  
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The characters described in this song are fictitious  
and  
any comparison to real people living or dead is  
entirely  
coincidental and unintentional

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He talks balogna 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 not a lot we can do about it really.

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

Hey, are you fucking talking to me, hey?

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... Io 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 !!!

Translation:  
(More or less):

Dick! Dick! Dick! (in Sicilian dialect)  
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 !!!